



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

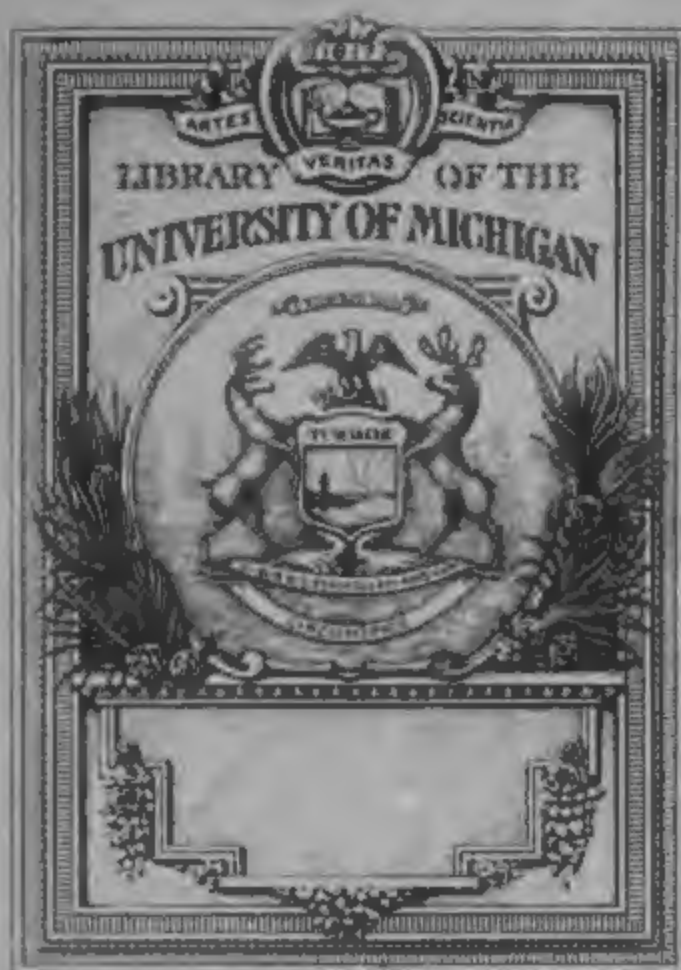
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B

987,420



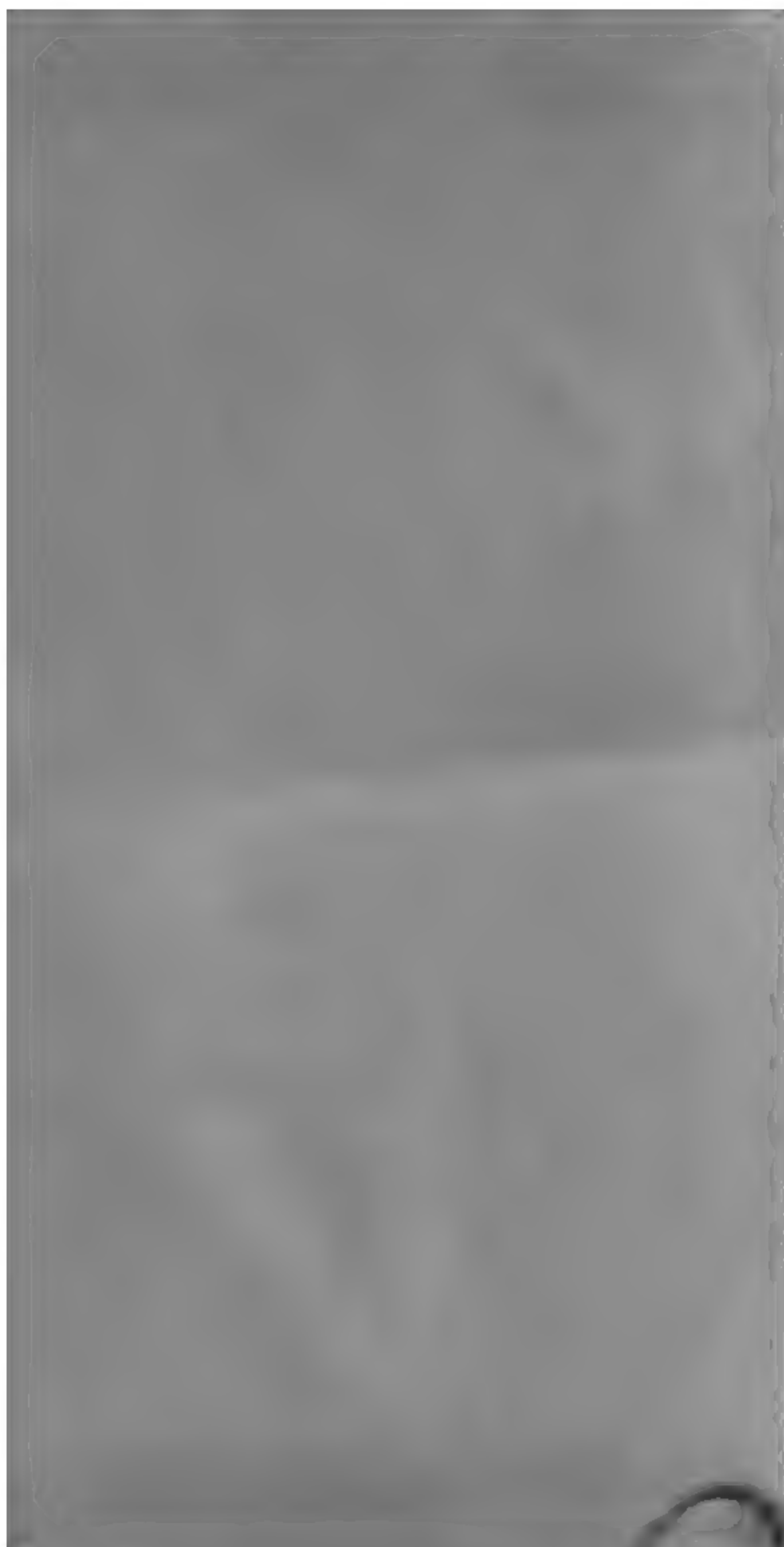


AP

2

AGS

v. 17









**THE**  
**AMERICAN**  
**QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

---

**VOL. XVII.**

---

**MARCH & JUNE, 1835.**

---

**PHILADELPHIA:**  
**PRINTED BY LYDIA R. BAILEY,**  
**NO. 26 NORTH FIFTH STREET.**  
**1835.**

## CONTENTS OF No. XXXIII.

---

ART.		PAGE.
I.	CLASSICAL LEARNING, - - -	1
	<p>An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, 28th August, 1834, on Classical Learning and Eloquence. By William Howard Gardiner, Counsellor at Law.</p> <p>A Discourse on the Studies of the University. By Adam Sedgwick, M. A., F. R. S., &amp;c. Woodwardian Professor and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.</p> <p>A Discourse pronounced at the Inauguration of the Author as Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. August 26th, 1834. By Cornelius C. Felton, A. M.</p> <p>Oration on the Comparativ Elements and Dutys of Grecian and American Eloquence: Deliverd before the Erodolphian Society of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio; on the 23d September, 1834: being their ninth annual celebration; with notes. By Thomas Smith Grimké, of Charleston, S. C.</p> <p>An Address delivered on Monday, December 22d, 1834, by Rev. John Ludlow, D. D., on the occasion of his Inauguration as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.</p>	
II.	POEMS OF LAMARTINE, - - -	32
	<p>Œuvres d'Alphonse de Lamartine.</p> <p>Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses, par A. de Lamartine.</p>	
III.	THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC, - - -	52
	<p>Three Years in the Pacific; including Notices of Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, and Peru. By an Officer in the United States Navy.</p>	
IV.	WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON, - - -	74
	<p>The Writings of George Washington, &amp;c. By Jared Sparks. Vols. IV. and V.</p>	
V.	GUTZLAFF'S CHINA, - - -	100
	<p>A Sketch of Chinese History, Ancient and Modern: comprising a retrospect of the Foreign Intercourse and Trade with China. Illustrated by a new and corrected Map of the Empire. By the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, now, and for many years past, resident in that Country.</p>	
VI.	AMERICAN PAINTERS, - - -	143
	<p>History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States. By William Dunlap, Vice-President of the National Academy of Design, Author of the History of the American Theatre, Biography of G. F. Cooke, &amp;c.</p>	

## CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE.
<p>State, with Matthew St. Clair Clarke and Peter Force, for the collection and publication of the Documentary History of the American Revolution; December 24, 1834. Read, and laid upon the Table.—And, Report made to the Hon. John Forsyth, Secretary of State of the United States, now publishing under an Act of Congress, by M. St. Clair Clarke &amp; Peter Force.</p>	
<p><b>VI. NATIONAL DEFENCE,</b>                   -                   -                   -                   -                   -</p> <p>Documents accompanying the Message of the President of the United States.—Report of the Secretary at War.—Report of the Secretary of the Navy.</p>	112
<p><b>VII. THE SPANISH INQUISITION,</b>                   -                   -                   -</p> <p>Historia Critica de la Inquisicion de España. Su Autor Don Juan Antonio Llorente, Antiguo Secretario de la Inquisicion de Corte.</p> <p>Critical History of the Spanish Inquisition. By Don Juan Antonio Llorente, former Secretary of the Inquisition of the Court.</p>	142
<p><b>VIII. EGYPTIAN MUMMIES,</b>                   -                   -                   -                   -</p> <p>A History of Egyptian Mummies. By Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F. R. S.</p>	170
<p><b>IX. VISIT OF REED AND MATHESON,</b>                   -                   -</p> <p>A Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. By Andrew Reed, D. D., and James Matheson, D. D.</p>	190
<p><b>X. MATTHIAS AND HIS IMPOSTURES,</b>                   -                   -</p> <p>Matthias and his Impostures: or, the Progress of Fanaticism. Illustrated in the extraordinary case of Robert Matthews, and some of his Forerunners and Disciples. By William L. Stone.</p>	211

---

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

	PAGE.
The Italian Sketch Book. By an American,                   -                   -                   -	234
Indian Sketches; taken during an Expedition to the Pawnee Tribes. By John T. Irving Jr.,                   -                   -                   -	237
The Conquest of Florida, by Hernando de Soto. By Theodore Irving,	238
Anne Grey. A Novel. Edited by the author of Granby,                   -                   -	239
The Gipsy. A Novel. By the author of Richelieu, &c.,                   -                   -	239
Horse Shoe Robinson; a tale of the Tory Ascendancy, by the author of "Swallow Barn."                   -                   -                   -	240
Four Years in Great Britain, 1831—1835. By Calvin Colton,                   -	242
Lectures on the Greek Language and Literature, by N. F. Moore, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Columbia College, New York,                   -                   -                   -	244



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**THE** present number of the American Quarterly Review, though handsomely printed, is not a complete specimen of what the new series will be in mechanical execution. A new type will be provided for the work without delay. Its appearance is later by a few days than the stated period, owing to the irregular action caused by the change of proprietor and printer, and the new arrangements for publication. Punctuality will be a particular object hereafter. Both editors will give constant and zealous attention to the preparation and procurement of such literary contents as may be deemed useful, creditable, and pleasing to the country. Contributions from able pens can always be obtained: the aid now specially sought is *patronage*, such as shall enable the editors to accomplish their main purpose, which is, to establish an instructive and *independent* critical journal. It is intended to exclude mere party-politics, but not general questions of universal and permanent interest which happen to be involved in party discussions, provided those questions be treated in the spirit of true science and patriotism.

All articles, subscriptions, &c., to be addressed to the editors in Philadelphia. Distant subscribers who wish their numbers to be transmitted by mail, are requested to send directions accordingly.





# AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXXIII.

---

MARCH, 1835.

---

## ART. I.—CLASSICAL LEARNING.

- 1.—*An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, 28th August, 1834, on Classical Learning and Eloquence.* By WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER, Counsellor at Law. Cambridge: 1834.
- 2.—*A Discourse on the Studies of the University.* By ADAM SEDGWICK, M. A., F. R. S., &c. Woodwardian Professor and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Second Edition. Cambridge (Eng.): 1834.
- 3.—*A Discourse pronounced at the Inauguration of the Author as Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. August 26th, 1834.* By CORNELIUS C. FELTON, A. M. Cambridge: 1834.
- 4.—*Oration on the Comparativ Elements and Dutys of Grecian and American Eloquence: Deliverd before the Erodelphian Society of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio; on the 23d September, 1834: being their ninth annual celebration; with notes.* By THOMAS SMITH GRIMKE, of Charleston, S. C. Cincinnati: 1834.
- 5.—*An Address delivered on Monday, December 22d, 1834, by REV. JOHN LUDLOW, D. D., on the occasion of his Inauguration as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.* Philadelphia: 1835.

WE trust the time may one day arrive, though we may not live to welcome it, when there shall be some prescription in favour of the wisdom of our forefathers—when the self-sufficiency and arrogance of the present, will graciously yield a little defer-

ence to the experience of the past, and when the elements of knowledge, political, moral, and religious, shall cease to be daily reproduced, in new and monstrous combinations, to confound and bewilder all simple and sober inquiry; to puzzle the will, and harass the judgment. We cannot but hope, that the ferment of opinion, upon every debateable question, which distinguishes our age and country, is a process which, out of chaos, not only will produce forms beautiful and new, but which, on the retiring of the waters, will leave in our view, not shattered relics merely, but many a lofty column, with the evidence of ancient truth, untarnished, upon its capital.

It might be a subject of curious and not unphilosophical investigation, to inquire, whither the lust of innovation may carry a people, whose very national existence originated in a bold disregard of probabilities and precedents, and whose government is even yet one of experiment. Speculation is a grand element of the American character. In physics it has done so much for us, that we would fain apply it to give direction to the laws which regulate moral action, and to the science of politics. Accordingly, none but the most general principles are held to be settled among us.

There is a fascination to most men in the novelty of change, which causes them to forget the sacrifices which are made to produce it. Besides, it flatters the intellect, the assumption of the moment always being that it is for the better. That very activity of mind, which impels our countrymen to the execution of feasible and beneficial undertakings, prompts them, at the same time, to entertain every wild and visionary scheme which enthusiasm or cunning can broach. The wildest fanatic allures followers,\* because, in an extended and diversified population, with much self-confidence and some acquirement, hemmed within no ancient boundaries of thought, and shackled by no venerable forms, he is sure to strike some responsive cord among the millions of his fellow-citizens. The imagination, which in old countries is fed from the past, and principally by the material, is with us forced upon the future and the moral. Our population, therefore, is more reflective than that of Europe, but reflection, undirected, or ill-directed, is not a little dangerous. It may teach a man his powers, but it is very apt to mislead him in their application. Thus, in no country is there to be found a greater mass of crude and undigested theory, of variant and absurd belief—in no country where rights are so accurately defined, are they so liable to be misconceived—in no country are the rules of action subject to so many modifications and interpretations,

\* Witness the progress of Mormonism, and the blasphemous and impudent imposture of Matthias.

from uninformed and visionary jurisprudence, striving to adjust at a stroke, complicated and jarring elements. The anomalies of our situation are, we trust, more a subject of curiosity than apprehension. Yet they have thus far been overcome rather by the flexibility than the force of our institutions. A looker-on might suppose that we have enough to grapple with in the heterogeneous nature of our population, and the problems which the progress of government affords for our solution, without diverging any farther from old opinion, (the cohesive power, say what we may, that has thus far kept the world together,) upon subjects of a different character. We ought at least to learn the art of self-government, before we attempt to revolutionize morals and literature, settling, if it be possible, one rock below the quicksand, for a safe and secure foundation.

This versatility of mind, looking less to improvement than to alteration, and bending its energies agreeably to each new impulse, is the direct antagonist of social order. It tampers ignorantly with the most delicate elements, and foolishly rushes in "where angels fear to tread." Society lives with it as in an agitated cauldron, where the lees are as frequently on the surface as the nobler ingredients. As we are more liable to its influences than any other nation, so in many respects we are worse provided against its effects. In Europe, there is a barrier over which Lycurgus himself, with a new code in his hand, would find it hard to climb. Established institutions are so interwoven with the tenure of property, and the long chain of private rights, that innovation, incautiously conducted, is revolution. We have no such check, and heaven forbid that we should have; but it is earnestly to be desired, that we may acquire some of the caution which attends it. Better that there should exist some theoretical errors, than that fundamental doctrines should be kept forever astir. The Locrian law is preferable to incessant uncertainty and change. It is a mistake to believe that any edifice can sustain continual alterations and substitutions, without being weakened. Doctrines abstractedly unexceptionable, may be ill adapted to a particular form of government, and yet, were society in the egg-shell, they might be among those which it ought soonest to adopt on its advent. "Time," says a favourite author, "changes anomaly into system, and injury into right; examples beget custom, and custom ripens into law, and the doubtful precedent of one generation, becomes the fundamental maxim of another." Ancient systems and opinions are valuable, not because they bring with them the sanction of a remote age, but because they are the product of the wisdom of many ages—an alluvion rich with the accretions of successive centuries.

There is another feature in the national mind, the result of a peculiar position and discipline, to which we must necessarily

advert, in connexion with our subsequent remarks, and that is our narrow interpretation of *the useful*. In its broad and true sense, utility must comprehend every pursuit and acquisition, that can enhance human happiness, yet is it limited among us, by the prevailing sentiment, in a manner as pitiful as it is mistaken. As a nation, we pursue nothing but the palpable; believe, trust, hope in nothing that has not a plain, downright, and potent applicability to increase our strength and augment our capabilities. In this sense, utility may be an excellent touchstone to test the progress of art, but it is a very inadequate standard whereby to measure the objects of human pursuit and contemplation. It will be a bad day for moral or political amelioration, when the faculties of the soul are balanced against a certain value in counters, and when the stores of moral knowledge are rated only at their auction prices. We can conceive of no train of habitual thought and conversation, more hostile to individual elevation of mind, and more paralyzing to every thing generous and noble in national character, than the perpetual reference of every thing to its equivalent in common and ordinary estimation. The principle carried out, would reduce the earth to a hive, and every fragrant and beautiful flower upon its surface, to the mere aliment of its inhabitants. It is a coarse and selfish doctrine, worthy of man only in an early stage of his progress, and always indicative, when found in more advanced communities, of a sordid and grasping spirit. Reducing every pursuit and enterprise to a single aim, and trying it by a single test, it strikes all that is disinterested from motive, all that is lofty from society, all that is courteous from manners. It asks a certificate of character from every undertaking, pausing upon it with its chilling and sneering philosophy, till it can lay its hand upon the evidence of its practicability and profit. All high studies—all purely literary culture—all that warms the imagination, and clusters round the heart, it neglects or despises. Nay, it would almost teach its disciples to tear away those gentle affections which unite them to their kind, and those sublime emotions which lead them to their Creator—a new Iconoclast trampling upon the shattered symbols of ancient hope.

Radicalism is the child of ignorance, engendered by cunning. Still, in politics, it may be half excused, for it struggles upward from the day of its birth, though always for a selfish end. But literary radicalism has no such aspirations—it is the only leveller that *levels down*. It is suicidal, making use of the knowledge it has acquired to destroy itself and its acquirements together. It checks the desire to learn, by proclaiming not the nothingness, but the worthlessness of its attainments, and disproves its own position by the very means it uses to establish it. Its apostles take their stand upon some thrice overthrown fallacy or misap-



plied truth, and reason conclusively enough, if you will but grant their premises. Man, they insist, is a creature of simple wants and impulses, and these may be satisfied and directed without any wide or elevated knowledge. The progress of society, it is true, has created certain artificial desires which custom almost calls necessities, and these perhaps must be gratified. Their theory, therefore, fosters agriculture, commerce, and the mechanic arts, and even the pursuits of science, polite and physical, as subsidiary to the due promotion of these. So far they are borne out by their principle of utility, but further their hobby horse will not carry them. Their attraction is to the earth, and, like Sancho on the magic steed, no power of imagination, whatever they may pretend, can force them an inch upward. "*Det vitam, det opes,*" is their prayer to Jove, content with the ears of Midas, if they can obtain his power of touch along with them.

Until the imagination ceases to be a faculty of the human soul, all attempts to bind man down to the earth, or to contract the empire of the ideal, are indicative merely of a false perception of the nature of our species. We live but on an isthmus, looking on either side over the wide expanse of the past and the future, for the sources of our enjoyment. Our duties to ourselves and to society, too, are performed with more reference to the same faculty, than to any graduated scale of duty or utility. The sentence which condemned us to eternal toil, had been indeed severe, had it not been mitigated by this alleviation. We earnestly deprecate, therefore, the doctrines of that school which would pass over or thrust aside the knowledge or the enjoyments of the beautiful, because it is not always linked with the products of the mathematics, or capable of increasing the sum total of the wealth or strength of a political community. The ideal and imaginative are the softeners and refiners of intellectual and social ruggedness, as the useful is the subduer of material forms, and the director of brute force. Society never acquires pliancy or grace, until it feels their united influence. We do not allude to that conventional tone, arising from the adoption of a highly artificial system of manners and modes of thought—a state of things only to be found in an old community with a rich and influential metropolis, and not necessarily to be desired if attainable—but to those elevated and refined feelings, resulting from the contemplation of great models in art and literature, which dignify man's conceptions of himself, and the objects of his creation, and which chasten and neutralize his sordid and selfish propensities. We learn but half our nature, until we borrow the evidence of its greatness from the finer perceptions. "I know not," said the enthusiastic Fuseli to a sneering antagonist, "whether you have a soul, but, by heaven, I *feel* that I have one." It was the answer of spirit to sense, and the best that could have

been given. None but an idiot believes that he was born merely to consume the fruits of the earth. The brutes do that, and perish at their manger, and in their sty. The situation of the Peruvians at the Spanish invasion, may show, if proof be required, how far an unenlightened people may be elevated above mere physical appetites, by the influence of a polity which addresses the imagination, the taste, and the judgment, and leads, even in an imperfect state of society, to the contemplation of the sublime in nature and in art.

Unless we have greatly mistaken the tendencies of our time and country, these remarks are not misplaced. The impulse towards the mere practical, exhibits itself in the national legislature, in private associations, and throughout our universal economy. The power of the government to foster a valuable institution, though intimately connected with the general defence, has been seriously, and will, probably, soon be successfully denied. Associations connected with the arts, do not proceed with the progress of the country. Our largest cities cannot sustain an opera on the lowest scale of expense, nor can a theatre, conducted with taste and judgment, find that sort of patronage which is demanded to prevent its perversion to improper or vulgar entertainments. Literature of a certain kind is certainly diffused, and the progress of elementary instruction is in some degree advancing, for this is in strict consistency with the *practical* theory; but, as Mr. Gardiner, in one of the addresses at the head of this article, complains, we question if the cause of learning, properly so called, has not, since the commencement of the present century, rather retrograded than advanced amongst us. Indeed we believe that this is a position scarcely deemed assailable by any who have reflected much upon the subject—nay, more, that it is one in which many who admit it, will see but a natural and very desirable consequence of the state of opinion here.

The works now before us, and particularly the addresses of Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Grimké, furnish an opportunity once more to call attention to the issue presented by them—an old one, it is true, and long ago settled to the satisfaction of the enlightened of many ages and countries, but destined again and again to be re-agitated whenever theory would unlearn the lessons of experience. The subject of each of those to which we have especially alluded, may be designated as the same, for each treats of the value and influence of classical learning, with reference especially to American character and capabilities. Each was pronounced before a literary society, and each, we have no reason to doubt, with an honest view to beneficial ends. But here the parallelism ceases, and the orators walk in divergent paths. In one of them every educated American must make up his mind to follow, as he values or despises the cause of liberal learning.

It is a choice between opposites, when no middle way is left for timidity and hesitation. It is a choice, too, involving consequences no less important than a change in the whole system of collegiate education, and a substitution of a course of training, untried, partial, and we must add, narrow, for the studies on which the experience of centuries has set its seal, and which the sanction of great minds has rendered venerable. It is, in short, the question of a revolution in the history of intellect, by the introduction of an "American Christian System," as Mr. Grimké phrases it, into our schools and colleges, in lieu of the studies so long considered the basis of a polite education, and which he, by some strange confusion of ideas, seems to have brought himself to consider as hostile to the religion and republicanism of the country.

And here let it be premised, that the present discussion has nothing to do with popular education in its extended sense. It concerns only the proper appropriation of the time and money of those who are seeking so to apply the elements of knowledge, that they may acquire ability to discharge the higher functions of their social and political relation. It deeply concerns society, it is true, since it must at last determine the relative rank of our country in intellectual accomplishment, but it is to be decided by no political regulation—no holding up of hands in the comitia. It is a question, differing from most which occur among us, when the interests of the many will be seriously affected by the decision of the few. Let the few therefore ponder it deeply.

He who takes his stand upon old and settled opinion always has a *prima facie* case in his favour, because he vouches the law of the past. We appeal to experience, from no servile respect to antiquity, but because we add the sanction of other men's wisdom to our own reasoning. The innovator, therefore, must always be put to his proofs. In legal phrase, the *onus probandi* is upon him, and the burden is the heavier the longer the prescription against which he remonstrates. In fact, this is the only check by which society in every age has been saved from anarchy, as its natural predisposition is in favour of change—a centrifugal force which, when speculation is in any degree free, can hardly be counteracted even by the agency to which we have adverted. Even where the rights of property are affected, and the selfish principle comes strongly to the assistance of established institutions, it is difficult to make the march of alteration sufficiently gradual, though we fetter it with forms and solemnities. There are always unquiet spirits, who would fain get before their age—a greater reproach by far, in this regard, than falling behind it, since, in the latter case, they alone are sufferers, whereas in the former they injure and unhinge society. But when we come to systems of education and religious creeds,

where the penalty of error is unfelt or distant, and the subject is yet of general interest, there is no end to the propagation of all manner of heresies. The halter itself of Zaleucus could not strangle them.

Tried by the test we have propounded, Mr. Grimké has failed in establishing the doctrines of his recent address. In condemning those doctrines, however, as pernicious to the cause of American education, we may be permitted to express our sincere regret at the untimely death of their author, in whom the community has lost an amiable gentleman, and, spite of his errors, an accomplished scholar. Of the sincerity of his faith and the ardour of his patriotism few who have known him can doubt—of his strong desire to promote the best interests of his country and her institutions, all who have learnt his history are convinced. The zeal with which he pursued and endeavoured to enforce a fallacy, was indicative of a mind capable of intense and enthusiastic devotion, better, even in a bad cause, than a listless and heartless advocacy of a good one. But “the evil that men do lives after them,” spreading too frequently on the faith of ancient reputation, and cherished with the memorials of personal affection. Criticism is therefore impersonal, and deals with the products of mind, without reference to private respects or sympathies.

The fundamental error of Mr. Grimké’s doctrines, lies, as we have already hinted, in the notion, that the study of the classics has something in it adverse to our religion and institutions. We quote his words.

“The literary institutions of our country are, as yet, but an embryo, in comparison of what they must become, to be worthy of, and suitable to the nation. We cannot but observe how the struggle to maintain, in all our seminaries, a foreign and pagan influence, against the rightful dominion of Christian and American institutions, is leading a multitude to think, who never thought before of the subject, and is gradually producing salutary changes. This great controversy, which may be considered as just begun, is itself a rich source of the noblest thoughts which belong to the department of duty to God, of usefulness to our country, and of benevolence to all mankind. How comprehensiv, how solemn is the position, ‘THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION IS DESTINED TO UNDERGO AN AMERICAN REVOLUTION, IN A HIGHER AND HOLIER SENSE OF THE TERM, THAN THAT OF ’76, BY THE SUBSTITUTION OF A COMPLETE CHRISTIAN, AMERICAN EDUCATION, FOR THE STRANGE AND ANOMALOUS COMPOUND OF THE SPIRIT OF ANCIENT, FOREIGN, HEATHEN STATES OF SOCIETY, WITH THE GENIUS OF MODERN, AMERICAN, CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.’” pp. 19, 20.

Supposing the period so ardently predicted in the foregoing paragraph to have arrived, let us figure to ourselves the education of an American scholar. Having adopted Mr. Grimké’s new and grotesque system of orthography, (in which, by the way, he has been preceded with more or less variety, and with equal success by Sir Thomas Smith, Gill, Butler, and a host of others,) he will have carefully unfitted himself for the perusal of the English language as written on the other side of the Atlantic, and consequently, will be enabled to dispense with those frivolous

toys of our forefathers, the English classics. Doubtless, however, in lieu of Shakspeare and Milton, he will be supplied with reformed editions of "The Curse of Kehama" and "Samor," no less than nine passages from which are quoted in this single address, Milman furnishing one which is pronounced "unrivalled by aught to be found in the pages of Homer and Virgil." In the meantime the mind of the pupil will be enlarged and expanded, and his knowledge of the history of his species consummated by an intense and continual study of American constitutions, literature, and laws. He will doubtless be satisfied that the world, so far as he is concerned, and for all the purposes of good government, was created in 1776 by Thomas Jefferson; that we are the wisest as we always have been the bravest of men, and that a true and modest account of ourselves, and a candid exposition of the characteristics of foreign countries, may be found in the annals of the fourth of July, *ab anno reipublicæ primo*. From these sources, he will gather that our main business with other nations, is, if possible, to convert them to republicanism, believing as he is bound to do, that the youngest nation on earth is the one which, by the ordinary laws of nature, has the best title to instruct the rest. Having limited his knowledge of the modern world to our own hemisphere, he will strike out profane antiquity at a blow—as the former perishes by necessity, the latter will fall by design. As the one is foreign, and may corrupt his political simplicity, so the other is foreign and pagan, and must undermine his religious belief.

"The truth is, education with us is neither Christian nor American. We educate the young almost entirely as tho' we did not know whether they were to be Christians, Pagans, or Mahometans; Americans, Germans, or Italians. We instruct them without any peculiar paramount view to Christian or American character and duty. The system is radically unfriendly to religion and patriotism, in any just and comprehensive view of both, and must be extensively and fundamentally reformed, before this country will be inhabited by a truly Christian, American people." p. 55. note (N.)

In short, the American scholar, upon this new system, will learn in a school eminently narrow, bigoted, and selfish. Almost deprived of the benefits of comparison, he will have but a one-sided acquaintance with even his own institutions, since truth, like fire, is elicited by collision. He will put out his own eyes, lest they should behold something dangerous.

If it be objected that we have drawn a caricature, we have only to reply that we have thereby preserved a likeness more startling, and not less faithful, than if we had copied Mr. Grimké's original. We can conceive no other effect from an American education, as contra-distinguished from a classical one, than gradually to deprive the student of the light of ancient and foreign learning, without giving him in its place any thing substantial or satisfactory. The very objection which is urged against the study of the learned languages, that they depict a state of society with which



we have nothing in common, would, were it true, furnish an argument in favour of their acquisition. That man would acquire a singular knowledge of the moon, who viewed her only at the full; and he would be curiously fitted to investigate human nature, who always examined mankind under the influence of one set of institutions. For our own part, we rejoice that there is not any such thing, nor can be, as *American* education; that to a certain extent the mind of all civilized nations must follow the same path, contemplate the same cycles, and love and fear and hope in sympathy with the same actors; that the utmost rage of literary radicalism, and (we speak of its application,) pseudo Christianity, cannot deprive us, even us, "toto penitus divisos orbe," of the memorials and the love of the great past, hallowed not merely by its antiquity, but by its inherent grandeur and beauty, and by the reverence of so many intervening ages, and that the associations and recollections of Greece and Rome are so interwoven with the language, the usages, and the literature of the world, that the power of man cannot put them asunder.

When Mr. Grimké asserts the equality of intellect between the ancients and moderns, we feel no disposition to dispute the proposition. When he goes farther, and maintains that in the materials of poetry and eloquence the latter have the advantage, we concede the point for the sake of the argument; but when, not content with this, he taxes our politeness to place Homer below Scott, and Demosthenes below Webster, we have too great a regard for the opinion which the distinguished moderns alluded to have conceived of themselves, to indulge him; most of all, when at last he degrades the heroes and sages of ancient history to a level with aboriginal warriors of America, we are tempted charitably to find an excuse for the paradox in mental distemperature, and to take our leave at once of an argument built upon so strange a hallucination. Indeed, it appears to us, that from the outset Mr. Grimké has mistaken the nature and end as well as the effect of classical education, and that in this view we might easily show, that such of his premises as are admissible at all must fail, for want of an object against which they may be directed.

Ancient literature is the extant and living evidence of ancient mind. Its mythological machinery and peculiar political impress, of which Mr. Grimké expresses such apprehension, are viewed by every student as memorials of a state of society that has long since disappeared. Even on the classic soil itself, Rienzi is almost the only enthusiast who has dreamed of bringing back the republic, while a thousand *theocrats* have been made by the perusal of the Old Testament. Yet who would think of banishing the Bible from familiar use, because some madmen have misinterpreted it? Perhaps there was more in the

peculiar institutions of the Jews, which is opposed to the spirit of Christianity and republicanism, than in those of Greece or Rome in any phase of their earlier history. No one, however, fears the impression. The antidote to false views of the relations of man to his creator and his country, is to be sought in the knowledge which is intuitively acquired by every American of the religion and government under which he lives. The argument that knowledge of any sort is dangerous, is more characteristic of a dark age and despotic government than of the light and freedom of modern times. The national eagle gazes at the sunbeam, the owl only blinks at the daylight. Shut out classical instruction, and by a parity of reasoning you must put an end to the study of foreign manners and political history—in short, to every liberal pursuit save physics and metaphysics. The aristocratical government of England is at this instant as foreign to our polity as that of the triumvirate, yet no one hints (so preposterous would be the notion) at relinquishing the study of English history. It is coeval almost with our first rudiments of learning.

But the argument admits that the ancient authors may be studied in after life as an elegant attainment. We take leave to say, that if what our author apprehends be well founded, they are not worth the learning—if unfounded, they should be learned early or not at all. Besides, who in later life in this busy country has leisure to go back to elements, and struggle into a knowledge of particles, when the mind is busied in devising means to live, or interested in pursuits of urgent and absorbing importance. Most of us have had occasion to attempt the acquisition of living languages, and have discovered how difficult it is to impress upon the memory, preoccupied, almost indurated as it is, a few simple inflexions, which a child can lay up for life in half an hour. To attain a language is not a matter of volition. The power of acquirement diminishes with the diminution of life. The admission, that classical studies can be important afterwards, involves the necessity of acquiring their rudiments when young. Mr. Grimké proposes to furnish students with the speeches of Henry and Ames, and the opinions of Marshall, instead of the orations of Cicero. This might be a profitable exchange, if the latter were given to boys as an exercise in jurisprudence or politics; but every one (as we used to suppose) knows that it is at first a lesson in language that the teacher of Cicero would impart, not in Roman law. This lesson in language is given in childhood and youth, because then it is most readily acquired and most easily retained, and because the mind is not ripe for complex political lectures, and refined, legal, and constitutional arguments. It is the preparation and discipline of the mind for future studies, and a necessary introduction to liberal know-

ledge, since language is the costume in which all knowledge is enveloped, and by which it is to be recognised. Let us hear Mr. Gardiner on this subject.

“Probably it will be conceded on all hands, that the chief object of primary education is not knowledge, but discipline, and facilities for acquiring knowledge. The absolute knowledge of things, which the boy learns out of his school books, is next to nothing,—scarcely more in a course of years than the man of full-grown and well-trained faculties might acquire in as many months. The object then is rather to create habits of application; to call into action that greatest principle of all human greatness, attention; to give a command of the faculties, to such degree of investigation as their tender expansion will permit; to enlarge and strengthen them by judicious exercise;—and for this purpose language is selected, as being by God’s own appointment more easily learnt in youth than in maturer years; and a foreign language, because it is of necessity learnt in a more exact manner, and with greater intension of the mind, than our vernacular tongue. But surely accuracy in this learning is the whole evidence that the end for which it was learnt at all has been attained. The attention has been roused,—the faculties have been stretched; and therefore the knowledge of those things towards which the mind was directed is accurate. The more accurate, the stronger is this evidence.

“And since the object is not so much knowledge, as the means of knowledge, the command of powers, and use of tools, the Greek and Latin languages are selected by common consent, not only for the immortal treasures they contain, but because they incorporate themselves into all the living languages of civilized man; so that he, who has once mastered these ancient vehicles of thought, descends, as from an eminence, how familiarly, compared with the mere vernacular scholar, into all or any of the dialects of modern Europe, and, which is of more importance, better understands his own. For we cannot read a single page, nor utter a solitary sentence, in our native language, (the very words I am compelled to use, the *single page*, the *solitary sentence*, the *native language*, speak to the fact,) without recurring to Rome or Greece, or both, for most of the nice shades of thought which mingle and coalesce in the full meaning of every phrase that is uttered. Thence is it, that ‘even as a hawk fleeth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not unto excellency with one tongue.’ The ancient instructor of royalty whom I quote would have had for its fellow a learned tongue at least, doubtless little better than Heathen Greek. But are not the ends for which these languages are selected, in preference to all others, answered precisely in proportion to the accuracy with which they are learnt? And shall we, above all things, stop short of that point of accuracy which alone gives the power to perceive with clearness the beauties of the thought and the delicacies of expression they contain? Shall we learn a little of language, and stop short of its literature?

“So far from doubting the advantage of the critical accuracy of Europe, and especially of England, in this branch of education, the more rational doubt is that of some of the sweeping reformers, whether there be any benefit, or at least a benefit proportioned to the time and labor consumed, in learning these languages so superficially and inaccurately as we for the most part do. For of what avail is it to talk of the simple majesty of Homer, or the deep pathos of Sophocles, to him who scarce reads with any tolerable fluency the mere character in which their works are written, and knows no more of the genius of their language than he does of the genius of the Cherokee? Yet of how many, who have received the advantages of what is termed a liberal education, is this literally true?

“Accurate knowledge of the ancient languages useless! A waste of life to spend its best years on syllables and sounds,—mere names of things and those dead and forgotten! Rather let us say, that it is a waste of life to stop short of accuracy;—that language is thought, and the memory of words the memory of things. For God and nature have so mysteriously mingled body and soul, thought and expression, that man cannot set them asunder. They are one and indivisible. The principle of intellectual life hangs upon their union. We cannot think but in words. We cannot reason but in propositions. Or if the excited intellect should sometimes leap to an intuitive result and flash upon truth, it is yet a useless result, an unutterable, incommunicable, voiceless truth,—a waste flower in the wilderness,—a gem

buried in the ocean,—until it has been embodied in language, and made visible by signs, or audible by sounds. And however it may be rarely true that the man of accurate thought is incapable, because he has not studied language, of accurate expression, it is universally true that he who has greatly studied accuracy of expression, words, their arrangement, force, and harmony, in any language, dead or living, has also greatly attained towards accuracy of thought, as well as propriety and energy of speech. ‘For divers philosophers hold,’ says Shakspeare, clothing philosophy in the mantle of the Muse, ‘that the lip is parcel of the mind.’

“A waste of life! Why, what is man, his pursuits, his works, his monuments, that these niceties of language, the weight of words, and the value of sounds should be deemed unworthy of his immortal nature? He is fled like a shadow. The wealth which he toiled for is squandered by other hands. The lands which he cultivated are waste. That hearth-stone on which he garnered up the affections of his own home is sunk into the elements. The very marble, which his children raised over his ashes for a memorial unto eternity, is scattered to the winds of heaven. His sons, his kindred, his name, his race, his nation, all their mighty works, their magnificent monuments, their imperial cities, are vanished like a mist, and swept out of the memory of man. Yet the very word that he spoke,—that little winged word,—a breath, a vapor, gone as it was uttered, clothing a new and noble thought, embodying one spark of heaven’s own fire, formed into letters, traced in hairy lines upon a leaf, enrolled, copied, printed; multiplied and multiplied, spreads over the whole earth; is heard among all tongues and nations; descends through all posterity; and lives for ever, immortal as his own soul. Homer and ye sacred prophets, attest this truth!” pp. 23—26.

We have quoted this eloquent passage at length, because it expresses our own opinions with singular force and felicity, and because we are not unwilling to contrast the glowing, yet highly chastened diction of Mr. Gardiner, with the puerilities and common-places of such fourth form eloquence as the following; believing, as we do, that the style of each orator is a natural and necessary result of the system he advocates, and the studies he recommends.

“Man, the noblest work of God in this lower world, walks abroad thro’ its labyrinths of grandeur and beauty, amid countless manifestations of creative power and providential wisdom. He acknowledges in all that he beholds, the might which called them into being; the skill which perfected the harmony of the parts; and the benevolence which consecrated all to the glory of God, and the welfare of his fellow creatures. He stands entranced on the peak of Etna, or Teneriffe, or Montserrat, and looks down upon the far distant ocean, silent to his ear and tranquil to his eye, amidst the rushing of tempestuous winds, and the fierce conflict of stormy billows. He sits enraptur’d on the mountain summit, and beholds, as far as the eye can reach, a forest robe, flowing in all the varieties of graceful undulation, over declivity after declivity, as tho’ the fabulous river of the sky’s were pouring its azure waves o’er all the landscape. He hangs over the precipice and gazes with awful delight on the savage glen, rent open as it were by the earthquake, and black with lightning-shattered rocks; its only music the echoing thunder, the scream of the lonely eagle, and the tumultuous waters of the mountain torrent. He reclines in pensive mood on the hill top, and sees around and beneath him, all the luxuriant beauties of field and meadow, of oliveyard and vineyard, of wandering stream and grove-encircled lake. He descends to the plain, and amidst waving harvests, verdant avenues and luxuriant orchards, sees between garden and grassplot, the farm house embosomed in copsewood or “tall ancestral trees.” He walks thro’ the valley, fenced in by barrier cliffs, to contemplate with mild enthusiasm its scenes of pastoral beauty, the cottage and its blossomed arbor, the shepherd and his flock, the clump of oaks, or the solitary willow. He enters the cavern, buried far beneath the surface, and is struck with amazement at the grandeur and magnificence of a subterranean palace, hewn out as it were by the power of the Genii, and decorated by the taste of Armida, or of the Queen of the Fairies.” *Grimké*, pp. 5, 6.

The "School for Orators" itself cannot produce a passage more exquisitely inflated.

We trust we have made sufficiently apparent the necessity of an early acquaintance with the classical tongues, considered merely as languages, and as an exercise of the mind, preparatory to a more intellectual progress afterwards. We are prepared now to go farther, and to maintain that the merit and peculiar character of their literature, entitle them, in the eyes of philosophy, to all the attention they receive at our schools and colleges. Subjected to the rules of criticism, that literature cannot be denied to contain the model of most that is graceful and true in modern letters. Tried by a severity of taste, and an accuracy of ear, which no recent nation has attempted to parallel, its poetry breathes of the very essence of harmony and strength, conveying sentiments at once elegant and just, in forcible and appropriate numbers. Its terse and dignified prose, characterized by that best definition of a good style, "proper words in proper places," to rival which, modern historians and critics have thought it their highest praise, speaks to the intellect seriously, earnestly, and effectively, like venerable age enforcing the maxims of wisdom. But aside from mere style, most of the compositions of the ancients, which have come down to us, must be included in that category so graphically characterized in Professor Sedgwick's Discourse, as the productions of men who seem

"—Invested, like the prophet of old, with a heavenly mantle, and to speak with the voice of inspiration. Those that have appeared after them are but attendants in their train—seem born only to revolve about them, warmed by their heat, and shining by their reflected glory. Their works derive not their strength from momentary passions or local associations, but speak to feelings common to mankind, and reach the innermost movements of the soul; and hence it is that they have an immortal spirit, which carries them safe through the wreck of empires and the changes of opinion.

"Works like these are formed by no rule, but become a model and a rule to other men. Few, however, among us, are permitted to show this high excellence. Ordinary minds must be content to learn by rule; and every good system of teaching must have reference to the many and not to the few. But surely it is our glorious privilege to follow the track of those who have adorned the history of mankind—to feel as they have felt—to think as they have thought—and to draw from the living fountain of their genius. Wonderful and mysterious is the intellectual communion we hold with them! Visions of imagination, starting from their souls, as if struck out by creative power, are turned into words, and fixed in the glowing forms of language: and, after a time, the outward signs of thought pass before our sense, and by a law of our being not under our control, kindle within us the very fire which (it may be thousands of years ago) warmed the bosom of the orator or the poet—so that once again, for a moment, he seems, in word and feeling, to have a living presence within ourselves." pp. 34, 35.

We earnestly entreat the student of classical literature to remember, that the mechanical drudgery of his task was, or should have been accomplished, when he left the school-room; that it is not to be the business of his youth merely to adjust the trammels of prosody, to measure iambics, or to manufacture trochees. That the purpose of his advanced pursuit is not, in the phrase of Rol-

lin, to “crucify the intellect with themes,” balancing the harmony, and determining the position of words, whose signification and force frequently depend upon a pronunciation, of which the moderns have lost the very shadow. That it is not, in the language of a greater\* than Rollin, “to learn a few words with lamentable construction,” to load the memory with barren sounds, and to bear about a fardel of disjointed scraps, the offal of an index. He has a nobler vocation, for in the ancients he is to read the history of man, his passions, his aims, his end, in their primeval language. He is to study the future in the past. To learn those eternal laws, by which our nature, in its goodlier as well as baser characteristics, is identified. To feel the value and honour of our being, coupled as it is with the soul and spirit of antiquity. To enter upon a pursuit by which he may trace up all the uninspired ethics of the modern world to their early sources, and uncover the old fountains of the fertilizing Nile. To find whence the tongue we speak derived its polish and cadence, whence its force and energy. To seize the clue which makes the civilized earth as a single nation, assimilating its dissonant languages, and from the jargon of a thousand dialects, reproducing almost in elemental beauty,

“The Phenix daughters of the vanquisht old.”

Nor is this all—he may gather from the same source, other and not less important matters. He may follow the progress of the social system, from the patriarchal union of priest and king, through the multiplied phases of government, up to the perfection of a polished democracy, thence down the circle, till despotism severed the cord, and society returned to its elements. He may learn the right use of the arts in their humanizing and enlightening influences, and the true end of philosophy, in inciting to worthy actions. And finally, he may well and worthily appreciate the great truth, that as with individuals so with nations, there is no true greatness, and no enduring name, without a union of knowledge with virtue.

And do we stand upon such vantage-ground over the whole earth, that we can forego this panoply, and extinguish the light by which all other nations have walked? It is the very prescription of an acute philosopher to make a despotism. “Destroy the ancient Greek and Latin authors,” says Hobbes, “if you aim at absolute dominion, because if those are read, principles of liberty, and just sentiments of the dignity and rights of mankind, must be imbibed.” Slaves only are always and necessarily ignorant. The Turk, on the very site of Byzantium, is the only inhabitant of Europe who preserves no records of the Roman name. They widely and vehemently err, who suppose that they can safely omit

\* Milton: Tractate of Education.



a constant recurrence to original principles; or allow the sanctions and evidence of their truth to perish from the national remembrance. One step in silence over a prostrate right, is a stride towards the ruin of the republic. Rather than suffer it, we would read the history of the ancient commonwealths from the steeple-tops, and gather disciples from the highways and hedges, to teach them, at the general cost, the lessons and the warnings of antiquity.

The influence of any system of education may be fairly tested by the productions of the intellect of the nation which adopts it. We mean the average production, for by that we must judge of the standard of attainment. Great minds are self-educated. The state of public taste too furnishes a means of measuring the advancement of literature, for they uniformly march in company. In the United States, instruction, accurate, elegant instruction, although, as we believe, much above Mr. Grimké's standard, is far below Mr. Gardiner's, and we feel ready to join the latter gentleman in the opinions expressed in the following passage.

"I complain;—I complain, that the spirit of the age, and, I fear, the spirit of our government, and, I am sure, the present habits and impulses of society among us, notwithstanding the fine things which have been said of it (partly by ourselves), are adverse to the growth and cultivation of the more delicate and finer species of literature. I complain especially, that classical literature is little cultivated; less cultivated than it was; not absolutely, perhaps, but compared with the advancement of other things;—it is not loved, it is not followed, as it used to be;—nay, I fear that at this moment it is barely in repute among us. I complain that education is not what it should be in this respect, even here in the midst of the flourishing schools of New England (in general our just boast), and in this enlightened age, which so vaunteth itself beyond its predecessors. And I charge you who have any lingering love of classical literature, all who regard the great common cause of letters, all who have at heart the real welfare and substantial reputation of our country, I charge you all, as you love that country and her institutions, and those children whom you hope shall inherit them, that you look carefully and candidly at the actual condition and prospects of our literary affairs. Grave questions are involved. Let them be well weighed." p. 3.

Let us examine for an instant, the condition of our literature, in reference to this depressed state of liberal education. And first, our newspapers are not all they should be, considered as the sources whence a large mass of the American people derive their most important political knowledge. We speak not now of the moral qualities of their conductors. They are like other men, not more corrupt, perhaps not more servile, and though occasionally one of them may seem to apostrophize power in the language of Cæsar's parasite;

— "Dum voce tuæ potuere juvari  
Cæsar, ait, partes, quamvis *volente* Senatu  
Traximus imperium tunc, cum mihi Rostra tenere  
Jus erat, et dubios in te transferre Quirites,"—

yet, on the other hand, the press can exhibit many noble instances of fearless disregard of interest, and magnanimous devotion to the true welfare of the nation.

But it is in a literary, as well as in a moral and political point of view, that the conductors of newspapers should remember the dignity of their vocation. They are, each in his sphere, teachers of important matters, not mere vehicles by which events are communicated to their readers. Wholly unshackled and untaxed, their influence reaches the remotest confines of our population, and fastens itself upon the national mind with a tenacity not to be shaken off. It affects, and sometimes almost creates the public taste—at all events it does much to direct it. In this view, the standard of the newspaper press is not sufficiently high, and its tendencies, though on the whole beneficial, might be made more propitious to the advancement of the country, not only in important knowledge, but in generous, elevated and philanthropic sentiment, and useful pursuit. Although some of its members are accomplished men, there is a want of power, of matured and cultivated ability, in the profession, (may we not say it of other branches of pursuit, to the successful exercise of which great mental discipline is a pre-requisite?) which leaves it lower in the scale of occupation than it ought to be. Our newspapers, for the most part, cannot be advantageously compared with those of France or England. Their tone is lower, and the circle of their speculations more contracted. We know that editors are worse paid than the members of any other profession. We are aware of the debasing tendencies of a protracted political contest, and that in the fury of the encounter, men stop not to choose their weapons. But even a poisoned shaft may be polished. Truth always gains by an alliance with decency, and even falsehood loses some of its ignominy when disguised in the garb of honesty. It is the part of liberal learning to soften the rancour of the passions, as much as it is its province to enlarge the faculties and elevate the moral sense. “*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*” A correct taste, and a cultivated understanding, for the most part, accompany and sustain each other. In the opinion of Hume, they are never met with but in combination. To the political press we still look with hope (for we are yet young as a nation,) for the elevation and improvement of our extended country—but it is to the press under the influence of enlarged views, a purified taste, and that generous education which humanizes while it enlightens, and which, seconding the influence of free institutions, shall produce among the people a greater aptitude for political instruction, a higher standard of thought, and a broader basis of morals.

The miscellaneous literature of the United States, is much in want of a similar infusion of sound and invigorating learning. The national mind is active and inquiring, and exhibits, from time to time, products honourable to itself and advantageous to the country. In all that relates especially to ourselves, there is no reason to apprehend a deficiency of accurate and philosophical



investigation. Our early records, our history, natural productions, statistics, and even our philology, have been laboriously illustrated. The sciences of law and medicine do not lack able and acute professors and authors. Many excellent productions issue weekly from the press, in the shape of addresses, political and literary. But it must be confessed that these works are very inadequately sustained by public patronage. The national taste has not reached their level. Publishers only venture upon the more extended of them with the aid of a subscription-list, or the patronage of the national or a state legislature. The real authorship of the country, accordingly, makes but a faint and limited impression upon it. But we have in its place a flood of words in all manner of ephemeral combinations. The mass of readers live upon the froth of literature—verses, letters, sketches, the “*far-rago libelli*,” the very stuffing of the magazines. From such sources, the people can acquire little real information, while they incur the dangers of false taste and crude speculation, and a craving for the frivolous and exaggerated, incompatible with habits of sober and solid thought. On the broad basis of English letters, we should be ambitious to build something harmonious and graceful, not a house of cards on a foundation of adamant. Or if we must look between the covers of a magazine or an annual, for the profitable evidence of American intellect, let them display, if possible, some mental discipline, some reference to human improvement, some tokens of liberal and laborious study. As it is, how few think it necessary to learn, to observe, to reflect, to pass through the stages of knowledge, before, as if already at the goal, they commence the instruction of others! They seem to forget that to teach successfully, even through the medium of a penny tract, something must first be acquired, and that he best imparts to others whose own stores are most copious and diversified.

Mayhap we may be told, as we have been told before, that under the equality of our working country, where every citizen contributes his portion to the national industry, we have reserved no place for elegant literature, and that the practical lessons of the ancient authors, so far as they are material, may be read in our mother tongue. Upon the topic of translations we shall say a word hereafter. Meanwhile, admitting that the attainment of the dead languages were merely an accomplishment—the most ornamental and desirable surely on earth—and that it could not contribute in any manner near or remote to the sum of national wealth, is the sum of national happiness to go for naught? Is the mind of a mighty democracy to be so poorly nurtured and so meanly lodged?—tasked at home with menial duties, and familiar with none but household associations? Has it no part to act with grace and dignity in the presence of foreign nations, no self-respect to enforce by a consciousness of equality? The spirit of

liberty rejects no sources of light. It is her boast that she aspires at all moral perfections, and neglects no means to attain them. It is her vital principle that she imposes no curb nor shackle upon the human powers. What free state has ever discouraged the study of elegant literature? Sparta was a republic when Lycurgus gathered the fragments of Homer from the corners of Ionia, and summoned Thales from Crete to soften the rudeness of Lacedemonian manners. Athens was a republic when Plato sought the elements of his refined philosophy in the records and tradition of Thebes and Egypt. Rome was a republic when Scipio and the assembled senate rescued Carneades and his learned colleagues—those “attic babblers,” as ignorance had termed them—from Cato’s motion of banishment, and not the less a republic when in his hoary age, that same Cato, outliving his prejudices, himself acquired the language he before disdained to hear. Florence was a republic when Cosmo de’ Medici sheltered and honoured the fugitive philosophers of the lower empire, and garnered in the bosom of his native city most that the world then knew of the beautiful in art and the great in letters. And America was a republic yet stretching her infant limbs, and struggling with her early wants, when, if small things may follow great, the apostle of modern democracy deemed it, as it was, the glory of his life to establish a seat of learning in his paternal state, where the foundations of liberal knowledge should, as he fondly hoped, be laid and assured to future generations, broad, deep, secure, and eternal.

The acquisition of ancient learning is an accomplishment, but it is one, the importance of which no common objector, though mounted on his hobby of utility, can trample down or conceal. It is an accomplishment that strengthens as well as adorns. Putting theory aside, look at England, and the high tone of her national mind, for centuries past. Education there is built upon and supported by classical learning “from turret to foundation stone”—from the elegant private studies of a cultivated nobility and gentry, to the drudgery of the fifth form at Eton. A German writer of no mean note, confirmed his opinions of the importance of these studies, from a similar consideration. “We ought to judge in matters of education,” says Lichtenberg, “rather from experience than from mere reasoning. We should inquire what nation has produced the most active and the greatest men; not indeed the greatest number of compilers and of book makers, but of the most intrepid, the most acute, accomplished, and magnanimous characters? This is very probably the English nation.”\*

\* “Ten of the fifteen judges now on the bench in Westminster Hall, are high wranglers and prizemen from the two Universities—nearly one-half of the most eminent practising lawyers in England, gave a similar promise of their fame. The primate of all England, and the four first in consequence of the bishops, all obtained high

Should it be objected to this, that there are other causes operating upon the English character, such as the state of society, frame of government, and national and individual wealth, we are ready to grant the positions; but before we admit that it weakens our argument, we must pray the objector to canvass philosophically the operation of literature, society, and government, upon each other, and see for himself whether the influence of the first be not at least co-equal and co-ordinate with that of the other two. We have in a former page endeavoured to present some of the many considerations which the state of our own country furnishes in connexion with this topic, but to do it justice would require a volume. The state of society before and after the revival of letters and the invention of the printing press, affords an illustration to which it is sufficient at present merely to allude. Should we be referred to the greatest name in English literature as a refutation of our theory, while we bow implicitly to the supremacy of Shakspeare's genius, we notwithstanding take issue upon the fact of his ignorance of the learned tongues, at least of the Latin, and say with Schlegel, that he was a scholar. He rose infinitely above the pedantry of his contemporaries, but there is internal evidence which every reader of the classics can appreciate, that the associate of Jonson, in that learned age, was liberally imbued with polite learning. He was sufficiently a prodigy, without insisting that he shall be held an ignorant one.

Mr. Grimké has offered several passages in the *Paradise Lost*, to illustrate, to use his own metaphor, "how much injury a modern poet deriv's from the attempt to ornament the garden of modern poetry, with the shrubbery, flowers, and vines of classic literature." He seems to have forgotten, that Milton's subject eminently needed some familiar illustration and imagery, to render it at all tangible by human apprehension, and yet was not susceptible of any by which it must not appear degraded. The unknown can only be rendered appreciable by the known, and of the known, that is best adapted to an elevated theme, which is itself half hid in the ideal, and which, though familiar, has the dignity of an ancient and mystic origin, and of poetical association. Milton knew this perfectly, when he adopted the Acheron and Lethe of the Pagan mythology, and borrowed from the *Iliad*, to weigh the fortunes of the contending angels, the scales of Jupiter. The reader of Dante, the only poet whose subject approaches that of Milton in majesty and solemnity, will occa-

academical reputation. The two chancellors of England preceding the present, and the present chief justice, and his two predecessors, were equally distinguished, while the two front rows of the old House of Commons were crowded with the first-class men of the two Universities. Lord Liverpool's cabinet, which pacified Europe and subdued Napoleon (by way of fame and distinction,) was nick-named the Christ-Church Club."—*Lond. Quar. Rev. for Aug. 1834.*

sionally perceive, that the allusions of the latter can but ill be supplied by the expedients of a vulgar superstition. Dante's judge, instead of a balance or an urn, is equipped with a long tail, by means of which he assigns to the soul of each culprit, its place in the infernal domain :

" Cignesi con la coda tante volte,  
Quantunque gradi vuol che giù sia messa."\*

In elegance, *vraisemblance*, and every species of poetic propriety, how much superior is the metaphor of Dante's great teacher ;

" Nec vero hæc sine sorte datæ, sine judice sedes :  
Quæstor Minos urnam movet ; ille silentum,  
Conciliumque vocat, vitæque et crimina discit."†

Epic machinery is not so readily manufactured as some writers would seem to imagine. Spenser, with a subject which opened to him the whole field of romance, and which an Italian poet would have immortalized, has fewer English readers than Milton. He would actually have come nearer the heart, even of our own time, had he adopted the Grecian mythology, than he has with his cumbrous allegorical personifications. So with Voltaire. The truth is, the theory of the epic has, since the time of Milton, undergone a revolution, or rather epic poetry has become essentially dramatic. That poet, it is true, had no need to use the *machinery* of the ancients, but he deemed it legitimate to consider their belief, and the personifications of their faith, in the light of realities, so far as description and allusion were concerned—as to machinery, properly so called, he needed none, since his actors and events were all essentially supernatural. The Hindu or Scandinavian mythologies, which Mr. Grimké recommends, are equally foreign to probability with the classic, and lack, besides, its ideality, and the familiarity of its associations. Nothing, therefore, can be gained by the substitution. The age of steam-boats, we fear, must give up the epic—happy, in fact, if it can retain any evidence of the poetic temperament. Aside from the limited diffusion of truth, and connected with it, the reason why heroic poetry succeeded among the ancients, was the credence given by the mass of readers or hearers, to the preternatural intervention of divine personages. This is particularly true of the *Iliad*, which was received in a rude stage of society, where the imagination was more developed than the judgment, upon very different grounds from those on which it is now applauded. Nor was the representation of a personal interposition, by Mars or Neptune, in the wars of Troy, more to be doubted, by an ancient Greek, than the doctrine of a general superintending Providence by a modern Christian. Those productions of recent times, therefore, which, in their effect, have most resembled the earliest epic,

\* Inferno, Canto 5.

† *Æneid*. vi. 431.

are the metrical romances of chivalry. Like the Homeric poems, they were recited in a warlike and uncultivated age ; like them, they were, even in their most extravagant incidents, received with undoubting faith by all save the religious order and the very small number of educated laymen ; and like them, they recounted heroic exploits and perilous adventures, effected frequently by the aid of a superior order of beings. The Italian poets early saw that here was the germ of the modern epic, and exquisitely did they turn their sagacity to account. But the fairy-faith had vanished from the Italian republics, if indeed it had ever obtained there, with the introduction of ancient learning. Still it haunted the hearts, if not the minds of men, and on the Rhine, and in the remoter and more sylvan districts of England, it may still be traced, in some lingering legend or old superstition. It would furnish, perhaps, the best machinery (though the experiment would be a bold one) of which the epic is now susceptible—that is, it would touch and interest more that great class of readers who have taken the place of the listeners of the age of Homer and the Trouvères. Pope's Rosicrucian agents, (though his poem is only mock-heroic,) are of the same lineage ; and Wieland's exquisite and successful version of Huon of Bourdeaux, so advantageously known to us through Mr. Sotheby's translation, shows how readily the public mind has, within a few years, yielded to those old and familiar influences, thitherto kept alive, in no small degree, in the bosom of the reader of English, by Shakspeare, and by Milton himself, though less popularly, in Comus.

We say again, in reference to the classical allusions of the *Paradise Lost*, that we yield no tittle of them. The poem abounds with them, it is true, and so it abounds with learned reference to all the sources of knowledge then open to the scholar—to the traditions of Assyrian and Persian greatness, the mysteries of Egypt, the unhallowed idolatry of the Canaanites (a less elegant mythology certainly than that of Greece), the sunny fables of the Italian poets, and the orgies of northern superstition. They are the points where the cultivated reader rests, after the fatigue and tension of the mind, as upon something earthly, after his flight upward through unfamiliar regions ; as one who has struggled with wild or fearful dreams, welcomes, on awakening, some object or reflection, which brings his household recollections back again. It is by looking through the eyes of the heart that the intellect best familiarizes itself with the distant and obscure in literature, by connecting the subject with old associations, and linking it to those immortal creations of the mind, which have survived through so many ages, and which no age will “willingly let die.” Our remarks on this point have been confined to Milton, as the extreme instance, and because he was selected by Mr. Grimké, but they are applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to other

poets, though we certainly do not mean to extend them to modern pastorals with classic decorations—a fair object of satire, we had almost said of utter detestation.

Learning cannot operate in favour of the few, without redounding to the benefit of the many. All the arts of peace improve beneath its influence. Industry revives and flourishes as it leads the way to new wants. The general mind advances, as the means of enjoyment are thus placed within the reach of all. The convenient succeeds the rude, and men begin to look beyond mere usefulness for the beautiful. The material creation in all its natural and artificial forms, is pervaded with a portion of that spirit, which clothes the ruins of antiquity with magic, even in their sad and mournful decay. The principles of taste are invoked to adorn and refine the architecture and amusements of the nation. The theatre takes the place of the resorts of dissolute riot, and gradually becomes a school where the people may be instructed through the ear, in the harmony and force of their language, and familiarized through the eye with the picturesque and graceful in costume, and the appropriate in decoration. The public mind is occasionally withdrawn from that which in a free government must greatly engross it, the exacerbating collisions of politics, and the angles of the national character are rounded, not by the corroding file of a rival or an enemy, but by the generous appliances derived from the contemplation of the polite arts. A love of those arts, and of the learning which produced and fosters them succeeds, as connected with national grandeur and individual happiness, and their professors and disciples are recognised and honoured as public benefactors, even in the tumult of civil war or foreign invasion.

“The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground; and the repeated air  
Of sad Electra’s poet, had the power  
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.”

And finally, the great moral truth to which all modern legislation tends, is impressed upon mankind, that with the progress of knowledge is identified their future security against the efforts of low art or desolating power. This may be called a dream—if it is *but* a dream, we hold our national existence by a frail and feeble tenure.

The acquisition of ancient learning is an accomplishment, but not an accomplishment merely. The secular records of the old universe are wrapped up in the moods and tenses of those teeming volumes. Not a word, not a letter but is profitable for instruction—not a line but may mark an event. The restoration of a crooked character\* almost fixed the birth-place of Homer—

\* The Æolic Digamma.



the Greek Olympiads saved the chronology of the world. To five verses of a Roman tragedian\* we may be indebted for the hemisphere we inhabit—to as many lines of a Roman historian,† we must look for the first notice of the existence of our ancestors. Thither or to kindred sources must be traced all the early annals of those countries, which now fill the world with their names—Germany, Gaul, Spain, and the nations of the east, once the barbarous provinces of that mighty people whose blood runs in the veins of the whole earth, as their language has intermingled its syllables of conquest with the vocabularies of the globe.

We do not apprehend for America what has been, perhaps with some justice, a subject of complaint in England, any evil from overstrained attention to the mere mechanical portions of a classical education. The mischief with us is of a contrary character. School-boys have not enough to do with rudiments to facilitate their subsequent progress. They are expected to feel before they are taught to understand. They are forced round the circle of liberal study within too short a period, and during too tender an age. What should be a taste is a mere task. They thumb the *Æneid* into dog's-ears, when they should be scratching their *Priscian*, and their reminiscences of the most delicate, original, and philosophical of the Roman poets, lead them only to the "Horace whom they hated so." Considering the number of students yearly graduated by our fifty colleges, the instances of accurate and comprehensive scholarship, or of learned study performed in after life, are surprisingly few—though the surprise is much qualified when we consider the peculiarity of our institutions, and our defective system of instruction. Books enough are read, if they were properly read, to do all that can be done by boys at a public seminary. We believe that there is not so much difference in the quantity of matter gone over, between the English schools and our own, as is generally supposed.

\* ————— "venient annis  
 Secula seris, quibus Oceanus  
 Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens  
 Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos  
 Detegat orbes: nec sit terris ultima Thule."

*Senec. in Medea, Act. I, Vers. 374.*

† "Ex his omnibus," (says Cæsar, having mentioned the geographical situation of the island, and the divisions of its inhabitants,) "longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt: quæ regio est maritima omnis; neque multum a Gallica differunt consuetudine. Interiores plerique frumenta non serunt, sed lacte et carne vivunt; pellibusque sunt vestiti: Omnes vero se Britanni vitro inficiunt, quod cæruleum efficit colorem. Atque hoc horridiore sunt in pugna adspectu: Capilloque sunt promisso; atque omni parte corporis rasa præter caput, et labrum superius. Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes, et maxime fratres cum fratribus parenteque cum liberis: sed, si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum habentur liberi quo primum virgo quæque deducta est." (*De bell. Gall. V. 14.*) A picture which, (disgusting as it is both in its moral and physical aspect,) conveys no mean lesson to the curious speculator.

A boy in America is generally placed at college at fourteen, ready, as is presumed, to enter upon the reading of the easier Latin and Greek authors—Livy and Homer, for instance. To these he is supposed to devote one-third of the time appropriated by the college rules to study. The remaining two-thirds are occupied, not in kindred pursuits,\* but in mathematics, and some third branch, perhaps modern geography. He has no private tutor to direct his studies, but forms one of a class of twenty or thirty, as the case may be, with whom he has no necessary communication, except that they meet for recitation at a stated hour once a day, in each branch of study. The tutor appears, and if the grammatical construction of the author in hand be correct, “*verbum verbo reddens*,” he opens not his mouth. He comes to hear, not to teach, and having dragged round the circle of monotonous voices from A to Z, until he himself becomes as insensible of the beauties of his class-book as his pupils, he gives the signal, and his thirty boys rush to the light of day, wise in the words of Homer or Sallust, but quite ignorant of their spirit and characteristics.† We appeal to those whose experience can prompt them, if this is not a fair representation of the routine of college recitations in the classics. Enough is seldom done, (whether the fault lie with the tutor or the rules under which he acts, it matters little), to aid the intellectual or imaginative part of the exercise. As it is folly, so far as the poetry of the author is concerned, to set a young school boy to translate Virgil, so is it folly, having placed Horace in the hands of a collegian, not to teach him what Horace means. Each recitation should be accompanied with something by way of lecture to open the beauties of the author—to explain points of geography, chronology, and mythology,‡ and particularly to trace the exquisite appositeness of classic customs—the connexion of the real with the ideal, which so entirely distinguished the ancient manners, particularly of the Greeks, from those of the moderns—a branch of learning, by the way, in which all our systems of antiquities are deficient. The pupil stands up with his dry translation, variegated only by his gleanings from the notes, (which themselves sometimes want explanation), “*in Usus Delphini*.” Generally he is satisfied with this skeleton mode of complying with the requisitions of his teachers; but if he is a boy of any fancy, he will sometimes warm up in spite of all disadvantages, and feeling something of the soul of his author, give a free, spirited, and

\* The study of Roman Antiquities is in some instances pursued only to a very limited extent, and for a very short period.

† See Alfieri’s account of his education in the Academy and University of Turin, for a picture of the effects of this sort of instruction. (*Autobiography*).—It is at once lamentable and ridiculous.

‡ We are happy in the sanction of Dr. Ludlow to this opinion.—*Address*, p. 16.



poetic version of a beautiful passage, which is immediately and charitably considered as “cribbed” from a translation, and the offender marked accordingly. We speak with the experience gained from our own Alma Mater, not the least distinguished in America, when we say that few even of the most accurate readers—those who bear off the college honours—get beyond the surface of the classics, or seem at all aware of the mighty ashes over which they so recklessly tread. Nor is it possible that they should be; for aside from the heavy and torpid system of recitation, upon which we have already animadverted, their time is so subdivided by a variety of pursuits, that they can but touch upon any thing. How is it possible for a boy properly to investigate a long exercise in a difficult classic, when his attention has been wearied by an abstruse demonstration, or dazzled by a brilliant experiment, and that too at a period of life when the faculties are immature, and the constitution unformed. Out of a professor’s chair there is scarcely a scholar, properly so called, in America; and we very much question, if in that elevated situation there are many persons who have so cultivated the essence and spirit of Greece and Rome, that they could, on any emergency, furnish a copy of Latin verses equal to one of the Oxford prize poems, or the elegant trifles of some of the British magazines, to say nothing of the higher flights of Fracastoro or Johannes Secundus. We know well the demands of parents, and how too many of them judge of education as gluttons do of feasts, not by the capacity to imbibe and digest, but by the number and quantity of dishes to stimulate rather than satisfy the appetite. It would be vastly better for their sons, and certainly less unjust towards their teachers, that they should be taught the elements of their mother tongue and the arts of practical life at home, than thus to run after the shadow of liberal learning. The bowls of the muses (Apuleius said it before Pope) should be drained, or had better not be tasted.

It may be easier to suggest these evils than to remedy them, but we do anew submit, with all proper freedom, that boys should be classified otherwise than chronologically—that some effort should be made to discover latent propensities and peculiar aptitudes, and that when found they should be fostered and encouraged by an appropriate course of instruction and reading. It is the experience of every day, and the testimony of almost every individual, that predispositions and disgusts do exist, and constantly colour and bias the pursuits of life. Without vouching Ovid and Correggio, lest the extreme temperament of a poet and a painter may be held an unfair example, look at Bayle. The most accomplished critic of his time could never demonstrate a proposition of Euclid. He says it himself. Gibbon, whose name is his eulogy as a most comprehensive linguist, absolutely hated

the exact sciences, and gave them over in despair. So did Fuseli, a man of most original though distorted genius, and so (to swell the list no farther) did Horace Walpole, of whose *Nugæ* we have recently had a new relish, and who, with scarcely an exception, is the most delightful of English letter-writers.\* What martyrdom to such minds to be cooped up within a right-angled triangle or an oblate spheroid! Yet such has been the fate, and is at this moment the fate, of many a youth, whose heart is dried up within him amidst pursuits he cannot appreciate or endure. We care not for the source or origin of these tendencies, nor do we wish their variety to be reduced by thrusting the children of the country into huge public seminaries as soon as they can speak, according to a recent scheme. It is sufficient for us that they exist, beneficially as we believe, whether derived from the nursery, the village school, the scenery amidst which we are born, or the peculiar qualities of the parental mind. It is the part of philosophical training to guide and direct; not to chill, obstruct, or neglect them.

The feasibility and propriety of adapting the studies to the individual—of cutting the coat to the person instead of stuffing the person into the coat—being granted, we repeat our impressions, that each recitation in the classics should be accompanied by a semi-lecture, explanatory, not of the mere anatomy, but of the spirit of the author; and that works should be read in connexion, illustrative of his aims and systems, as well as of the localities of his scenes, and their true chronology. Boys never will glean this information from the old scholiast, or all the Scaligers and Bentleys who have succeeded him. The Dacier Horace, sneered at, as it is, as the work of a woman, presents that author, particularly the portion at first least appreciated, his Lyrics, to the young student, in new and beautiful attitudes, and excites an affection for the poet commensurate with the pleasure derived from his perusal. No boy should touch the Greek tragedians without reading Schlegel—a writer now easily accessible—who has brought out with the most profound critical philosophy the true principles of their art, and discriminated with surprising grace and power their various characteristics and excellencies. Mitford, with an affected orthography, and even greater defects of a different order, would much enhance the interest and facilitate the acquisition of the Grecian orators and historians, entering as he does into the politics of the communities to which they belonged with

\* The predilection of D'Alembert, on the other hand, for the exact sciences, was so great, that it overcame all the efforts of his early teachers, and impelled him, even after he commenced the study of a profession, to beg back one by one the mathematical books which he had intrusted to a friend, for the very purpose of placing himself beyond the temptation to use them.

the fervour of an ardent mind excited by a lofty subject.\* It would be easy to follow this subject farther, but we are only suggesting a topic, not writing a treatise. It is a knowledge of classical literature, founded on an acquaintance with its incalculable importance, and a perception of its genial beauties, which we would inculcate—a love of that Egerian spirit which meets the scholar in his silent chamber, and like the nymph of Numa, not only glads him with her presence, but inspires him with those counsels which ennoble and enrich him.

Mr. Grimké has spoken of translations, as being fully adequate to convey to the student all the necessary knowledge to be found in the works of the ancients. Considered as a substitute for the originals, they certainly communicate a knowledge of facts; and if facts were all we wanted, they might be deemed sufficient. But unless our previous argument has been lamentably deficient, a simple barren knowledge of events furnishes but a small portion of the inducements to the study of the classics. Even were it a mere question of time, if the ancients are worth reading at all they will repay their acquisition in the original. Euclid may perhaps be read in English as well as in his own language, but we do not now remember another author of either Greece or Rome of whom we can say the same, not even excepting Vitruvius or Columella. The truth is, that translation is principally valued by judicious critics, not as supplying the place of originals, but as enriching the language of the translator with new combinations, and its poetry with a vast accession of images. Our principal and popular version of Homer is a remarkable illustration of this position in both its branches, which, by the way, is more and more applicable the farther we get from the simplest style of narration. An English Herodotus may be tolerable, but an English Euripides is impossible. “A very pretty poem, yours, Mr. Pope,” said Bentley, “but you must not call it Homer;” and Dennis varied the sarcasm, though he equally adhered to the truth, when he said that it was “well called Pope’s Homer, for it was nothing like Homer’s Homer.” Yet while it is hardly a translation, it is the best translated poem in the universe, though we know not whether it has done more good by attracting readers to the original, or more harm by sending them away from it, disappointed with its stern majesty when compared with the exuberant efflorescence of the copy. The words of an author are the embodied substance, not the mere echo of his thoughts. They are as much a part of his composition as the ideas they represent. The best authors are therefore

\* So far is it from being deemed necessary, at some of our institutions, that the student should go out of his text book, that the doors of the college library are actually barred against him for two years after he is matriculated.

the least translatable. Think of packing down the subtle and volatile essences of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* into strutting French rhymes, or clogging the wings of Ariel with heroics. The copy would be as unlike the original as are the fairies of Shakspeare to those personages who form the machinery of the *Contes des Fées* of Perrault or Madame Murat.\* A French fairy haunts drawing rooms—an English one—

——“on the beached margent of the sea  
Dances her ringlets to the whistling wind.”

They are not correlative. No Frenchman, therefore, can understand Puck and Titania any more than an Englishman can at all comprehend, *Germanically*, that grotesque assemblage to which Mephistopheles introduces Faust on the Brocken—to a German, no doubt, a very natural *soirée*. Who can translate Aristophanes? The meaning slips through the fingers at every turn. It is impalpability itself. Every word is a word and something more—it is a word with an allusion, and frequently with an illusion too. The *dramatis personæ* are not persons, but personifications. ΔΗΜΟΣ can scarce make an entrance or an *exit* without an explanatory note, and the English reader wanders distractedly through a wilderness of commentaries. These difficulties can be appreciated in a greater or less degree by every one who ever took his pen in hand to translate from a foreign language, and are too obvious and have been too frequently mentioned to be dwelt upon at length in this place. They, however, show the impracticability of transferring the literature of one tongue into another, and how much the objections to the attempt are augmented, where, as in the case of a dead language, new materials of thought and new forms of society have changed the whole current of expression. Some translators have accordingly aimed merely at the spirit of their author, and written as they supposed he would have written in their own language. They have made a version or paraphrase, not a translation, and given us themselves, rather than their original. Others have sacrificed every thing to strict literal interpretation, forgetting that an ancient or foreign writer,

\* Even as we write, we have met with the following confirmation of our illustration in the public prints.

“*The Tempest dramatized at Paris.*—The French have dramatized Shakspeare's difficult and mysterious play of the *Tempest* into a ballet for the Grand Opera of Paris, with all the magnificent scenic illusions for which that great theatre is so celebrated and unrivaled. But, as usual, they have taken the liberty of making great alterations. Caliban, misshapen and gross a thing as he is, is made, nevertheless, quite a *dandy*, stooping down to pick up Miranda's *mouchoir*, &c. Oberon, her protector, the ethereal fairy, wears boots and pantaloons, and rhymes to her in coarse doggerels, after this fashion:

Voulez-vous des bijoux,  
Un cachemire?  
Voulez-vous un époux?—  
Je vous vois rire.”

thus deprived of all his peculiar appliances, presents to the reader but the mere mummy of himself, preserved as to form indeed, but cold, colourless, spiritless, dead.\* We need not dwell upon the inconveniences of each of these systems, nor of that which lies between them, and which, as usual, partakes of the evils of both without the advantages of either. If any one doubts their inadequacy to accomplish the objects of perfect translation, let him read Ariosto in the exuberant freedom of the original, and afterwards, if he can, see him tricked out in the flaunting rags of Hoole, or bandaged and almost fettered by Stewart Rose.

After all, there is no second or short way to a knowledge of the ancients. He who would be acquainted with them must study them faithfully, earnestly, long, and he will find with Ennius that with every new tongue he will acquire a new soul; with the Emperor Charles V., that, knowing four languages, he will be equal to four men, for by so much will he have increased his capacity to enjoy and to discern. How contracted and mistaken then, must be their policy, who would limit the acquisitions of their children and their countrymen to their own or to a few modern dialects, forgetting or neglecting the common parents of them all, condemning their venerable symbols to oblivion, and holding them but as the playthings of infancy—the steps by which childhood climbs into knowledge, the accurate and lifelong study of which is the idle vision of some dreamy scholar. It is not for us, in this old age of the earth, fenced in with nothing but our own virtue, cut off from every thing that has hitherto been deemed conservative in the polity of great nations, trying for the last time that great experiment, which, to attempt, has hitherto been to fail in, to throw chart or compass upon the waters, resolved, fool hardily, to sail with the guidance only of our own eagle-eye, and the strength of our good right hand. The earth is in commotion. The shifting scene of the political drama presents daily new and yet newer combinations. The elements of change are abroad, working silently sometimes, always potently, each his proper message. Are we beyond or above their influence? Who believes or imagines it, who has watched the working of events for the last six years?

“Cum jam semianimum laceravit Flavius orbem  
Ultimus, et *calvo* servivit Roma Neroni.”

\* Who, for instance, would recognise the beautiful simile of Catullus, in the following verses of Ben Jonson? Yet the version is perfectly literal.

“Look how a flower that close in closes grows,  
Hid from rude cattle, bruised by no plows,  
Which the air doth strike, sun strengthen, showers shoot higher,  
It many youths and many maids desire;  
The same when cropt by cruel hands is wither'd,  
No youths at all no maidens have desired;  
So a virgin,” &c.—*Masque of Truth and Opinion.*

Within that time, four European kingdoms have been revolutionized by arms, and a fifth by opinion. As yet, even as to them, the battle is but begun—for the rest the arms are forging. We too, have had our progress towards the future. What was deemed settled, has been found insecure; what certain, vague; what steadfast, unstable. Apprehensions have increased to alarms, and dreaded dangers to present and palpable evils. Granted power, according to its old and invariable law, has begotten powers forbidden, and success, in the eyes of the many, has justified means. Public virtue has found a strong and vigilant enemy in private interest, and innocence has proved no match for calumny. We have discovered, moreover, that however difficult it may be to obtain power, it is not very hard to keep it, and that other means may be found whereby to array the many against the few beside the “*graves annonæ*,” or a distinction of seats at the theatre. In short we have found, what thirty years ago we learned to suspect, that it is in the power of those chances, with which it pleases Providence to baffle human sagacity, to overturn or retard man’s fairest and most hopeful schemes of improvement, and almost to check forever the contest between his high and proud volition, and his overwhelming destiny.

To the progress of error, where the mind and will are free, there is but one antidote, and that is knowledge—political, moral, religious, universal. None so high that it may not be available—none so mean that it will not be necessary. “The little catechism of the rights of man is soon learned,” says an eloquent philosopher, but not so soon that camel’s load of commentaries with which the pursuits and the passions of men have elucidated or encumbered it. He who loves his country, then, and in a more selfish view, he who loves himself, will be cautious how he obscures a single source of light, or obstructs one avenue to truth. There was a time when the very axioms which to us are written in sunbeams, were but the dreams of philosophy. There was another, when, dimmed and obscured, they could be read only by the light of a battle-fire, or were cherished in the remote recesses of mountains and deserts. Immortal as they are, that time may return. The extreme of untaught and intemperate liberty, is but a step from anarchy. The madman hurls his torch on high, and deems himself a sage with a lantern. He but consumes where he would enlighten. To those who would stay his hand, who, while we are yet a prosperous and united nation, would secure their own happiness, and fortify their countrymen in the principles of safe, rational, and intelligent freedom, we commend once more the cause of liberal learning.

“*Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus et ampli,  
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.*”

---



## ART. II.—POEMS OF LAMARTINE.

- 1.—*Œuvres d'Alphonse de Lamartine*. Bruxelles: 1830.
- 2.—*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses, par A. DE LAMARTINE*. Bruxelles: 1830.

THAT the changes which have taken place of late years in French poetry may be attributed in a great measure to the influence of the popular song writers, we conceive it reasonable to suppose. Much is doubtless owing to the progressive advancement of human intellect, in which we of the present generation are pleased to fancy ourselves elevated to an enviable superiority above our less fortunate ancestors; but since more indisputable and definite causes may be looked to for the explanation of the fact, it is but just to refer it to them. In glancing at the career of Beranger, we need no argument to convince us of the sway over the popular mind enjoyed by the gifted *chansonnier*; or of the license with which it was exercised. Unbiassed, perhaps, by the prejudices in favour of the *ancien régime*, which would have hampered the efforts of less daring spirits, or attempts in the more elevated departments of poetry, and secure in his influence over a portion of the community standing less in awe than the higher classes of established rules, the song writer indulged in a freedom at first unresisted, by reason of the limited range of its effects: the extension of those effects becoming no subject of alarm till the mischief, if so it might be called, was already done. By the subtle influence of persuasive novelty, by an exhibition of the beauties of liberty in a garb attractive as new, the affections of the people were gradually weaned from former opinions; and though the ancient models of art continued to frown as before in sculptured majesty upon the daring innovations perpetrated at their very feet, the statues were stripped of divinity, and worshipped no longer with the adoration of fear.

It can be no subject of wonder that the newly won exemption from restraint procured by these active combatants in the cause of liberty, should sometimes degenerate into the licentiousness which too often follows success. The triumph was signal, and the demonstrations of joy in consequence, lawless. The persecutions to which Beranger was subjected from the government, in consequence of his reckless effusions, setting at defiance political and moral restrictions, attest the abuse of this freedom. To give a new and more lofty direction to the genius of French poetry, there needed some poet to arise, elevated by genius above his contemporaries, and gifted with that true inspiration which seeks themes in all that is pure and high and beautiful in nature,

investing common objects with its own purity and loveliness. Such a one is the individual whose productions form the subject of our present article.

The poetry of Lamartine differs from that of the rest of his countrymen in many respects. The points of contrast between him and Béranger are striking; and we have often heard the genius of the two poets compared, though not altogether with justice when the palm of superiority has been awarded to the gay *chansonnier*, on account of the greater fancied utility of his productions. If whatever tends to elevate the imagination and correct the heart be pre-eminently useful, then is Lamartine especially entitled to the praise, such being the scope and the tendency of every thing he has written. We must notice one remarkable and characteristic difference between him and his great contemporary. In the works of Béranger, we forget the author, who seems frequently to forget himself in his stirring themes. This is more particularly the case in his loftier political odes, and in those effusions of pensive tenderness which describe so touchingly scenes of distress witnessed or conceived by the bard. Carried away by enthusiasm in the subject awakened by the most glowing language, we see or hear nothing of the writer himself. But the enthusiasm we feel in the poems of Lamartine has a source less external. The heart, the living heart of the poet is laid open to us; fraught with its warm feelings, its brilliant and fervid fancies, its treasures of rich and deep thought. The same spirit constantly exhibits itself, under every different form; we trace the same leading features in every picture, whether gorgeous or gloomy, adorned or undisguised. Nor is the likeness productive of monotony; they are features on which we love to gaze, and the spirit is one to whose sweet and solemn promptings we can never be weary of listening. It elevates us to the sublimer realities, perceived and appreciated only by those to whom some portion of the same influence has been imparted. Lamartine has drawn largely upon nature for his stores of imagery, and from the abundance she offers has selected with a graceful and discriminating hand. With the tumults and passions of men he has little to do; the home of his muse is in the magnificence of woods and rivers and mountains, where she communes with ideal beings, and revels in a world of her own creation. To him every object in the natural, bears its relation to some sentiment in the moral world; thus he truly finds "tongues in trees," and, to employ one of his own most appropriate figures, sees in "the dewdrop twinkling from a leaf, a heaven reflected, as vast, as pure, as in the wide ocean in his fullness of azure!"

We proceed to examine the poems before us in detail. The author has given the names of Poetical Meditations to about fifty-six poems, which seem each to have been inspired by some pass-



ing event, or to be the offspring of his own mind under the influence of temporary feeling. The longest poem in this collection is *Le dernier chant du Pèlerinage d'Harold*; which, being designed as a sort of sequel to the work of Lord Byron, describes the last events in the life of the noble wanderer. Inasmuch as French poetry would not admit the adoption of a verse analogous to the Spenserian stanza, in which Childe Harold is written, this "fifth canto" is composed in irregular stanzas, where the sense and not the number of lines indicates the pause. *La mort de Socrate*, and *Chant du Sacre*, are the remaining two pieces of considerable length.

The first peculiarity that strikes us in these, and indeed in all the poems of Lamartine, is his power of conveying graphic images to the mind. Each line, almost each word, is a picture. The scenes he paints almost live before our eyes; in a few words, brief and forcible, he expresses vividly what others would have taken pages to describe. There is scarcely a sentence which would not serve as a text for eloquent discussion; the ideas suggested by a single phrase, could be readily expanded into a poem. This concentration we cannot help regarding as the test of poetry; he who is rich in the treasures of true genius, will study not to amplify, but to condense. The power of description belonging to our author, is displayed in all his poems, but particularly in those in which he paints some portion of natural scenery endeared by youthful recollections. Of this kind are *Milly, ou la terre natale*, *Le Lac*, and numerous others. *Poésie, ou Paysage dans le Golfe de Gênes*, has much beauty of description. We have marked for quotation some parts of this poem, and as in extracts of considerable length, translation is less of an interruption to the reader than the original, will give them in a version literally "line for line."

The moon is in the sky—a cloudless sky,  
And as on shores obscure a beacon true,  
Lightens afar the path of stars on high,  
Their track of white in an abyss of blue.  
Beneath her tender tremulous light  
The eye forsakes the distant height  
And slow descends the hillock's side;  
Along these countless bays to roam,  
Where earth embraces in the gloom  
The windings of the sinuous tide.

\* \* \* \*

Across the shadows, dark and deep  
Of cypress on the headlands steep,  
It sees upon the water's breast,  
Each wave where floats the silvery ray,  
As on the shore it dies away,  
Murmuring and foaming, sink to rest.

Sheltered beneath its snowy sail,  
With mast that bends before the gale,

The gliding bark a furrow cleaves;  
 While from the silent strand is heard  
 Its fluttering canvass; gently stirred,  
 As 'neath the sweeping wind it heaves.

Orb of the silent rays! how sweet thy light,  
 Silvering the glade, or mountain's misty height!  
 Trembling on dewy boughs or glancing leaves,  
 Or with the halcyon, floating o'er the waves!  
 Yet wherefore wake when all in slumber lie?  
 Useless to man, thyself art mystery:  
 Thou guid'st no wandering ship; thy gentle gleams  
 Ripen no fruits that court more genial beams;  
 Man with no labour greets thy presence bright,  
 Invokes thee not to gild his halls of mirth,  
 But, closed his dwellings to celestial light,  
 Kindles his torches at the fires of earth.  
 When on thy meek career night bids thee go,  
 Closed to thy rays thou find'st all eyes below;  
 The world still reckless of thy sad return,  
 Cold as the tombs o'er which thou lovest to mourn!  
 Scarce 'neath the heaven where night pursues thy trace  
 A wakeful eye perceives thy pensive face;  
 Save some poor fisher, sighing toward the strand,  
 While adverse winds detain him far from land,  
 Who for his distant cottage craves thy ray,  
 Where count his babes the hours of his delay;—  
 Or hapless one, who with gaze fixed on thee,  
 Thinks of a world unseen, and dreams like me!

“Where go,” he asks, “those clouds, which roll their fleeces  
 gold at the breath of the south wind?”

Anon, their mighty piles extend  
 In plains upon the south wind borne;—  
 Like cliffs that o'er the waters bend,  
 By time, by storms and billows worn,  
 Where rocks look from the ruined steep  
 O'er seas that 'neath their bases sweep,  
 Furrow'd with silvery light;  
 The eye that measures o'er the tide,  
 Sees shining on the water side  
 The ocean's floating crest of white.

In mountains vast, gigantic, now  
 They rear their burning summits proud;  
 The lightning glitters on their brow,  
 Around them darkness wraps her shroud.  
 Fierce torrents plough their verges brown,—  
 Clear glaciers weave their shining crown—  
 And from the bending height  
 The loosened mass, vexed by the winds,  
 An avalanche of snow descends,  
 Clothing their feet with white.

The phantoms airy, wild, again  
 The form of stately cities wear;  
 The tower, the palace and the fane  
 By turns in gorgeousness are there.  
 Here swell they in fair colonnades,  
 There, 'neath the sweep of long arcades,

Where morning's virgin glances come,  
The beams that pierce the misty gloom,  
Seem the far vistas to illumine  
Of some celestial dome.

But 'neath the impetuous north wind's sway,  
In thousand folds capricious driven,  
Tower, temple, palace, melt away  
Dissolved in the abyss of heaven!  
Abroad in snowy flocks they spread,  
By some invisible shepherd led  
Across the horizon wide;  
Beneath his steps, unveils the sky,—  
The winds from star to star on high,  
Disperse their fleecy pride.

\* \* \* \*

A language mystic and unknown,  
Uttered by winds in dirge-like sweep,  
By lightning's flash or thunder's tone,  
By billows of the murmuring deep—  
By stars whose shrouded fires are pale,  
By moonlight slumbering o'er the vale,  
The distant chant of seamen brave,  
The horizon vanishing in space,  
The firmament with imaged face  
Within the crystal trembling wave.

The seas whence spring the roseate morn,  
The mountain peaks where dies the day,  
The snows that greet the golden dawn,  
Evening that fades on towers away,  
The sounds that swell and melting die,  
The swan that swims or soars on high,  
The wind touched cypress' mournful sweep,  
The temples ancient, mouldering,  
Memories that round the ruins cling,  
The silence of the forest deep—

The shades which mountains vast unfold,  
When from them sinks the sun to rest—  
The tumult deep, majestic, rolled  
Forth from the city's stormy breast—  
The image of each trembling star—  
The sighing wind 'mid sails afar—  
The thunder in sublimity—  
Night—deserts—storms—one language speak,  
And in their accents stern or meek,  
This language speaks of Thee!

\* \* \* \*

In the following lines from "Milly," we will do the author the justice to suffer him to speak for himself.

" J'ai vu des cieux d'azur, où la nuit est sans voiles,  
Dorés jusqu'au matin sous les pieds des étoiles,  
Arrondir sur mon front dans leur arc infini  
Leur dôme de cristal qu'aucun vent n'a terni!  
J'ai vu des monts voilés de citrons et d'olives  
Réfléchir dans les flots leurs ombres fugitives,  
Et dans leurs frais vallons, au souffle du zéphyr,  
Bercer sur l'épi mûr le cep prêt à mûrir;

Sur des bords où les mers ont à peine un murmure,  
 J'ai vu des flots brillans l'onduleuse ceinture  
 Presser et relâcher dans l'azur de ses plis  
 De leurs caps dentelés les contours assouplis,  
 S'étendre dans le golfe en nappes de lumière  
 Blanchir l'écueil fumant de gerbes de poussière,  
 Porter dans le lointain d'un occident vermeil  
 Des îles qui semblaient le lit d'or du soleil,  
 Ou s'ouvrant devant moi sans rideau, sans limite,  
 Me montrer l'infini que le mystère habite!  
 J'ai vu ces fiers sommets, pyramides des airs,  
 Où l'été repliait le manteau des hivers,  
 Jusqu'au sein des vallons descendant par étages,  
 Entrecouper leur flancs de hameaux et d'ombrages,  
 De pics et de rochers ici se hérissier,  
 En pentes de gazon plus loin fuir et glisser,  
 Lancer en arcs fumans, avec un bruit de foudre,  
 Leurs torrens en écume et leurs fleuves en poudre,  
 Sur leurs flancs éclairés, obscurcis tour à tour,  
 Former des vagues d'ombre et des îles de jour,  
 Creuser de frais vallons que la pensée adore,  
 Remonter, redescendre et remonter encore,  
 Puis des derniers degrés de leur vastes remparts,  
 A travers les sapins et les chênes épars,  
 Dans le miroir des lacs qui dorment sous leur ombre,  
 Jeter leurs reflets verts ou leur image sombre,  
 Et sur le tiède azur de ces limpides eaux  
 Faire onduler leur neige et flotter leurs coteaux!  
 J'ai visité ces bords et ce divin asile  
 Qu'a choisis pour dormir l'ombre du doux Virgile,  
 Ces champs que la Sybille à ses yeux déroula,  
 Et Cume et l'Elysée; et mon cœur n'est pas là!"—

Lamartine, more frequently than any other poet, employs some striking or sublime object in external nature, to illustrate things or operations in the mental or moral world. His metaphors of this kind are always forcible and beautiful in a high degree. These gems abound in his productions, sparkling every where; and the very frequency of their recurrence renders it difficult to offer them in a detached form. He seems to revel in a luxuriance of splendid imagery; changing often, as if in caprice, his figures in every successive line, till the brilliant chain is terminated by some link more magnificent than the rest. This aptness for comparison between moral and external objects, we may pronounce the distinguishing characteristic of his poetry; one we confess peculiarly to our taste, especially as his comparisons are always new and striking. *Le Poète mourant*, one of the finest lyrics ever composed, is an appropriate example of his propensity for bold and beautiful similes. The two following verses for instance:

" Le poète est semblable aux oiseaux de passage  
 Qui ne bâtissent point leur nid sur le rivage,  
 Qui ne se posent point sur les rameaux des bois;  
 Nonchalamment bercés sur le courant de l'onde,  
 Ils passent en chantant loin des bords, et le monde  
 Ne connaît rien d'eux que leur voix.

“ Jamais aucune main sur la corde sonore  
 Ne guida dans ses jeux ma main novice encore,  
 L' homme n'enseigne pas ce qu'inspire le ciel;  
 Le ruisseau n'apprend pas à couler dans sa pente,  
 L' aigle à fendre les airs d'une aile indépendante,  
 L' abeille à composer son miel.”

In a familiar poem entitled “Conversation,” reproving the faults of a friend whose genius nevertheless wins his admiration, causing him to forget what is worthy of blame, he thus illustrates the sentiment:

As on the bosom of a rayless night,  
 If o'er the mountain shoots some distant light,  
 The eye, which seeks untaught the ray serene,  
 O'erleaps untouched the shades that intervene;  
 And to the single beam in darkness bound,  
 Admiring that, forgets the gloom around!

And at the close:—

— We sing, to solace thoughts that burn within!  
 When to the sea the brooks their waters pour,  
 What reck they that their voice is heard no more?  
 What is it that the winds to waves have driven  
 The eagle's cry that scales the crystal heaven?  
 Or to the bird when, risen from rocky shores,  
 In sunbeams far above the cloud he soars,  
 He hears the surge no more? that 'neath him lies  
 The abyss of blue which is to us the skies?

The following fine simile is from “*L'Idée de Dieu.*”

Their taunts are worthless to the soul  
 That hails a day which knows no cloud;  
 Onward for her the world may roll—  
 She hears nor mingles with the crowd.  
 Even as the drop of pearly spray  
 Which billows broken on their way  
 Upon the echoing rock have driven,  
 There in its virgin brightness thrown,  
 Exhales its being pure and lone  
 With incense and with light to heaven.

The final triumph of genius over the obstacles which impede its course is thus exemplified:

“ Vois-tu dans la carrière antique,  
 Autours des coursiers et des chars,  
 Jaillir la poussière Olympique  
 Qui les dérobe à nos regards?  
 Dans sa course ainsi le génie  
 Par les nuages de l'envie  
 Marche long-temps environné;  
 Mais au terme de la carrière,  
 Des flots de l'indigne poussière  
 Il sort vainqueur et couronné.”

In an epistle to Delavigne, where, as if unconsciously he had risen above the familiar style first prescribed to himself, he playfully apologizes for his inattentive muse, that daring to brave the laws of the epistle, “*élève trop la voix;*”

“ Ainsi, quand sur les bords du lac qui m’est sacré,  
 Seduit par la douceur de son flot azuré,  
 Ouvrant d’un doigt distrait l’anneau qui la captive,  
 J’abandonne ma barque à l’onde qui dérive,  
 Je ne veux que raser dans mon timide cours  
 De ses golfes rians les flexibles contours,  
 Et, sous le vert rideau des saules du rivage,  
 Glisser en dérochant quelques fleurs au bocage,  
 Mais du vent qui s’élève un souffle inaperçu,  
 Badine avec ma voile et l’enfle à mon insu;  
 Le flot silencieux sur la liquide plaine  
 Pousse insensiblement la barque qui m’entraîne;  
 L’onde fuit, le jour tombe, et réveillé trop tard,  
 Je vois le bord lointain fuir devant mon regard.”

The sacred hymns of Lamartine have a beauty unsurpassed by those of any other modern writer. The deep spirit of piety that pervades them, their majesty and sweetness, as well as the splendour of imagery with which they are adorned, place them in the first rank among lyrics. Their author has borrowed the solemn language of nature to adore the supreme Creator; to him, seas, forests, streams, and shores, with harmonious accord, seem to unite in praise; while he, joining the chaunt of universal love, becomes the inspired interpreter of voices “uttered in silence.” His temple of worship is the solitary wood, the mountain, or the ocean side; where the rushing of rivers, or the sighing of winds, or the myriad tones of insect life, make vocal the solitude with the music sweetest to the poet’s ear. It is impossible to listen to his devotional effusions without feeling a portion of the same enthusiasm which has filled the breast of the writer, inspiring sentiments so lofty. The Hymn of the Morning, Hymn of Evening in the Temples, and Hymn of Death, are each magnificent in their kind.

Lamartine, with all his exquisite susceptibility to whatever is beautiful in the external world, has seldom sung of female loveliness. Some of his poems, however, allude darkly to some attachment of early life, whose issue was unfortunate. “*Le premier regret*,” “*Le Lac*,” and others, are of this character. Other pieces, as *Novissima Verba*, breathe a tone of sadness and despondency deeper than is natural even to the melancholy temperament of the poet. We would not quarrel, however, with his pensiveness, to which we are indebted for his sweetest lines; it is our gain if his lyre has been bathed with tears, since the flower of genius, of root divine, must be watered by sorrow; since

“ —les pleurs sont pour nous la céleste rosée;  
 Sous un ciel toujours pur le cœur ne mûrit pas;”

“*L’Enthousiasme*” expresses his sentiments on the subject of poetical inspiration, and most truly do we coincide with them; believing, in sooth, that no poet ever awakened feeling in the

breast of his readers, who had not felt, even to the depths of an agitated heart, the sentiment kindled by his verse. But we will translate the poem at length.

### ENTHUSIASM.

As when the eagle of the sky  
 Bore Ganymede to courts of Jove,  
 Yearning for earth, the unwilling boy  
 Against the bird imperial strove—  
 He, while more closely in their clasp  
 The panting prize his talons grasp,  
 Soared upward to the immortals' seat;  
 And heedless of the suppliant's prayer,  
 His captive cast, all trembling, there,  
 Before the Thunderer's feet;—

Thus, when my earth-bound soul to claim,  
 Oh, eagle conqueror! stoop'st thou near,  
 The rushing of thy wings of flame  
 My bosom thrills with holy fear,  
 I struggle vainly 'gainst thy might—  
 Shrink trembling from the presence bright  
 That well might blast a heart like mine;  
 As fire that heaven's winged bolt allumes,  
 Unquenched, unquenchable, consumes  
 The votive pyre, the fane, the shrine!

But to the daring flight of thought  
 Sense would oppose its bonds in vain;  
 Beneath the god to frenzy wrought  
 My soul leaps up, and spurns the chain.  
 The lightning courses through my veins,  
 The fire that in my being reigns,  
 Even while I strive, more fiercely glows;  
 The lava of o'erflowing soul  
 In waves of melody doth roll,  
 My breast consuming while it flows.

Lo, muse! thy victim here behold!  
 No more the brow inspired is mine,  
 No more the glance so rapt and bold,  
 That once shot forth a ray divine!  
 Worn with the heart-devouring strife,  
 A wretched residue of life  
 Scarce to my wearied youth is left;  
 With wan exhaustion stamped, my face  
 Bears but the scathing thunder's trace,  
 Whose bolt this frame of vigor reft.

Happy the bard insensible!  
 Unbathed with burning tears his lyre;  
 His fancy, ruled by peaceful will,  
 Feels not the touch of passion's fire.  
 For him, a clear and grateful tide,  
 The gathered streams of pleasure glide  
 In measured and harmonious flow;  
 His Icarus, that ne'er essayed  
 To soar in heaven—with wing betrayed  
 No fall from heaven can know.

But we must burn, who proudly claim  
 To kindle generous souls;—must steal  
 From jealous heaven its triple flame;—  
 To paint all things—all things must feel!  
 A focus of concentrate light,  
 The heart from all in nature bright  
 Must gather all the rays,  
 Why on our life should censure fall?  
 The torch that fires with envy all  
 Was kindled first at passion's blaze.

No—never from a tranquil breast  
 Such heavenly raptures found their way;  
 The concord wild, the sweet unrest,  
 Wherewith a subject world we sway.  
 The god that ruled o'er Homer's birth,  
 When, his dread darts to launch on earth,  
 From Eryx' radiant height he came,  
 To hell's infernal kingdoms strode,  
 And dipped his weapons in the flood,  
 In Stygian waves of boiling flame.

Thou from the height of song descend,  
 Who'dst blush for transports idly given;  
 The heroic lute alone can blend  
 The thrilling harmonies of heaven!  
 The heart of Genius, proud and bold,  
 Is like the marble, which of old  
 Breathed its wild dirge o'er Memnon's tomb;  
 To give the statue voice and might,  
 From the pure day-god's eye of light  
 A beam must pierce the gloom.

Thou would'st that rousing in my breast  
 The fires which 'neath their ashes lie,  
 I barter now my spirit's rest  
 For tones that vanish with a sigh.  
 Ah! glory is a shadow's dream!  
 Too brief even to its votaries seem  
 The fleeting days its charms that prove!  
 Thou wouldst that in the mocking strife  
 I waste my last frail breath of life—  
 I would that breath preserve—to love!

“The Preludes,” for the sweetness and melody of verse, and the facility with which the metre is changed with the theme, is unrivalled, unless by the celebrated lyrics in Alfieri's tragedy of Saul. The very nature of language seems to be altered, to express various emotion; from the soft melancholy breathed in the first stanzas, to the full burst of enthusiasm in the ensuing description of a battle. We can almost hear, as come forth the glowing words, the tramp of war-steeds, the blast of trumpets, the shouts of victory, and the groans of the vanquished. At length the thunders are silent.

The thunders hushed—hark! from the mourning plain  
 Swell on the air new harmonies!—the harp,  
 The joyous cymbal's clang, the clarion shrill,  
 Mingling their brazen voices,—rising now—



Now fainter by degrees—upon the breeze  
 Fling their proud notes, blended with dying groans!  
 With gorgeous melody the hills resound;  
 The freezing heart grows still—the sinking sense  
 Shudders—while on the dull and stricken air  
 Are heard rush by the spirits of the dead!  
 Spurning the mists aside the sun looks down  
 With horror on the scene, while his pale ray  
 Gliding along the ground, reveals to sight  
 Rivers of blood, coursers and chariots felled,  
 The dust with mutilated members strewn,  
 The wreck of arms and men—the standards thrown  
 On heaps of dead!—

Come, mothers, consorts, friends!  
 Count here the friends, the sons, the brothers lost!  
 Come to dispute with vultures here, the hope  
 Of your frail age—the fruit of youthful love!  
 What endless tears shall weep them! in your cities  
 In sorrow clothed, what wailings shall go forth,  
 Ere parent earth produce with pangs anew  
 What one day hath destroyed! Of human fate  
 Heedless meanwhile, shall nature o'er their wrecks  
 Pursue her wonted course. The peaceful dawn  
 To-morrow rising, in their clotted blades  
 Her beams shall mirror; this ensanguined shore  
 The careless stream shall lave; the winds disperse  
 Their tainted dust; and fattened with decay,  
 The soil with flowers shall hide their pale remains.

\* \* \* \* \*

Owens not thy lyre a soft consoling note?  
 Heardst thou the shepherd's song at evening float  
 When lone, at peace beneath the bending vine,  
 He charms the heedless hours with airs divine?  
 When the wood's echo, or the streamlet's moan  
 Prolongs from tree to tree the plaintive tone?  
 How often, listening on the hillside near,  
 Bending to wailings sweet the attentive ear,  
 My heart, released from weight of earthly cares,  
 In worlds entranced roams with the magic airs;  
 When o'er my spirit lulled to peace I feel  
 The gentle sounds like balm-fraught breezes steal,  
 More grateful than the arbor's shady rest,  
 Or cooling gales fresh from the waters' breast!

A wind plays o'er my lyre!  
 Is it the wing of fluttering bird?  
 Deep in my heart its moanings die;  
 The mute strings answer to its sigh  
 Like reeds by breezes stirred!

The piece closes with a touching address to the home of his youth, toward which “the heart, untravelled, fondly turns.”

The dramatic fragments in these volumes, “The apparition of the shade of Samuel,” and “The death of Jonathan,” display the ability of our author for greater efforts; but we prefer his lyric productions. There is much energy and passion, and exquisite poetry, in the lamentations of the doomed monarch of Israel;

but they fail to awaken that thrilling emotion, that *désordre sympathique*, by which elsewhere he sways the heart. In dramatic efforts most of the peculiar beauties of Lamartine's poetry must of necessity be sacrificed; and for their loss not even the force of passion can compensate us. In the "Death of Socrates," the poet has gifted the philosopher on the threshold of death, with a vision which penetrates through the shades of mythological superstition, into the sublimest mysteries of revelation. He declares the gods of pagan belief to be but the images of the attributes of one powerful Supreme, whose sole divinity animates his creation;

"Que ces astres brillans sur nos têtes semés  
Sont des soleils vivans, et des feux animés!  
Que l'océan frappant sa rive épouvantée  
Avec ses flots grondans roule une ame irritée!  
Que notre air embaumé volant dans un ciel pur  
Est un esprit flottant sur des ailes d'azur!  
Que le jour est un œil qui répand la lumière!  
La nuit, une beauté qui voile sa paupière!  
Et qu'enfin dans le ciel, sur la terre, en tout lieu,  
Tout est intelligent, tout vit, tout est un dieu!"

*Novissima Verba* is one of our especial favourites. The tone of melancholy that pervades this poem, aptly expressed in the second title, "*Mon ame est triste jusqu' à la mort*," is congenial, we imagine, with the genius of the writer, and must have flowed from his pen in moments of real feeling. "If there be a moment," he says, "when man should lift his voice, it is when the cold grave is about to engulf with him, his last thought!"

'Tis at that hour, when ready for its flight,  
Each spirit bears some secret unrevealed,  
Some message to the world, to life, to death,  
Before, extinct forever, it hath vanished  
Like some pale meteor of the night, that leaves  
Nor light, nor sound! What leave we, life! when thou  
Art fled? Nought—save the murmur of last words!  
Brief echo, transient as the fluttering  
Of the light vessel's sail,—the passing tone  
Of fugitive wave, that murmuring on its course  
Expires in wailing on the sloping shore!  
Alas! be ours at least the boon to hear  
The voice of fleeting breath! Speak! since a sound,  
A vain sound, by eternal silence followed,  
Is the sole monument of boasted life,  
The stone that tells of an existence past,—  
Like the cold sable marbles raised to death,  
Within these fields, lone kingdoms of the tomb,  
Which mark the date of human dust—and say  
To eyes of nought convinced—This clay hath lived!

He thus illustrates the vanity of the pursuit of the *trompeuse-vérité*, which has baffled so long the sages of this world:

Hast seen, at evening of a day of storms,  
The sun, from cloud to cloud descending fast,

Gild every pile by turns with imaged fires?  
 We mark them kindle 'neath the passing orb,  
 And in the burning veil, the shining fleece  
 By breath of evening poised—the deepened hues  
 Of living purple, seek the sun himself!  
 We deem those tints of glowing gold are his—  
 'Tis he—betrayed by streams of light—whose rays  
 Have cleft their silvery veil! deem that day bursts  
 Even from the envious shroud! Like a rich flood  
 Gushes the purple glory—and while gazing  
 The eye would greet the sun imbedded there,  
 Fades and dissolves the cloud—'tis but a vapour  
 That floats and vanishes! Further we search  
 In vain—already far beyond our sight  
 The orb has sunk; and thus from cloud to cloud  
 'Twas but his fleeting image we pursued!

\* \* \* \* \*

Truth! No—thou art not—save in human visions!  
 The phantom of illusion! the fleet image  
 Of distant glory—which man vainly dreams  
 Is his—which melts beneath his eager touch!  
 The mocking echo of a thousand tones,  
 Which gives the last sound back! Man's latest error  
 His vain pursuit of thee!—But in my heart  
 The insensate wish hath ceased! I seek no more  
 Aught from thy fatal splendour,—but resign  
 My reckless being to these waves of gloom;  
 Even as the seaman, when the pole is lost,  
 When veiled his guiding star, with folded arms  
 Lets float his bark at the dark waters' will,  
 Of ruin sure—and death—and all indifferent  
 What wind shall toss, what strand receive his corse!

From the *Souvenir d'Enfance*, we take the following lines, describing in his peculiar style of comparison, the vanity and evil of a life spent in the pursuit of glory.

— Our life is like the crystal rill  
 Nameless and lowly issuing from the rock;  
 While in the clear deep bed by nature scooped,  
 As in a cradle noiseless, calm, it sleeps,  
 Flowers crown its bank with perfume, and serene  
 The blue of heaven descends upon its breast;  
 But from the hill's close arms escaped, when spread  
 Its waves o'er neighbouring plains—with river slime  
 How swell its billows, and with bloated bulk  
 Grow pale and putrid! From its shores recede  
 The wonted shade, and but the naked rock  
 Receives its fugitive waves. Cleaving new paths,  
 The graceful windings of its parent vale  
 It scorns to follow—but 'neath arches deep  
 Rolling with haughty port, there gains a name  
 As sounding as its surge. Still onward rushing  
 With bounds impetuous, bearing in its path  
 The ships, the tumult, and the mire of cities!  
 Each stream that swells its course another change—  
 'Till swoln with waters various and corrupt,  
 Troubled, though great, its being vain resigning,  
 In the sea's breast it pours its pride and slime!

*Le Tombeau d'une Mère; Pourquoi mon ame est-elle triste?*

*Hymne de l'Ange de la Terre après la destruction du globe ;* and *Encore une Hymne*, we would notice as of remarkable beauty, though our limits do not permit us to prove our judgment by numerous extracts. The following lines, from the last mentioned piece, are highly poetical:—

“ Mon ame est un torrent qui descend des montagnes  
Et qui roule sans fin ses vagues sans repos  
A travers les vallons, les plaines, les campagnes,  
Où leur pente entraîne ses flots;  
Il fuit quand le jour meurt, il fuit quand naît l'aurore;  
La nuit revient, il fuit; le jour, il fuit encore;  
Rien ne peut ni tarir ni suspendre son cours,  
Jusqu'à ce qu'à la mer, où ses ondes sont nées,  
Il rende en murmurant ses vagues déchainées,  
Et se repose enfin en elle, et pour toujours!

“ Mon ame est un vent de l'aurore  
Qui s'élève avec le matin,  
Qui brûle, renverse, dévore  
Tout ce qu'il trouve en son chemin,  
Rien n'entrave son vol rapide,  
Il fait trembler la tour comme la feuille aride,  
Et le mât du vaisseau comme un roseau pliant;  
Il roule en plis de feu le tonnerre et la nue,  
Et, quand il a passé, laisse la terre nue  
Comme la main du mendiant;  
Jusqu'à ce qu'épuisé de sa fuite éternelle,  
Et comme un doux ramier de sa course lassé,  
Il vienne fermer son aile  
Dans la main qui l'a lancé.”

The ideas contained in the first strophe, we find even more beautifully, because more simply expressed in some lines of Metastasio that recur to our memory :

“ Onda dal mar divisa  
Bagna la valle e il monte,  
Va passeggiara in fiume,  
Va prigioniera in fonte.  
Mormora sempre e geme,  
Finche ritorna al mar,  
Al mar dond'ella nacque,  
D'onde succhiò gli umori,  
Ove da lunghi errori  
Spera di riposar.”

In the Hymn upon the destruction of the earth, the Angel of earth laments in magnificent strains over the ruin of his charge. He calls upon the planets, companions to the earth, the stars sown like myriads of eyes in the canopy of heaven, the suns whose beams robed her fields in light, the clouds that flung their shadow over her mountains,—bidding them “weep, for death is in the heavens!”

\* \* \* \* \*

When thou didst float, like a ship launched from rest,  
In morn's or eve's abyss of foamy light,  
When thy seas, heaving like a human breast,  
Laved thy green shores, that wooed their kisses bright—

Or on thy headlands dashed their crystal tide,  
 The wave, when o'er it rippling zephyrs glide,  
 Where mirrored charms gleam, vanish, like the smile  
 The eye would fix, that cheats its gaze the while.

When on thy summits cloud-built domes reposed,  
 Where, cleaving at a glance their arched height,  
 Faint beams, mixed with the tempest's fitful light,  
 Along the sides of rocks by storms exposed,  
 From shore to shore swept on,  
 As lightning's glance from ruins broken, lone!  
 When those false, changeeful gleams,  
 Borne with the north wind by,  
 As on archangel's wing the imaged beams,  
 With varying hues danced o'er thy magic sky;  
 Now smote the deep—and now thy hoary crest,  
 Sparkling the snows upon thy mountains' breast!

*La Perte de l'Anio*, we extract entire, not because it is more beautiful than many others, but because the subject pleases us.

#### THE LOSS OF THE ANIO.

I dreamed of yore, lulled in its foamy shades,  
 Pressing the turf which once a Horace trod,  
 In shadowy, old arcades,  
 Where 'neath his crumbled temple, sleeps a god!  
 I saw its waters plunge to yawning caves,  
 Where danced the floating Iris on their waves,  
 As with some desert courser's silvery mane  
 Wantons the wind, what time he scours the plain;  
 Then farther off on the green moss divide,  
 In streamlets foaming still, the sheeted tide;  
 Shrouding the flowery sod with net-work frail,  
 Spread and contract by turns its waving veil,  
 And filling all the glade with voice and spray,  
 Sweep in its tides of tremulous light away!

There with fixed gaze upon the waters lone,  
 I watched them; following—losing them anon,  
 As the mind, wandering from thought to thought,  
 Loses—then lights upon the trace it sought,  
 I saw them mount, and roll, and downward glide,  
 And loved to dream bewildered by their side!  
 Methought I traced those rays of glorious fame  
 Wherewith the Eternal city crowned her name,  
 Back to their source, across an age of night,  
 Wreathing Tiburnine heights with ancient light.  
 While drank mine ear the deep complaining sound  
 Of billows warring in their caves profound,  
 In the waves' voice, the wailing of the tide,  
 By thousand rolling echoes multiplied,  
 I seemed in distance, brought by silence near,  
 The voice of stirring multitudes to hear,  
 Which like these waves, more vanishing than they,  
 Made vocal once these shores, now mute for aye!  
 River! to whom the ages brought—I cried,  
 Empire, of old—and swept it from thy side!  
 Whose name, once sung by poet lips sublime,  
 Thanks to the bard, defies the lapse of time—  
 Who the world's tyrants on thy shores didst see  
 Wander entranced, and crave their rest from thee,—

Tibullus breathing sighs of soft complaining—  
 Scipio the vulgar pomp of power disdaining—  
 In thy deep shades a Julius, fled from fame—  
 Mæcenas claiming from his bards a name—  
 A Cato pondering virtue—Brutus' crime—  
 What say'st thou, river, with thy ceaseless chime?  
 Bring'st thou the tones of Horace' burning lyre?  
 Or Cæsar's voice of soothing or of ire?  
 The forum of a race of heroes brave,  
 Where striving tribunes lashed the stormy wave  
 Which, like thy mounting surge in fury hurl'd,  
 Too mighty for its bed, o'erswept a world?

Alas! those sounds forever now are mute,  
 The battle—the debate—the amorous lute;  
 'Tis but a stream that weeps upon the shore—  
 'Tis but thy voice, still murmuring as of yore!  
 Still? ah! no more on sounding rocks to moan,  
 From their drained bed thy waters too are gone!  
 These beetling crags, these caverns void and wide,  
 These trees that boast no more their dewy pride,  
 The wandering hind, the bird with wearied wing  
 That seeks upon the rock its wonted spring,  
 Wait vainly that the vanished wave restore,  
 To the mute vale its voice and life once more;  
 And seem in desert solitude to say  
 "Thus pass terrestrial pride and pomp away!"

Ah! marvel we no more that empires fall,  
 That man's frail works speed to destruction all,  
 Since nature's fabric, built to outlast the skies,  
 Sinks by degrees, and like a mortal dies!  
 Since this proud stream, which centuries have seen  
 Foaming and rushing, quits its ancient reign.  
 A river disappears! these thrones of day,  
 Gigantic hills, shall sink in turn away;  
 In yonder heaven, thick sown with gems so bright,  
 Extinguished stars shall leave the desert night;  
 Yea, perish space itself, with all that live,  
 And of whate'er has been, shall nought survive.

Nought shall survive! But Thou, of worlds the source,  
 Who light'st Heaven's fires, and giv'st the waves their course,  
 Who on the wheel of time bid'st years go round,  
 Thou shalt be, Lord!—Forever changeless found!

These planets quenched, these river murmurs checked,  
 These crumbled mountains, worlds in ruin wrecked,  
 These ages whelmed in time's immensity,  
 Even time and space, annihilate in Thee,  
 Nature, who mocks at works her hand did raise,  
 All—all are fleeting tributes to thy praise;  
 And each existence here to death betrayed  
 Thy Being hymns, which knows nor change nor shade!

Oh Italy! thy hills of beauty weep,  
 Where the world's histories, writ in ruins, sleep!  
 Where empire, passing on from clime to clime,  
 Hath left engraved so deep his steps sublime!  
 Where glory, emblemed once in thy fair name,  
 Hides with a shining veil, thy present shame!  
 Lo! the most speaking of the wrecks of years!  
 Weep! pity's voice shall answer to thy tears!

By empire, by misfortune sacred made,  
 Queen, source of nations, mother of the dead!  
 Not only of those noble sons the pride,  
 Whom thy green age hath nourished at thy side,  
 By thy foes cherished, envied, while betrayed,  
 The home of greatness is thy mighty shade!

The mind that from antiquity would claim  
 The vanished forms of liberty and fame—  
 The spirit meek that greets a purer day,  
 Scorning the world's vain gods of vulgar sway,  
 That seeks an only altar, loftier still,  
 For one true God, supreme, invisible—  
 Both, both, with bitter tenderness and trust  
 Hail thee their mother—worship thee in dust!

The winds that snatch the relics from thy tomb,  
 To jealous eyes profane the holy gloom;  
 From every turf the peasant's plough divides,  
 Some glorious shade the rude invasion chides;  
 In thy vast temple, where the God of love  
 Reigns o'er the fallen shrines of Pagan Jove,  
 Each mortal, while he breathes its sacred air,  
 Feels it belongs to all who worship there!

Each tree that withers on thy mountains stern,  
 Each mouldered rock, each desecrated urn,  
 Each floweret bruised on monumental stone,  
 Each fragment smote from ruins moss o'ergrown,  
 Strikes to the nation's heart a painful sound,  
 As from the scythe of time a deeper wound!  
 All that obscures thy sovereign majesty  
 Degrades our glory in degrading thee!  
 Thee misery only renders doubly dear;  
 Each heart bounds at thy name! each eye a tear  
 Pours for thy fortunes! From a brilliant heaven  
 Thy sun to thee his glowing light hath given;  
 The very sail that rides thy swelling seas,  
 When thy far borders greet the welcoming breeze,  
 Conscious and fluttering at some high command,  
 In homage bends to touch thy sacred sand!

Widow of nations! long, ah! long be thine  
 The deep respect which makes thee thus divine!  
 The trophies of past grandeur, great though vain,  
 Which at thy feet in Rome's proud dust remain!  
 All that is thine, even ruin, consecrate!  
 Nor envy those who boast a brighter fate:  
 But, as imperial Cæsar, sped to death,  
 In royal mantle wrapt, resigned his breath,  
 Whate'er a future destiny decree,  
 Be thy proud robe immortal memory!  
 What reck'st thou who the laurelled crown may wear?  
 No future e'er can with thy past compare!

“*L'Homme*” is the title of a poem addressed to Lord Byron, who seems to have been far from being pleased with it, especially with the expression “*chantre des enfers*,” as applied to him; fearing that he should go down to posterity in the version of some stupid translator as a “hellish singer.” None can question, however, the sincerity of the homage paid by Lamartine to



the English bard. He has admirably described the character of Byron's genius in the following lines;

“ J'aime de tes concerts la sauvage harmonie,  
Comme j'aime le bruit de la foudre et des vents  
Se mêlant dans l'orage à la voix des torrens!  
La nuit est ton séjour, l'horreur est ton domaine;  
L'aigle, roi des déserts, dédaigne ainsi la plaine;  
Il ne veut, comme toi, que des rocs escarpés  
Que l'hiver a blanchis, que la foudre a frappés;  
Des rivages couverts des debris du naufrage,  
Ou des champs tout noircis des restes du carnage;  
Et tandis que l'oiseau qui chante ses douleurs  
Bâtit au bord des eaux son nid parmi les fleurs,  
Lui des sommets d'Athos franchit l'horrible cime,  
Suspend aux flancs des monts son aire sur l'abîme,  
Et là, seul, entouré de membres palpitans,  
De rochers d'un sang noir sans cesse dégouttans,  
Trouvant sa volupté dans les cris de sa proie,  
Bercé par la tempête, il s'endort dans sa joie.”

There are some figures, which from their innate loftiness or beauty, are especial favourites with Lamartine. He delights particularly in the eagle floating on self-poised wing in the abyss of heaven—the wind-harp pouring its melodies to the night breeze—the warbling of the nightingale—the wailing music of the stream—the swan scaling the vaulted sky—and other images of the same kind. He frequently compares the soul of man to a melodious instrument, waiting the inspiring breath which is to wake its silent chords to harmony. Thus in a verse from *L'Esprit de Dieu*.

“ Attendons le souffle suprême  
Dans un repos silencieux;  
Nous ne sommes rien de nous-même  
Qu'un instrument mélodieux!  
Quand le doigt d'en haut se retire,  
Restons muets comme la lyre  
Qui recueille ses saints transports,  
Jusqu'à ce que la main puissante  
Touche la corde frémissante  
Où dorment les divins accords!”

The poem upon Bonaparte we have read with great pleasure, but consider it, though superior to Byron's, inferior in poetic beauty to that of Manzoni upon the same subject. Nor are its merits depreciated by such an opinion; for difficult indeed would it be for any writer to surpass the Italian ode. There is a strong resemblance in the character of sentiment and even the language of many stanzas, between the latter production and that of Lamartine; in the two following verses we perceive an affinity, though not close, to a simile used by Manzoni;

“ Tel qu'un pasteur debout sur la rive profonde  
Voit son ombre de loin se prolonger sur l'onde,  
Et du fleuve orageux suivre en flottant le cours;

Tel du sommet désert de ta grandeur suprême,  
 Dans l'ombre du passé te recherchant toi même,  
 Tu rappelais tes anciens jours?

Ils passaient devant toi comme des flots sublimes  
 Dont l'œil voit sur les mers étinceler les cimes;  
 Ton oreille écoutait leur bruit harmonieux;  
 Et, d'un reflet de gloire éclairant ton visage,  
 Chaque flot t'apportait une brillante image  
 Que tu suivais long-temps des yeux!"

We subjoin a few lines of Manzoni, taken from a version of his ode, which appeared some time since in the Foreign Quarterly Review:

"As o'er the drowning seaman's head  
 The wave comes thundering from on high,  
 The wave to which, afar displayed,  
 The wretch had turned his straining eye,  
 And gazed along the gloomy main  
 For some far sail, but gazed in vain;—  
 So on his soul came back the wave  
 Of melancholy memory;"—

The French bard has been less charitable in the conclusion than the Italian, leaving to Heaven's mercy the disposition of the hero's soul, in expressions, to say the least, admitting a doubt of his final acceptance; while Manzoni carries him to heaven before our eyes; but as his destiny after death can be after all but a matter of conjecture, we can only be surprised that the less scrupulous generosity has been on the part of one whom political circumstances should naturally have made hostile to the fallen emperor.

The "*Chant d'Amour*" differs from most of the other lyrics before us, in being, as its name imports, consecrated to the tender passion. It is addressed to, as we suppose, an imaginary fair one, sleeping in a lovely spot, herself lovelier than aught that ever had being, save in the dreams of a poet's fancy. It begins thus:

If, O my lyre! dwelt magic in thy strings,  
 Like the soft quivering of the zephyr's wings,  
 The deep green foliage swaying—  
 Or waves that murmur as the shore they kiss—  
 Or turtles' notes, plaintive though fraught with bliss,  
 By these clear waters playing;—

If, like the reed by music's breath inspired,  
 Thy slumbering chords the soul divine had fired  
 To language of the skies—  
 Such as in worlds where only spirits dwell,  
 Angels in wordless love their raptures tell,  
 As eyes discourse to eyes—

If thy sweet voice, its airs melodious blending,  
 Could wrap in transport wild a spirit bending  
 To love's enchanted sway—  
 Cradling it soft on dreams by fancy given,  
 As float the clouds, upborne by winds of heaven,  
 In the rich gold of day;—

While on the flowers sleeps she my heart holds dear,  
 My voice should murmur softly in her ear  
     Its sighs melodious, bland,  
 Pure as the ecstasy her glance bestows—  
 Sweet as the harmony in dreams that flows  
     From some far spirit-land!

He thus describes the spot where the dwelling of love should be:—

Above a lake of blue a hill-top bends,  
 Slowly its verdure-mantled slope descends  
     To greet the crystal waves;  
 All day the sunbeams on its borders rest,  
 And ceaseless quiver in the water's breast  
     The drooping, shadowed leaves.

Two oaks entwining in their close embrace,  
 The wild vine's tendrils every bough enlace,  
     Crowning their brows of pride;  
 Vary the sombre green with verdure bright,  
 Then o'er the fields chequered with shade and light  
     In smiling festoons glide.

There in the beetling rock's storm cloven side  
 Opens a cave, a nest where turtles hide  
     To mean love's hours away;  
 The vine, the figtree veil it with their bloom,  
 And the sun's rays, that slowly pierce the gloom,  
     Measure the passing day.

The twilight freshness of this calm retreat  
 Longer preserves to violets pale and sweet  
     Their fleeting, timid hues;  
 Deep in the green recess a plaintive rill  
 Seems drop by drop its music to distil  
     Ever with mournful dews.

Across this veil of green the roving eye  
 Sees but the azure wave, the bending sky—  
     And bosomed on the deep  
 The fisher's sail, which lightly hovering,  
 Cleaves the blue heaven, and flutters like the wing  
     Of birds in rapid sweep.

The ear hears nothing, save the plaintive tide  
 Greeting with murmuring kiss the fair hill side,—  
     Or zephyr's wailing tone;—  
 Or nightingale's wild measured melody—  
 Or echo from the rock, whose distant sigh  
     Comes mingled with our own.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the volumes thus hastily glanced over, we have left numerous passages and whole poems marked for extraction, which our limits compel us to neglect. The attempt would be vain to do full justice to the several excellencies of our author, by presenting detached portions of striking and brilliant poetry. The sparkling fragments are far too numerous for abstraction; they crowd every page; nay, the whole fabric is one tissue of gems. In

reading a solitary production of Lamartine, one would be induced to imagine that with infinite labour and cultivation alone, so choice a treasury of sweets had been collected; it is only in traversing the whole that we perceive the exceeding richness of the soil whence spring, in spontaneous luxuriance, flowers of such surpassing and enduring beauty.—He has enriched incalculably the French language, founding a new school of poetry more agreeable to nature and to a cultivated taste; and we trust it will not be long ere his works are known here as widely as we are confident they will be highly appreciated when known.

---

ART. III.—*Three Years in the Pacific; including Notices of Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, and Peru.* BY AN OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1834.

IN this work we have some additional views of South America, which, taken in connexion with the travels of Dr. Terry, noticed in the preceding number of the review, shed new light upon the principal states of the southern continent. The book is *artistly* put together; and though the author claims “the indulgence usually accorded to novices in undertakings of this kind,” we guess this is not his first attempt. If it be, his skill has made him free of author-craft. His manner is easy and flowing—betokening a practised hand. A continual effort at ornament, commonly successful, betrays an earnest desire of excellence; but the consummation of art, the concealment of art, not being always attained, we are sometimes more disposed to applaud the design than to commend its execution. Whilst he does not overlook the great objects which should engage the attention of every traveller, such as the great features of nature and the prominent traits of civil polity, he seems most to delight in description of social scenes and the concerns of private life. Had he been devoted to painting, he would probably have committed the error of Titian, and have sought gratification in graphic identity, rather than in representation of general characters; had he been a portrait painter, he would have given striking likenesses, so far as physical resemblance went; not a mole, a freckle, nor hair would have been omitted; not a fold of dress, nor sprig of lace, nor pearl of a locket, would have been overlooked; but he must have changed his course of studies, and disciplined his genius anew, before he would have painted an historical picture. In this extraordinary minuteness and frequent repetition of similar scenes, consist the chief, almost the only faults of the book. Yet with

these it is a work of much merit. Judicious use has been made of ancient and cotemporary authors; the style is spirited and well sustained; and we obtain from it fuller and more satisfactory information relative to the society of Spanish America, than from any work in our recollection.

Our author, who we learn is a surgeon of the navy, left New York in June 1831, on board the U. S. sloop of war *Falmouth*, bound on a cruise to the Pacific Ocean. He arrived at Rio Janeiro on the first of September. This has been described, not only as one of the best situated ports for commerce in the world, but as one of the most beautiful. We give our author's description of it, observing that like most other descriptions of celebrated scenery, we find it unsatisfactory. We omit some circumstances which break its continuity and distract attention.

"From the Sugar Loaf, which is a conspicuous point, we will glance round this beautiful marine basin, and endeavor to convey some idea of its form. The '*Pão-de-Açúcar*' is more than twelve hundred feet high, and bears a striking resemblance to a loaf of sugar, inclining a little to one side. Its surface is nearly smooth, of a dark, sombre color, and sprinkled here and there with little tufts of stunted bushes. It stands on the west side of the harbor, and at the entrance of the almost circular bay of Botafogo, which sweeps round towards the city as far as San Bernárdo point.

"Close in the rear, the mountains are broken by deep ravines and splintered into peaks, one of which, called the Corcovado, out tops and overhangs the rest. Upon its very summit, like an eyry perched among the clouds, is an observatory and a watch tower which may be seen at a great distance, when not hidden in the vapors that frequently shroud it.\*

"Between San Bernárdo and Glória points extends a long beach, which, from having been the resort, in times past, of the gorgeously plumed flamingo, is now called '*Praya do Flamingo*.' On Glória point is placed, very conspicuously, a small white church, dedicated to the invocation of '*Nossa Senhora de Glória*.' The edifice is octahedral, and has a tall slender spire at one side. The hill on which it stands is one of the most picturesque spots about Rio.

"From this point sweeps a small cove, lined by a neat row of white one story buildings that look out upon the bay, to point St. Iago, upon which stands a fortress of the same name. The next cove is short, and terminates at '*Cobras*.' Here the city is seen over a forest of the masts of small craft, reposing under the shelter of the mountains. The '*Praça de San José*,' the Palace, and the imperial Chapels are conspicuous. The whiteness of the buildings brings the whole, like a picture, in strong relief against the dark mountain sides in the back ground.

"To the northward, the mountains rise high in slender, splintered peaks, which, from a fancied resemblance to the tubes of an organ, are called the Organ Mountains. In the same direction are seen white châteaux perched on the hills and rocks, so high as to be sometimes robed in clouds. The city itself is overlooked by two or three convents, as solemn in their appearance as the monks of their cloisters.

"On the eastern side, and nearly opposite to Rio, is a neat, quiet village called *Praya Grande*, which, during the season of amusement, is a place of general resort. It contains several potteries, and is famed for the quantity of fine sweetmeats, made and exported. At the southern extremity of *Praya* is a huge mass of rocks, which, apparently, have been thrown from the main land by some natural convulsion; upon its very summit (a most romantic situation truly) stands a church or a dwelling, accessible from the main by a short wooden bridge. From this point the beach of the placid bay of *Inrufuba* sweeps, almost like a circle, to fort Santa Cruz. Along the

\* "According to the measurement of Captain Beechey, R. N. made after the formula of Mr. Daniel, the base of the flag staff is by one observation 2308 feet, and by a second 2306 feet above the level of the sea."

shore is a straggling village, interspersed with gardens, and surrounded by luxuriant plantations of the coffee tree.

"We have now glanced round the bay and arrived at Santa Cruz, between which and the Sugar Loaf, the waters roll into this magnificent harbor;—an amphitheatre whose bounds are hills rising one behind the other, valleys and mountains that are smiled on throughout the year both by Flora and Pomona, yielding flowers and fruits, grateful in their fragrance, and luscious to the most refined and delicate taste. Over this sheet of water, passage boats, under a press of sail, are stretching in every direction, bearing parties from shore to shore. The naked negro toils at his oar—the black soldier in gay costume lolls in his curtained barge, wreathed in the smoke of his cigar—the tatooed slave paddles his rude canoe—the barges of the men-of-war, with feathering oars, are shooting from point to point—the men-of-war sit majestically, and their flags and pennants flutter proudly on the breeze—the forts and castles frown sullenly—the palace smiles—the church and convent look grave—the hills are lovely—the mountains grand—the graceful palm tree nods."

In the XIX. No. of the review, we have noticed pretty fully the condition of Brazil at the commencement of the year 1831; only a few months before the arrival of the Falmouth. We gave an account of the misrule and compulsory resignation of the emperor, Dom Pedro, who threw away a sceptre as if it were indeed a child's bauble, and found consolation for the sacrifice in a fishing rod. Little, therefore, could be added by our naval officer to the history of the empire, and his account of the abdication is confirmatory of that already given. The "Notices of Brazil" are scanty, consisting of a few but lively remarks on the state of the slaves, on the condition of the museum and botanic garden, the Banana, the stupendous aqueduct which supplies the city with water—the opera—the currency—the cultivation of coffee—the description of a dinner party and of a *levee* at the court of Dom Pedro II., who had scarce attained his sixth year—the geography of the country, products, and diamond mines—each of which topics is very concisely treated. Of this portion of the work we shall notice only an anecdote of Dom Pedro and an American midshipman, and the products and commerce of the empire.

"DOM PEDRO is said to possess a considerable share of good nature, and the following anecdote seems to bear evidence of it. A midshipman H—— of the United States Navy, some four or five years since, followed a man who deserted from his boat, into the palace, where the sailor had fled, in hopes of eluding pursuit. Mr. H—— rushed by the sentinel, and by mistake, got into the audience room. The noise occasioned by his abrupt entry, led the emperor to inquire the cause; and when informed that it was a young naval officer, ordered him to his presence. The midshipman told the emperor that he had entered the palace in pursuit of a deserter, and would not leave it till he should find him. DOM PEDRO was pleased by his resolute manner, and extended his hand to be kissed. The midshipman, however, did not so understand him, but gave it a hearty shake, and requested the emperor to allow the deserter to be sought and delivered up. The sailor was taken, and Mr. H—— left the palace.

"A few days afterwards, the emperor, when driving four-in-hand, met Mr. H——. He drew up the horses, and extended his hand, which Mr. H—— shook very cordially, and told his Highness that he was extremely happy to see him. The emperor frequently related the anecdote, and styled Mr. H—— his 'young American friend.'"

The vegetable productions of this vast empire are as abundant and as valuable as those of any other in the world, not only in

medicinal plants, fruits, and dye-woods, but in timber suitable for all the purposes of marine architecture. The province of *Rio Grande do Sul*, which enjoys a temperate climate, produces hides and jerked meats in abundance; *Saint Paul* yields wheat, rye, maize, manioc, potatoes, wine, and the *Palma Christi* in such quantities, that its oil is commonly burned in lamps—coarse cottons are exported, and their manufacture promises to improve. The island of St. Catharine, on the coast, near the tropic, affords coffee and rice of superior quality, and is adapted to indigo, pepper, vanilla, balsam copaiba, &c. In its forests are several excellent species of wood; and good cheese has lately been made and exported to the main. *Rio Janeiro* has a fertile soil, remarkably adapted to the cultivation of coffee, which is rapidly increasing, and is the focus of industry and trade whence improvements spread in every direction. The flourishing state of the spice trees in the botanic garden, near the city, induces the belief that their cultivation may be extended sufficiently for the home demand, if not for exportation. *Minas Geraes*, besides the major part of the productions of the southern provinces of Spain and Portugal, yields gold, diamonds, and precious stones, wheat and Indian corn; and nitre is abundantly obtained from the mines of Monte Rorigo. *Matto-Grosso* and *Goiás* are thinly peopled, chiefly by tribes of unsubdued Indians. The soil is covered with rich pasturage, forests, and several useful plants, common to Peru. *Espirito Santo* and *Porto-Seguro* abound with the *Ibirapitanga* (Brazil wood) and woods suitable to cabinet work and architecture. *Ilheus* and its adjacent territories furnish manioc and the cacao tree, but their cultivation is not extensive. In *Bahia*, the sugar cane and tobacco are profitably planted; and at St. Salvador, as at Rio Janeiro, several mechanic arts are exercised with distinguished success. *Pernambuco* grows the finest cotton of South America; Brazil wood thrives better here than in any other part of the empire, but little attention is given to its cultivation. Numerous flocks and herds from *Siara*, *Parahyba*, and *Pianhy* supply a lucrative branch of trade. In *Maranhão* and *Para* cotton flourishes, the cacao tree covers the banks of certain rivers, several spice-trees grow spontaneously, and among the choice woods is the *citrin*, reserved for the manufacture of the most sumptuous moveables. Indigo grows in several districts, and the cochineal may be, as it has been, raised in the neighbourhood of Rio. With these advantages, increased industry and population alone are wanting to render Brazil one of the richest and most powerful nations of the earth.

Finally, the southern provinces export wheat, hides, horns, hair, and tallow; the middle, gold and precious stones; and the northern, cotton, coffee, sugar, and Brazil wood. The quantities of staple articles, annually exported, are estimated thus; sugar,



100,000 cases, of 15 quintals or 128 pounds each; cotton, 150,000 bales; coffee, between 12 and 13 millions of pounds. The imports are chiefly wines, brandy, and oil from Portugal; dry-goods and hardware from England; flour, salted provisions, naval stores, and household furniture from the United States.

In its colonial state the commerce of Brazil was restricted by the policy of the fader land; but was disenthralled in 1807, when the monarch immigrated to Rio Janeiro. The influence of Great Britain over the Portuguese government followed it across the Atlantic, as was apparent in a commercial treaty between the two powers in 1810, opening the ports of Brazil to British vessels and produce, paying 15 per cent. on a valuation made by their own consuls. This treaty expired in 1825. Imported produce generally pays a duty of 24 per cent. on a valuation by the custom-house of the country, which is frequently complained of as extravagantly high.

The latest census, in 1819, gave the population as follows,—Whites 843,000; Indians 259,400; Free castes 426,000; Slave castes 200,000; Free Blacks 159,500; Black slaves 1,728,000. Supposing a ratio of increase, one-half of that of the United States, the present number of inhabitants would be about five millions.

Cape Horn, like Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients, has long been the dread of seamen. All accounts concur in giving to this region a stormy character, at every season of the year. The journals of voyagers, particularly of the earlier navigators, give fearful descriptions of the tempests and disasters generally encountered in passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. A distinguished American naval commander says, “the passage around Cape Horn, I assert, from my own experience, is the most difficult, and attended with more hardships, than that of the same distance in any other part of the world.” Still, such have been the improvements in marine architecture and navigation, that, of three hundred merchant vessels supposed annually to double the Cape, not more than one is totally lost.

The principal difficulties of this navigation arise from the westerly winds, which constantly prevail, accompanied by cold rain, snow, hail and sleet, exhausting the seamen, more by their endurance than their severity. The usual route is between the Falkland islands and the main, drawing round the land as much as the wind will permit, approaching near enough to see it, and then holding way until the vessel attain the meridian of 80° or 85° west longitude from Greenwich, before attempting to steer to the northward. If successful in gaining that meridian without being driven far to the southward, the passage is generally short, the voyage from latitude 40° S. in the Atlantic to Valparaiso, being made in from thirty to thirty-five days. Vessels, however,



are frequently driven as far as  $63^{\circ}$  or  $64^{\circ}$  S., where, if to the eastward of the meridian of Cape Horn, they meet with icebergs.

The result of an elaborate examination of this subject by our naval officer, is that it is advisable not to pass through the Straits La Mair; to keep close in with the land; not to go south of  $57^{\circ}$ ; and not to attempt to decrease the latitude until in the meridian of  $85^{\circ}$  W., however promising the appearances of the weather may be. For this conclusion, he gives the following reasons. Though the winds are, generally, they do not always prevail, from the west—the gales are less severe near the land, and do not blow home—no currents set on shore—and by not being too far south, advantage may be taken of a favourable wind, that in a few hours might carry the vessel beyond the parallel of the Cape, which would be unavailing if the ship should be as far as  $63^{\circ}$  S., as has been recommended, because, these winds do not always last long enough to carry a vessel many hundred miles.

The original passage to the Pacific by the Straits of Magellan, has of late years been successfully resorted to. Their length is from three to four hundred, their breadth from eight to twenty miles. The water is deep, the anchorage good, the surface generally smooth, and both shores furnish safe and convenient harbours. An American bark, drawing fifteen feet water, lately passed through in four days. Sealers prefer it to the passage around the Cape. During the current year, a survey of this channel has been made by an English vessel of war, which may remove the objections which have hitherto prevented the use of this route to the Pacific. This subject is deeply interesting to navigators; and our author suggests that all obscurities thereon might soon be removed, if each one would forward an extract from his log book, with his observations, to some of the public journals.

The “*Notices of Chile*” fill seventy-eight pages of the work before us, and might be reduced under the following heads; description of the coast, harbour, and town of Valparaiso; domestic manners of the inhabitants; a ride to Santiago, and remarks upon that city and its inhabitants, and its public institutions; a visit to Colina; and an account of Coquimbo bay, and the city of La Serena.

On approaching the coast of Chile, the chain of the gigantic Cordillera capped with snow, is visible at sunrise in all its natural and desolate grandeur, above the clouds, many miles at sea, and long before the line of the coast rises above the horizon. Soon after sunrise the land becomes shrouded in mist, and frequently fifty or sixty miles are passed over, before the rocky, broken, wild, and precipitous shore is discernible. In midwinter, or the rainy season, all nature is gay; the hills are green, the air is soft and pleasant, and the atmosphere clear. But in midsummer

the traveller does not recognise the vale of paradise, covered with brown and parched vegetation.

The harbour of Valparaiso is commodious, the anchorage good, though at certain seasons dangerous. In winter, which is from the middle of May to the middle of August, north winds prevail, and throw into the bay a swell so heavy, that vessels sometimes are driven ashore and beaten to pieces. During the rest of the year southerly winds blow, sometimes so strongly that ships drag to sea. The town is divided into the *port* and *Almendrál*; the former consists of one irregular street, and the *quebradas* or ravines, which are built in wherever a site for a house can be obtained. *Ranchos* or huts are perched about the hill sides like birds' nests, wherever a resting place can be scooped out. Notwithstanding the disadvantage arising from the want of level land, this improves more rapidly than any other city on this side Cape Horn. Most of the houses on the main street are good two story buildings, whose ground floors are occupied as stores and ware-rooms; in the eastern part of the port, and in the almendrál, the houses are only one story high. They are all built of *adobes*, or sun-dried bricks, whitewashed, and roofed with tiles. The markets are said to be the best and cheapest on the coast, abounding in fruits, vegetables, beef, mutton, poultry, game, and fish.

Owing to the greater part of the business being transacted within a small space, the street, in the morning, presents a very lively appearance, which our author has very successfully described, together with the various portions of the population which animate it.

The conventional customs of society differ, in many respects, from those in the United States. Day visiting, except on Sundays, is not usual. At sunset, the ladies are generally prepared to receive company, and expect it. To give an idea of the forms of society, our author narrates the history of his first visit, at great length, and with that minute particularity, which introduces not only the most ordinary features, but such as are common in all civilized countries. These add to the volume of the book, but do not increase its interest. We will strive to select such circumstances from this narrative as are peculiar and characteristic.

"I followed a friend into a drawing room, furnished in the Chile fashion, with tables, mirrors, a sofa, a piano, and a great number of chairs, ranged in two rows facing each other, on that side of the room where the sofa stood. A 'petáte,' or thick straw mat, covered the floor, and a strip of carpet was laid only under the chairs on one side of the room. It was twilight, and candles had not been yet brought. Three ladies sat upon the sofa, conversing, with their feet drawn up under them, *à la Turque*; while a fourth stood looking through a glass door that opened upon a balcony, beating one of the panes with her fingers, as if it had been a piano, and humming a waltz. The evening was cool, and the ladies were all covered with large shawls, the right corner being thrown over the left shoulder, so as to bury the chin in its folds, much after the manner that dandies wear the

Spanish cloak. In the winter, this custom is universal; then the nose and chin are hidden in the shawl, the eyes only being seen above the fold. During that season, having neither hearths nor chimneys in the house, except for the kitchen, the ladies keep warm by placing a 'brazéro,' or copper pan of well burned charcoal, near the sofa, with a basket, made for the purpose, turned over it, upon which they rest their feet, or even sit. As we entered the apartment, which was high and airy, the ladies on the sofa ceased their conversation, and bent forward in formal salutation, as my conductor said, '¿ Como pasan ustedes, Señoritas? Un Amigo!'—How do you do, ladies? A friend—pointing to me as he pronounced the last word. The lady who was humming, curtsied and took a chair."

After the usual remarks on the weather, and questions as to health, and time of arrival of the stranger, which almost every where attend the reserve of a first introduction, the ladies entertained their guests with music, cakes, tea, and *maté*. The young Indian girl, who bore a silver salver of cakes, being an Araucanian, gives occasion for one of the episodes which too frequently break in upon and mar some of the best descriptions in the work. Thus we are told, in a sketch of a tea party, that "the Araucanians, when taken and instructed young, make excellent servants; and there is scarcely a family without one in its service, particularly where there are young ladies. This race has borne the character of fierce and warlike from the earliest times; their valor and martial prowess have been celebrated in an epic of thirty-seven cantos, entitled 'La Araucana,' by Don Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga.—Speaking of the country of Arauco, he says,

"Vénus y Aman aquí no alcanzan parte,  
Solo domina el iracundo Marte."

"The 'maté,' or, as it is familiarly called, 'yerba maté,' (*Ilex Paraguensis*), is a plant of Paraguay, used in almost every part of South America, as a substitute for tea. It arrives in Chile from the Rio de la Plata, by the way of Cape Horn, or by crossing the Cordilleras, packed in bales of hide. It presents to the eye a greenish yellow dust, in which are mingled broken leaves and stems of the plant. This material, infused in boiling water, forms the 'maté,' which every where in Chile, previous to the revolution, was substituted for the more costly tea of China; since that period, the old ladies only adhere to the practice, while the young ones, more refined in taste, prefer sipping Young Hyson or Bohea, from a gilt edged China tea-cup. The 'yerba,' with sugar and the outer rind of orange or lemon peel, or pieces of cinnamon, are placed in a globular vessel holding about a gill, and boiling water is poured in upon them. The vessel containing the infusion, termed 'a maté,' is either entirely of silver, or of a small gourd, banded with silver, supported by a stem and plate of the same metal. A silver cover, perforated with a hole for the passage of the 'bombilla,' and secured to the side by a chain, serves to retain the heat and aroma of the plant. The 'bombilla' is a tube from ten to twelve inches long, terminated at one end by a bulb (not unlike that of a thermometer) pierced with many small holes; like 'the maté,' it is silver, or consists of a cane tube with a metal bulb.

"Such is the apparatus from which the elderly Chilénas sip, or rather suck their favorite beverage, at a temperature very little below that of boiling water. Doña Juana took 'the maté,' and after two or three sips, offered it to me, to try whether it were pleasant; however willing I might have been to receive the tube into my mouth, immediately after coming from the pouting lips of her daughters, I must confess, I felt some repugnance to suck the same stem with Doña Juana. Yet, recollecting that one of Basil Hall's officers had given offence by carrying a 'bombilla' for his peculiar use, I took 'the maté,' and finding it agreeable in flavor, did

not relinquish it until I had drawn it to the dregs. Those who take 'maté' for the first time, usually burn their lips; and it is the only mistake at which ladies laugh; in fact, a cynic could scarcely keep his countenance: fancy a gentleman pressing a hot silver tube between his lips, jerking back his head in surprise, then resorting to his handkerchief to dry his eyes, and while he does so, attempting to smile—the *tout ensemble* produces the most whimsical expression of countenance imaginable. Two or three 'matés' are generally quite sufficient to supply a company of eight or ten persons; for they are passed from mouth to mouth till all are satisfied. When the fluid is exhausted, 'the maté' is replenished with sugar, and hot water from a silver kettle, usually placed in the room upon a small 'brazéro' of living coals."

Smoking followed the maté, a single coal of fire having been brought, in a small silver globe, supported on a stem and plate like the maté cup, and Doña Juana urging her visitors to smoke as freely as if they were in their own house. "The cigars of Chile, called 'hojas,' or 'hojitas,' are about two and a half inches long; the wrapper is made of the inner husk of corn, and filled with coarsely powdered tobacco. As their use is apt to stain the fingers of the smoker, the fashionable young gentlemen carry a pair of delicate gold tweezers for holding them. The cigar is so small in size, that it requires not more than three or four minutes to smoke one. It serves well to fill up an interval in conversation. At tertúlias, the gentlemen sometimes retire to a balcony to smoke one or two cigars after a dance."

Other guests arrived in the course of the evening, to whom, it is recorded, the same courtesies were extended. The party broke up, leaving upon our author the impression that the ladies frequently displayed considerable archness and humour in their remarks; and this he found to be the case in all his intercourse with Chilean society. "Just before taking leave, Doña Ignacita presented a flower to each of her guests, in a manner that was very graceful, her face being lighted up with smiles, yet she said not a word. This custom of presenting flowers to guests is universal, and is a beautiful token of welcome, which is renewed, when the guest has made a favorable impression, at the first three or four visits. If none be given him, he may infer that the repetition of his visits will not be acceptable."

A morning visit paid to the same family admits us to the Chilean belles, at an hour not usually devoted to company.

"My second visit to Doña Juana, was between the hours of twelve and one o'clock in the day. I found two of the young ladies seated at their frames, embroidering shawls, in very beautiful patterns. They wore the shawl, and the hair was braided and hanging down the back. Doña Carmencita was sitting on the sofa, *à la Turque*, with a book in her lap, and stooping forward, in such a way that her hair, which was loose and wet, formed a complete veil for her face. On my entrance, she laid her hair behind her ears, and closed her book. Her sisters pushed aside their work, and adjusted their shawls and dresses. The shawl of a Chilean belle is a most rebellious and troublesome article of dress, for it will be constantly slipping off the shoulder, and so disclose a pretty neck and upper part of the bust, which the young ladies are ever anxious to conceal. Ladies never pursue their needle-work in the presence of strangers, or rather visitors, as it is considered impolite; from this circumstance, foreigners have charged them with being idle. Yet when it is recol-

lected that there are no mantua-makers in Chile, and that the ladies make their own dresses, they must be exonerated from that accusation. They are always neat in the decoration of their feet;—silk stockings are universally worn.

“Doña Carmencita apologized for the state of her *parure*, saying that she had just been washing her hair in a solution or suds of ‘quillai,’ and it had not yet dried. The ‘quillai’ is the bark of the *Quillaja Saponaria*, *Molina*, a large tree, growing at the foot of hills, and in the mountain valleys of Chile. When the bark is broken into small pieces, and infused in cold water, it forms a suds similar to that of soap. With this, the ladies of Chile are in the habit of washing their heads, once in about ten days; they say it preserves the scalp from dandruff; it certainly gives the hair a very clean, glossy appearance. Besides, it is also useful for cleansing cloths, silks, and crapes, from grease, without injuring either their texture or color, and is sometimes used as a medicine.

“The ladies were very conversible, and made many inquiries about the United States, the North American ladies, their amusements, dress, &c. They spoke of the Peruvian ladies as being distinguished for their intrigues and want of modesty, and as an illustration, Doña Juana related the following anecdote.

“A Marquesa was walking towards her home one evening, concealed in the peculiar dress of the country, called ‘*saya y manto*,’ and was spoken to by an unknown young gentleman in a cloak, who importuned her to go to a *café*, and accept of some refreshment. She finally consented. After partaking of ices, cakes, and costly wines, to an amount so great that she thought her beau would not have money enough in his purse to pay, she called the host aside, (whom she knew well,) and told him not to permit the gentleman to leave the house till he had paid, nor to accept from him any other pledge than his pantaloons; for which purpose the landlord was to receive a *douceur*. The young gentleman’s purse could not cover one half the amount of the charge, and mine host vowed that he must have the whole before he left. The young gentleman offered his watch in pledge, which was obstinately refused. The marquesa grew impatient at the delay, and urged her beau to make haste, or she would leave him. The landlord demanded the pantaloons. The young gentleman was indignant, and referred the case to his fair enchantress, who, after some coaxing, persuaded him to yield his pantaloons, roll his cloak about him, and accompany her home. He consented. She delighted the victim of her sport with her lively *jeux d’esprit*, as they walked along, and at last ushered him into a splendidly furnished room, occupied by a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen. The youth would have escaped, but the fair one held him tight by the arm, and conducted him to a seat. He drew his cloak closer around him, and bent his feet under his chair. The marquesa introduced several of her female friends to him, after giving them a hint of her joke. The young ladies insisted that he must be very warm, but he thought it was cold;—they urged him to dance, but he vowed he could not. At last the ladies became rude, and, forcibly removing the cloak from the young cavalier’s shoulders, exposed him to the whole company, standing in his drawers and boots; after being heartily laughed at, he was turned out of doors!

“On a Sunday evening, I accompanied my friend, Don Samuel, ‘to assist’ at the *tertulia* given weekly by Doña Juana. We found a number of ladies and gentlemen, old and young, pretty and plain, already assembled. The ladies were ranged, seated facing each other, in a long file, extending across the room, the appearance of which was much improved by the carpet being spread entirely over the ‘*petate*,’ or mat. In the United States the carpets are always taken up for *soirées* or *tertulias* (preferring the latter word), when dancing forms a part of the amusement; but here, on the contrary, they are always spread for that purpose, and kept rolled up to one side of the apartment at other times. Even at public balls, the dancing room is always carpeted; the reason for this practice is that the floors are of tiles.

“Tea, coffee, &c. were served as with us, and afterwards one of the ladies took a seat at the piano. While she was preluding, a gentleman, styled ‘*el bastonero*,’ (who is some intimate, self-elected for the evening,) cried out, ‘*Contradanza Señores*’—‘*Contradance, Gentlemen*’—upon which intimation, they led forth their partners, and stood up in order. The music commenced; the time, that of a slow waltz. That the grace and beauty of the ‘*contradanza*’ may be appreciated, it must be seen; the figures are so various, and some of them so intricate or labyrinth-like, that I will not attempt to describe them; they exhibit what might be termed the

very poetry of the Terpsichorean art. The contradance was followed by quadrilles and waltzing."

"A few dances and a few songs, some 'dulces,' (and ices occasionally,) bring the evening near its close. Then, if the party has been a merry one, the 'cuando,' or 'perdiz,' dances peculiar to the country, one or both are performed. They are always accompanied by a song appropriate to the measure; are spirited and graceful. In the last, after a customary introductory verse, the lady repeats some stanza from memory, to which the gentleman is bound to reply, in an appropriate stanza from some of the poets; or an impromptu. This alternate dancing and recitation are continued till the lady has exhausted her memory, or till she has repeated six or eight stanzas. When the dancers possess humor or wit, as they frequently do, 'la perdiz' becomes the source of great merriment and enjoyment."

"About eleven, the old ladies embrace; the young imitate them, and the tertúlia is broken up. Nothing in the way of evening party can exceed the social cordiality, the freedom from restraint, and the general enjoyment, afforded at the 'tertúlias' and 'reuniones' of Chile."

In May 1832, our naval officer, having a few weeks' leisure, resolved to visit Santiago, the capital of Chile. The usual mode of travelling is in a gig, differing in nothing from that of the United States, save that it is more clumsily and rudely built. He has taken care, however, to communicate to us, that "the one selected for his journey had a neat green body, hung low, with a gilt wreath running round the pannels; the top was broad, and hung forward so much that it afforded ample protection from sun and rain." The gear of the team is rather peculiar, and his very minute description of it may amuse the reader.

We have also given to us, with great minuteness, and we must say, with much effect, a description of the persons and costume of the attendants; but for this also we refer the reader to the volume itself, as well as for an account of their looks and conduct, even to the lighting of a cigar upon the journey.

The summit of the Altos de Valparaiso is 1260 feet above the sea, and like all the high land around is composed chiefly of decomposing felspar covered with a thin soil, scarcely sufficient to nourish the cactus plants that stand on its most prominent points. The road has been cut into the solid rock in some places with great labour. From it there is a magnificent view, seaward, of the town, the bay, and the ocean; landward, of a boundless, barren, irregular, and uncultivated country, in which a lonely palm tree is occasionally visible. A curious mode of checking the motion of carriages in their descent down the precipitous hills, was displayed in the passage of some carts and of the traveller's gig. In the first case a yoke of oxen was attached, by a hide



rope, to the tail of each cart. The animals understood their duty well; placing their feet in advance, and unwillingly yielding the ground as they were dragged forward by the horns; thus answering all the purposes to the *carréta*, which a kedge anchor does to the ship—retarding its progress. In the case of the gig, one of the postillions passed his *lazo* round the axle, and reined in his horse behind it, kedging in the same style as the *carrétas*.

Every step of this road, every animal, human, or brute, every rancho, pueblo, or inn upon it, every meal taken, is described spiritedly but most minutely. Of this besetting sin, we have here an instance, in which are portrayed the landlord of an inn, his guests, his furniture, his wife, his children, his bed-room, his bar-room, and, lastly, the town in which he resides.

We must hasten on our traveller to Santiago, not allowing him time to describe the glories of the *Cuésta de Zapáta*, a hill on the road, (with the Andes in sight, soaring 18,000 feet into the clouds, we can scarce call an elevation of 2,543 a mountain) nor the rigorous search of the custom house officers, nor the barometrical observations of Mr. John Miers, made in October and November of 1819. But we will not do him the injustice to omit the following humorous sketch, which would have become the pencil of Smollet.

“Every day, about a dozen gentlemen resorted to the *table d’hôte*. At one end sat a Buenosayrean, (by profession a lawyer and talking politician,) who, having been in England, spoke English well and rapidly. For some reason or other he was dubbed Sir James Mackintosh! The opposite end was occupied by a man who called himself English or American, as occasion suited. He had been master of a merchant vessel, but through misfortune, or something worse, was sold out. Having lost his money, as well as his character, with his vessel, he at once called into requisition his talent for drawing, and in a very short time gained considerable reputation as a miniature painter. Ambitious in his new art, he quickly took to portraits, and in the opinion of the Chilian public, painted *à merveille*. How frequently did he exclaim, ‘What an ass I have been to waste my time on miniatures at two ‘onzas’ a piece, while I get six for a portrait! My dear sir, these stupid people judge of the excellence of a picture only by its size!’ This gentleman’s pursuits had gained for him the cognomen of Sir Thomas Lawrence. This Sir Thomas was a strange compound. He frequently held a colloquy with a large water dog, while he fed him. On such occasions he would exclaim, ‘Poor Pompey!—they say you have no soul—the rascals are not content to live three times as long as any other animal, but after that they must be immortal—and then, d——n them, they keep their immortality to themselves, and shut out all other animals of this world; but, Pompey, ’tis vanity; for their clay will be as senseless as your own.’ To all of which Pompey replied by sagaciously wagging his tail, and looking grateful for the morsels of meat and consolation bestowed upon him. One day, while I was in his room, a party of young ladies came to look at a portrait of an old aunt, who still flourished at tertúlias. Sir Thomas had invited them to suggest any improvements, and point out any faults that might be apparent in the picture, which represented a smiling countenance, in which time had been making his marks for five-and-forty years. The cap and ribbons were about half finished. Sir Thomas seated the ladies at a proper distance, and placed the picture in the most advantageous light, at the same time asking after the kind lady’s health, and making a thousand trifling queries, accompanied with smiles and grimaces intended to be cheerful. Then taking his stand beside the ladies, left foot in advance, left thumb in the arm hole of his vest, and his bottle-green frock thrown back; while the right hand, by turns,

pointed to the picture and stroked his long visage between the fingers and thumb, dropping the lower jaw as they reached the chin, he thus discoursed—'Well, ladies, there's a likeness for you—the mouth almost as rich as *yours*, Doña Panchita,'—(this was said with a bow)—'and the eye still retains its fire; it must have been, when young, like *yours*, Doña Maria;'—another bow—'then the cheek, pale to be sure, possesses a 'no sé que' that I admire. What a pity that time should take away the young bloom from so fine a face! Now, when I look again, I think, Doña Carmencita, the cap is rather high, and the bow of ribbon on the left side is *rather* too blue—very little, though;—don't you think so, Doña Rosita?'

"'Quien sabe!' replied the laughing girl.

"'You are right, ladies,' continued Sir Thomas, 'the cap is too high, and the ribbon a very little too blue; the ladies, for taste in such matters, after all.' The ladies really thought, as Sir Thomas wished, that they had suggested the faults in the cap and ribbons; and agreed with him in every other respect. Like one of experience and tact in the world, he at once drew their attention to the miniatures of some young beaux, and then to some prints, keeping up their admiration to the last; and on taking leave, assured them, in a low tone, that their aunt's portrait was his master-piece, and by no means a flattering likeness!"

The plain on which Santiago stands extends about forty miles north and south, and fifteen east and west; being shut in on one side by the Andes, and on the other by Cuésta del Prado and the continuous hills. On the south, it is bounded by the River Mapo, and on the north by the high hills beyond Colina. The city, founded on the 24th February, 1541, by Pedro de Valdivia, and then called "*Santiago de la nueva Estremadura*," is laid out in regular squares; the streets crossing each other at right angles, having streams of water supplied from the Mapocho running in their centres. The architecture of private and public buildings is in the Moorish style. The houses are of one and two stories, built of *adobes*, whitewashed on the outside, and roofed with red tiles, generally without chimneys, being warmed by *brazeros* of charcoal, even in seasons of frost and snow. The best houses have been constructed by carpenters from the United States, and in some cases, owing to the scarcity of suitable wood, the windows, doors, and parts of the frames already manufactured, have been imported from our country. Almost every house has a garden, and the town plat is consequently of large extent.

The plaza, occupying an entire square, is nearly in the centre of the city, having on the north-west side the presidential mansion, the palace of government, the prison and courts of justice, forming altogether a fine white building, before the several doors of which sentries are always on post. On the south-west side are the cathedral, the only stone building of the place, half finished, though commenced sixty years since, and the old palace of the bishop. The other sides are occupied by private dwellings, hotels, and shops. The town is commanded by a fortification, on the conical hill of San Lucia, upon the east. There is a military academy containing about eighty cadets, who are instructed by French or English professors, and are designed for officers of the army and militia. The latter is established upon a plan well adapted for the instruction of the whole population, the men being



armed and exercised every Monday afternoon, in every town and village throughout the country. As all business is prohibited during the parade, the day is facetiously termed "*San Lunes*," or Saint Monday. At Santiago, the *Alameda de la Cañada*, or public walk, said to be the finest in South America, is the martial field. It is about a mile long, and one hundred feet wide, planted with double rows of poplars, having streams of water running between them, and white stone seats in their shade. This and the "*Tajamar*," or Breakwater, or walled bank of the river, are favourite places of public resort.

Almost every shop has on its shelves a few books, consisting chiefly of French translations and ecclesiastical works. There is no book store in the place: the largest collections of books are displayed amidst hardware and cutlery. Our author was unable to procure a copy of *Don Quixote* in the city.

Fierce and malignant passions prevail among the lower class of people, if we are to take literally the following statement.

"Early in the morning, at the prison door, may be seen, almost every day, one or two dead bodies, stretched out upon the stones, with a plate upon the breast, to collect alms for their interment. These are the result of the horrid practice of deciding personal disputes amongst the lower orders by having recourse to the murderous knife, instead of the more rational and innocent plan of John Bull's descendants, of bruising each other with the weapons nature gave them—their fists. At the '*pulperías*,' where the '*peones*' resort at night, to drink '*chicha*' and '*aguardiente*' (brandy), and sing and dance to the sound of harp and guitar, disputes frequently arise when the brain becomes heated by strong drink. Then the poncho is rolled around the left arm, to be used as a shield, and the knife, constantly worn at the back, is seized in the right hand, and the antagonists are encircled by a ring of by-standers, to see what gentlemen of '*the science of defence*' have been pleased to term *fair play*. The dexterity in the use of the weapon, which they manage like a rapier, in the lunge and garde, is truly surprising. The attack is fierce on both sides. Death of one of the parties, or severe wounds, are the certain consequence of such rencontres; hence it is, that foreigners are under the impression that assassination is a common crime amongst *Chilénos*. Yet, the practice, having strict regard to the term, can hardly be said to be frequent; for we should hardly say that a man is assassinated, who falls by an unlucky blow in a fist fight."

But the fitting remedy is preparing for these evils, in extensive provisions for general education.

Here, as in Spain, the profession of medicine is lowly estimated; yet successful efforts are making to elevate it. Its condition is doubtless correctly ascribed to the want of liberal education in its practitioners, the absence of proper system for medical instruction, and the insufficient remuneration of services. Of late, a board of examiners has been established, composed chiefly of European physicians who have been long in the country, and who, without regard to diplomas, examine candidates for practice, in Latin, Spanish, and the several branches of the healing art, in the most rigid manner; apothecaries study pharmacy and chemistry for three years, and undergo a *practical*

examination before they are permitted to open shop. Several of the best families are now educating their children for the medical profession.

One of the most important changes of Chilian polity, without which every effort to establish a republican government would be nugatory, is the abolition of the law of primogeniture; exception having been made, however, of the right of eldest sons born before the repeal of the law. The proprietors of the "*mayorazgos*" are princes in the land, upon whom frequently depend some hundreds of poor families. Whilst on a visit to the village of Colina, our naval officer had an opportunity of observing a specimen of this aristocratical class,

"Earth's listless cumberers  
Born only to consume her liberal fruits."

"The lord of the estate where I was, is a senator, and though his country residence is but twenty miles from the capital, he has not been more than three times in his seat during the present session. Yet he owns one of the finest houses in town, and says he will not go to the senate unless sent for. 'Para que Amigo! Why should I, friend, there are enough there without me!' Don Vicente, as he is named, leads the life of a prince. He rises at nine, breakfasts at ten, saunters in a small flower garden, with a cigar, laughs for a half hour over Don Quixote, of which he has a beautiful edition; and by an occasional ride, or a game at chess with the curate, a sly joke or *bon mot* with some of the ladies, he manages to get through the day till three o'clock, when he dines. After dinner, which occupies about two hours, when alone, he smokes and dozes away the afternoon and evening, till ten o'clock, at which time he sups heartily, and retires to bed about twelve. Almost every night, however, the curate engages him at chess or cards, and between the two, the ladies are kept laughing the whole evening. It is hardly necessary to say that Don Vicente is a short, corpulent, good humoured gentleman—a *fac simile* of Sancho Panza in person, whom he admires with all his heart. He loves his family, is just and charitable to his dependants, and does not care the snap of a finger for any body beyond them. Nor does he wish to receive a line from any body, no matter what the intimacy may have been. 'If I hear of their prosperity,' says he, 'I am glad; if they are unfortunate, I am sorry.'—'; Que mas! y amigo, para que molestar-me con sus cartas.' What more—and, my friend, why should they trouble me with their letters!"

Were every individual in the class disposed, like this, to play King Log, it might be tolerated; society might move uninjured about the inanimate mass; but when, as too frequently happens, its members are disposed to play the stork, their suppression is indispensable to the public weal.

The notices of Bolivia occupy fifteen pages, and comprise a description of the Bay of Mexillones, the port and town of Cobija, the only port of the republic, the copper mines of Catiga, with an historical sketch of the country, and an account of its productions.

A half million of dollars in foreign productions pass through Cobija, annually, for the interior. The original packages are almost all broken up and repacked in smaller parcels, adapted to the strength of the mules and asses, who are the only carriers. The imports consist of European dry goods, quicksilver, tobacco,

teas, wines, American domestics, flour, &c. which are frequently purchased on board, at Valparaiso, deliverable here. The duties are low; and the question of making this a free port was agitated in the late Congress; already, provisions—wine and other luxuries excepted—are admitted duty free. Manufactured goods, as furniture and American cottons, pay an ad valorem duty of 10 per cent.; silks, and similar goods, pay five. The exports are *coined* gold and silver, (bullion is prohibited,) which pay a duty of two per cent., and wrought copper and copper ores. In seventeen months, from the 9th of March, 1831, to the 14th of September, 1832, ten ships, ten brigs, and three schooners, under American colours, visited this port, and some of them several times.

The birth-day of Bolivia is the 6th of August, 1825, the day of the victory of Junin. The Congress, which adopted the Constitution proposed by Bolivar, was installed, at Chuquisaca, the capital, on the 25th of May, 1826. The choice of a president for life fell upon General Sucre, who, with a moderation exemplary for military men of every age and every country, accepted the office for two years only, on condition that two thousand Colombian troops should be permitted to remain with him. His reason for rejecting a longer term of service was, that, having been educated a soldier, and spent the greater part of his life in the field, he was disqualified to become the civic chief of the government. Although Peru early acknowledged the independence of Bolivia, war took place between the republics, in April, 1827, which eventuated in the expulsion and resignation of Sucre. Two years of anarchy and misrule followed, which were terminated in February, 1829, by establishing General Santa Cruz at the head of the government. Since that period, Bolivia, for prosperity, ranks foremost among the South American republics; Santa Cruz having established schools, increased commerce by relieving it of many taxes, and concluded a treaty of peace and commerce with Peru.

Bolivia is rich in mines of copper, and the precious metals; the vine and olive flourish; rice and flax are abundant, and, in many places, the sugar cane grows without culture; Peruvian bark and indigo are successfully reared; and the *coca*, essential to the Indian's comfortable existence, is a staple of the climate. The *coca* (*erithroxylon peruviana*) was sacred to the use of those who were of the blood of the Incas. It was held as an emblem of divinity, and none entered the enclosure where it grew, without bending the knee in adoration; nor was the sacrifice deemed acceptable, unless the victim were crowned with its tendril. The oracles were silent, and the auguries terrible, if the priest did not chew coca when consulting them. When its use became general, the Indian resorted to it for consolation under every vicissitude of

life; and so great became its consumption, that it produced, at one period, no less than \$2,641,487, yearly. Its leaves were once the representative of money.

Being sown in the months of December and January, its growth is fostered by the heavy rains which fall in the mountains until the month of April. The plant endures five years; flowers, and yields four crops of leaves, annually, which are carefully gathered and dried in the sun. The virtues ascribed to them are so astonishing, that we cannot but think them greatly exaggerated. Sustained by them, with a little parched corn, the Indian supports the toil and noxious exhalations of the mine, without rest, food, or covering; runs hundreds of leagues over desert plains, and mountains, bearing the loads of the mules, frequently through passes impracticable even for these animals; labours which the Spaniards were wholly unable to perform, until they, also, betook themselves to the use of coca. Without it the Indian loses his vigour and power of endurance. It has a slightly aromatic odour; and, when chewed, dispenses a grateful fragrance. The mode of employing it is to mix with it, in the mouth, a small quantity of shell lime, in the manner betel is used in the East. Its effects on the system are stomachic and tonic, and beneficial in preventing intermittents, which prevail in the country.

The "Notices of Peru," although the visit of our officer rarely extended from the coast, fill much the greater part of the book. The description of the port of Callao and the city of Lima is, we had like to have said, fatiguingly minute; but this might be deemed hypercritical, since the object of the work is to render the cities of the western coast, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, familiar to us. That writer, domestic or foreign, who would, as well, as fully, and as truly describe the cities of our Atlantic coast, would render a service to his country, by enlightening its citizens, and to the world, by disabusing it of the errors which ignorance, prejudice, and worse motives have disseminated.

In the work before us, we have the description of Callao, the port of Lima, with an historical notice of the changes it has undergone from earthquakes and war; of the road to Lima from the port, with every thing upon it moveable or immoveable—of the city of Lima, including its foundation, topography, and climate; defence; of distribution of property; population; religious communities with their dwellings; of public buildings and public institutions; the public square, with all the various objects which fill, adorn, or deface it; of the death of Pizarro; of domestic society; Sunday amusements; bull baits; of Christmas festivals; of a visit to *Chorollos*; birth day festivals of saints, &c.; of the power of the clergy; of marriage—clandestine; notice of reli-

gious toleration; notices of various towns on the coast; geographical and political views of Peru; Payta Piura, whalers, and a fish story. This is a general catalogue of this portion of the book. It contains many interesting matters, from which we proceed to cull such as we think may interest the reader.

Lima, or as it is now occasionally called, "the City of the Free," is on the southern bank of the river Rimac, from which it takes its name; (the L being substituted for the R,) and which separates it from the suburb of San Lorenzo. It is sheltered on the north and east by the hills of Amancaes and San Christoval; the one 2560 feet, the other 1170 feet above the level of the ocean. These are spurs of the Andes, whose great chain runs north and south about twenty leagues east of the city. On the south and west the town is open to the breezes from the Pacific, which cool the air of the summer and disperse the fogs and mists of the winter. The climate is perhaps the most flattering in the world; and the soil and skies have been themes of praise with historians and poets. The valley enjoys an eternal spring; vegetation and fructification are in perpetual progress; the same tree, frequently putting forth blossoms on one branch, whilst it presents matured fruits on another. Wherever water reaches it, the soil, though not deep, is abundantly prolific. The atmosphere is clouded, foggy, and humid, but never dissolves in rain. The country around Lima is highly fertile, and by irrigation yields every variety of fruit and vegetables.

Having once got into the city, our author proceeds to the great square, formerly the Plaza Real, now Plaza Independencia, the scenes of which he places in a delightful dioramic view before us. But we can spare room for slight sketches only.

"Entering the Portál de Botineros, about ten o'clock in the morning, and passing to that of the Escribanos, many interesting groups and figures present themselves, and what is remarkable, from one end of the year to the other the picture is always the same. All Sundays and feast days are alike; and all working days strikingly resemble each other; except when there is some popular exhibition or religious procession going forward, and then it is more crowded.

"The first figure that called attention was that of a stout negro, in full bottomed, dark green breeches, open at the knees, showing that his linen drawers were embroidered and pointed like a ruffle. Before him stood a table, on which was spread a piece of bayeta—a species of baize—the long furze of which he was combing with a card, such as is used with us for carding wool and cotton.

"The shopkeepers were seen, when not occupied by customers, seated on the counters, neatly dressed, swinging their legs and smoking cigars; or sometimes a half dozen were listening to the news from an infant gazette, read in a monotonous tone. When a lady entered to purchase, she uncovered her face, though not always, and the shopman generally served her with a cold indifference that argued a great love for *dolce far niente*. This feeling, I am told, has been known to gain such influence at times, that a shopman, rather than move, has denied having goods which were seen upon his shelves! Strangers generally pay doubly for all they buy in Lima. I have known thirty dollars received for an article, of which the price asked was a hundred. About ten o'clock, the shopmen are seen behind their counters, taking breakfast, which usually consists of some stew, bread, a basin of broth, followed by a cup of chocolate and a glass of water.

"The tables along the colonnades present a number of handy-craftsmen of every variety of caste, making silk cords, tassels, gold and silver epaulettes, sword knots, buttons, &c.

"Presently we met a *canónigo*. Like all of his class, he wore a long black cloak, black small clothes and silk stockings, with large shoes and buckles. At a distance his hat resembled a great black cylinder. Close at his heels were two or three boys in black suits, relieved by a blue sash worn over the shoulder, tottering under huge cocked hats, trimmed with feathers. They were collegians. Then came two gaily dressed officers, arm and arm, whiskered and moustached—booted and spurred. Nothing kept their vanity from flying away with them, but the weight of their long metal scabbarded sabres, which clattered after them over the pavement. The organ of self-esteem must be even greater than that of combativeness in the Peruvian army! Next was a *serrano* or Indian from the interior, followed by his wife. He wore a high crowned, broad brimmed straw hat, without a band, and a long poncho of bayeta, falling below the knee. His legs and feet were bare, and judging from the spread of the toes, they had never been acquainted with shoes. A pair of *alforjas*—coarse saddle-bags—hung carelessly over his left shoulder, and his right hand grasped a long staff. His black temple locks hung straight down his cheeks, as was the fashion hundreds of years before the conquest. He was of brawny stature, with a broad copper coloured face, high cheek bones, and a serene countenance. His wife was clad in a coarse woollen petticoat, plaited full round the waist, and short enough to show her bare feet. A young child was slung over her back, in a shawl of blue bayeta. Her hair was combed back from the forehead, and braided in two long tresses, hanging almost to the ground. Curiosity kept the Indian looking over his shoulder, and, in consequence, he ran into the corpulency of a staid judge, with a severe countenance and a large cocked hat. His shirt was folded, ruffled, and starched in a prim style, and a star of brilliants was suspended round his neck by a broad tricolored ribbon. The *rencontre* was equally unexpected, for the judge was in a most sedate and pensive mood. His moody look changed into a scowl of contemptuous anger; the Indian cowered under it, touched his hat, and passed on. The feelings of the Indian and the European Spaniard are still as uncongenial as oil and water, though, like the first of those two fluids, the Spaniard always maintains his superiority."

\* \* \* \* \*

"At sunset the scene changes. All the shops are shut, business is closed for the day, and the plaza is then devoted to pleasure and promenade. Along the *Portal de Escribanos* are tables, where are sold, by candle light, ices and iced drinks of several kinds. *Orchata*—prepared from almonds—and *chicha*, a species of beer made from maize, are common.

"In the centre of the plaza, here and there, are glimmering lights and fires. Men and women are seated round the fresco tables, as they are termed, partaking of the various refreshments. The *saya y manto* has disappeared, but the ladies still hide their faces, by wearing a shawl over the head. Here an old negress, with long bony arms, shining in grease, with scarce tatters enough to conceal her limbs, squats over a copper pan of boiling lard, in which fritters are cooking. A long stick serves her all the purposes of a fork for turning the cakes, and when she cannot see, it is first dipped into the fat, then into the fire, and is at once converted into a torch. There, another sybil of the same deep complexion and garb, sits upon the ground, stretching her neck silently over a pan of frittering, crackling fish, while a half dozen negroes are stretched out about her, resting upon an elbow, eating from a gourd plate. The uncertain glare which dapples these groups, gives to them, at first sight, something of that appearance which the imagination attaches to Hades. In another spot sits a bare-headed negro, in big breeches, making *barquillos*. He has three or four irons, like those for waffles, arranged in a bed of hot coals, and a copper pan of batter, by his side. He pours a spoonful on one of the irons, from which he has just removed a *barquillo*, and places it in the fire. Then taking the iron furthest to his left, he opens it, and scrapes round the edges with a knife; he turns the wafer-like cake upon his palm, and rolls it round a stick, which is removed by a slight jerk of the hand, and falls to the ground, leaving the *barquillo* like a sheet of lightly rolled paper. Both hands are now wiped on the full part of his dirty breeches, and the iron is again set in motion. These cakes are made



very rapidly. They are eaten with ices and chocolate, by those who care not for the mode in which they are made. Still another kind of refreshment is found in the *picante*, which consists of various kinds of butcher's meat, made into a stew, spiced and peppered as hotly as possible. After partaking of it, the throat is flooded with iced *chicha*, to quench the flame which the morsel excites.

"From sunset till eleven and twelve o'clock at night, in the summer season particularly, men and women are strolling from table to table. The women, with their faces hidden under the shawl, perform the part of maskers in the scene. Many curious adventures and anecdotes are related of the feigned *liaisons d'amours*, which the Limanians have sustained, in order to be invited to partake of refreshments at the expense of some uninitiated wight. Women have been known to pretend to the acquaintance of a gentleman accidentally met in the plaza, (and masked as they are, it is impossible to recognise them,) till they have succeeded in taking ices at his expense, then, throwing off the disguise, express their astonishment that he was 'tan inocente'—so simple as not to have detected them. The history of the intrigues and deceptions practised in this plaza, would form a volume of much interest to a curious reader.

"The walking dress of the ladies of Lima, presents a very curious and unique appearance to the stranger who beholds it for the first time. Yet, after a little use, it is rather pleasing than disgusting to the eye, when prettily worn. For several days after my arrival, my chief amusement in the morning, before breakfast, was to stand in the *puertacalle* and observe the ladies in *saya y manto*, as they passed to and from mass. This dress consists of two parts. The *saya*, the lower part, is a silken petticoat, made in folds or plaits, extending from bottom to top, and of nearly the same breadth above and below. It sits closely to the figure, and being elastic, from the manner in which it is sewed, manifests the contour of the figure, and the whole muscular play of the body and limbs. The *manto* is a hood of crimped silk, cut bias or diagonally, to give it elasticity. The bottom part of it is gathered full by a drawing string, and encircling more than half of the body, sits low enough down to hide the top of the *saya*. This hood, drawn up from behind, over the shoulders and head, and covering the elbows and arms, is folded over the face in such a manner as to conceal all but one eye. One hand is occupied in holding the fold in its place in front, while the other is carried across the breast, bearing sometimes a reticule or pocket handkerchief, and at others, a rosary or cross. When worn open, leaving the face uncovered, as is often the case, the position of the hands is nearly the same. The forefinger rests upon the cheek, and the elbow appears supported by the hand of the other side, giving an air of pensiveness to the whole figure. Being drawn tightly under the elbows, the *manto* is kept tense over the head. With this dress the comb is not always worn. The *saya* is always short enough to display the foot and ankle, which are set off in white silk stockings, and satin slippers, of every color. Silk shawls, of every dye, beautifully embroidered and fringed, fall from the bust in front; while behind they are concealed in the *manto*, forming a bunch on the back, rather injurious to the appearance. The *sayas* are of every color, but the *mantos* are invariably black.

The interest of this panoramic exhibition is admirably kept up in many other scenes; but we have not room for more. We must let our reader, however, within the Limanian dwellings, and should like much to show them the pictures of a "Morning Visit" and a "Tertúlia" or evening party at Lima, as pendants for those we exhibited at Valparaiso. We can give only the morning visit.

"On Sundays I usually visited a family considered of *haut ton*. The female part consisted of the mother Doña Panchita and three marriageable daughters. Their house is large. The *sala* occupies the back of the terraplan, and is furnished with chairs, a rough table, and two long leather backed sofas. A large glass lantern hangs from the centre of the ceiling. This apartment is a common lounge for servants. To the left is a sitting room, the walls of which are covered with crimson damask hangings, supported by gilt cornices, and furnished with tables, a pair of

sofas and chairs. Here the family generally sit when visited by familiar friends. A large glass door with gilded sash opens from the sala into the *cuadra* or parlor, which is perhaps forty by thirty feet, and the ceiling is twenty feet high. Like the sitting room, the walls are tapestried with crimson damask, secured by gilt cornices and moulded surbases. The windows are near the ceiling, and closed by rough inside shutters, which are managed by silk cords terminated by tassels hanging into the room. A Brussels carpet, with a large figure and of gay colors, covers the floor. On the right are two white damask sofas, made of light wood. The chairs correspond. Several small card tables, chairs, and four large mirrors, are placed along the walls. At convenient distances are silver and beautiful China spittoons alternating with each other. A centre table with marble top completes the furniture. Through a glass partition with gilt sash, at the end of the room opposite to the sofa, is seen a dormitory, which is the pride of the family. A high, tented canopy of blue silk with gold fringe, and curtains of the same looped up to the posts, overhang a capacious bed, the counterpane of which is of yellow satin, covered with flowers, embroidered in the appropriate colors. The pillow cases are of fine, tambored cambric over pink satin. All the *utensils* in this magnificent chamber are of solid silver! Beds which cost a thousand dollars are by no means uncommon now, and before the revolution, two thousand were often expended on this piece of furniture!

"In the first apartment I have attempted to describe, attired in gay silks and lace, their necks and fingers sparkling with brilliants, sit the mother and her daughters, entertaining a half dozen female visitors. Such a flirting of fans, (the Spectator could not have instructed his pupils better in this art)—such a mutual scrutiny of dress—such adjusting of shawls, is not easily described. One thrusts forward the point of her foot—and they have pretty feet—and another looks over her shoulder. Every thing is formal and cold; I have never seen such heartless receptions given to friends in any other place, but this gradually wears off in a few minutes; the conversation then becomes sprightly and gay, sprinkled with flashes of wit and humor. The usual subjects discussed, are the theatre, bull-bait, or Alameda, with a sufficient dash of personal scandal and gossip, to render it piquant. The history of some friend's accouchement, with all the details, is a prolific theme, particularly if it happen to be a little out of the common order, for then all the miraculous cases are brought to mind, and related by the elder ladies. In these discussions, the youngest children take part, and speak quite knowingly of things, which in our country are hidden arcana, only revealed to the initiated. That squeamishness complained of by a late notorious traveller in the United States, is unknown; the portrait drawn of Miss Clarissa and Mr. Smith, could have no original in Lima. Whatever is found in nature, or nature's functions, is not an improper topic for a lady's ear, if discreetly managed. If any thing be said which oversteps the bounds of delicacy, a lady generally exclaims, "Gua! que listra!" but does not blush, nor veil her face with her fan. Indeed, indelicate allusions give a piquancy to conversation which is agreeable to many. Another all-absorbing subject is health. It is doleful to listen to the croakings of the old women, when they chronicle their aches and pains, or recommend to their friends some quack remedy, which has produced miraculous effects in their own cases. As self-interest is sometimes touched, the losings and winnings of friends at gaming tables, are heard of with delighted admiration. Literature is out of the question; books were only intended to supply the place of conversation. I have seldom heard a Peruvian lady say she had read any book whatever. I knew a gentleman who loaned a lady a translation of *Ivanhoe*, and asked her, at the end of three months, how she liked it. She replied; "I have not yet opened it—I was reserving it for the long winter nights, when we have no *tertulia*!"

We must now hasten to close this article with some extracts of a graver character.

"The *morale* of Lima society may be gathered from the fact, that females, married or single, who are known to have yielded to amatory intrigues, are received in the fashionable circles."



"It is very generally acknowledged, that the Limañas exercise an almost unlimited sway over the gentlemen, whether husbands or 'cortéjos'—*cavaliéri serventi*. Yet there is a most remarkable inconsistency in the habits of the people, where ladies are concerned. An unmarried lady is never permitted to go out, without being attended by the mother, an old aunt, a married sister, or some *chaperone*; nor is she ever left alone with a gentleman, unless he be an admitted suitor. Now, it has often puzzled me to divine how young ladies thus closely watched, can possibly find an opportunity to listen to the secret communications of their lovers. But it is this very watching which makes them such adepts in intrigue: 'Love laughs at locksmiths.' The *saya y manto* is the talisman which saves them from every difficulty. In that dress neither husbands nor brothers can easily recognise them, and to make the mask still more complete, they sometimes substitute a servant's torn *saya*, which precludes all possibility of discovery; their only danger is in being missed from home.

"This strict *surveillance* is at once removed by matrimony. The married lady enjoys perfect liberty, and seldom fails to make use of her privilege. Intrigues are carried on to a great extent in the fashionable circles; but, I think there is more virtue and morality to be met with in the second ranks.

"The Limanians of the same family have much more respect, if not affection for each other, than is commonly manifested by Americans. The younger brothers and sisters are always obedient to their elders; men established in life often refuse to perform trifling acts, on the ground that they may be disagreeable to their fathers or mothers, and I have seen widows who had returned to the homes of their parents after their husbands' death, quite as scrupulously obedient as children of three or four years old! 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land,' is a precept strictly observed. The ties of consanguinity are stronger, and are more widely extended than with us; cousins are almost as near as brothers—in fact, they are quite as affectionately treated and considered. This habit of feeling may be entirely owing to the law of primogeniture, which enhances the consideration of the first born; the republican shift-for-yourself principle, is unfavorable to the cherishing those clanish feelings of propinquity which we meet in ancient families.

"Gambling is the bane of Lima society. Though many laws have been made against it, 'monte al dao' is played, often to a ruinous extent. Gaming houses are kept secretly in almost every part of the city, which are open throughout the day and night. The very legislators and officers of the police countenance them by their presence. The President's chaplain told me that General La Fuente, the late Vice President, had won \$50,000 during the first year he was in office!"

Unhappily, religion and the priesthood, which are frequently in other countries great correctives and conservatives of morals, have here apparently but little of such effect. Not that the clergy have not influence over society, for their power is still very great; but that their influence is not directed judiciously to these ends, and their lives are sad examples to their flocks.

The Republic of Peru is separated from the territory of Ecuador, on the north by the river Tumbes; on the south it is bounded by Bolivia, the limits of which are unsettled; on the east by Brazil; on the west by the Pacific. The territory is divided into seven departments, viz., Arequipa, Ayacucho, Cusco, Junin, Libertad, Lima, and Puno, whose aggregate population was in 1795, 1,249,723, and which now probably exceeds two millions.

For three hundred years Peru was ruled by a succession of tyrants; and since the revolution, it has been governed by factious military chieftains of unbridled passions, who have sought little else than self aggrandizement. Gamarra, by treachery and

military influence, became President in 1829; and exercised his power in the same spirit as his predecessor. The term of his administration expired on the 20th December, 1833. On the 19th, he sent in his resignation to the national convention, and in an address to the people, declared, that the long wished for day had arrived when he could retire into private life, where he should remain, unless his sword should be required in the service of his country. On the 22d, the convention, which was engaged in reviewing the constitution of 1828; elected Don Luis José Orbegoso provisional president; and continued its sessions daily until the 18th January, 1834, when it was dispersed, at the point of the bayonet, by Gamarra and his satellite Bermudez! A bloody engagement ensued; Gamarra was driven from Lima, and at the latest dates was almost alone in Arequipa; and his wife, who had ably supported him in his ambitious aims, had sailed for Chile.

---

ART. IV.—*The Writings of George Washington, &c.* By JARED SPARKS. Vols. IV. and V. Boston: 1834.

WE continue our notice of this interesting work with increased satisfaction. The third volume closed with the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, and the removal of the seat of combat to another portion of our country. The present volumes embrace the period of time between the middle of July, 1776, and the 14th of the same month in the year '78; a space pregnant with most important and exciting incidents. The battles of Long Island, Trenton, and Princeton; of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth; the occupation of Philadelphia; the intrigues carried on against Washington by the faction, commonly called "Conway's Cabal;" the capture of General Lee, and other less celebrated events, which occurred during these two years, well entitle them to the denomination of trying and momentous eras. We shall, in our necessarily rapid notice of these books, follow the plan we before adopted, of selecting such portions of the correspondence and the appendix, as we judge most likely to repay attention. A word or two, however, of general remark, before we proceed.

We are of opinion, that these Letters will exalt, in no inconsiderable degree, the *literary* reputation of General Washington. He was not, it is true, a very elegant scholar, or what may be called an accomplished writer; his scholastic attainments were, however, respectable; and his correspondence is plain, vigorous, manly, and clear; never verbose or pedantic. As he was a man of few words in conversation, so, in his letters, he never said

more than enough ; but what he wished to say, he uttered to the point ; and sometimes with a strength approaching to fire of language. In this respect, he was not unlike a distinguished British general, whose fortune it has been, on more than one occasion, to hold the helm of state in England, as he has also led her armies to battle. Indeed, the military characters of the Duke of Wellington and General Washington are by no means dissimilar. The great British captain has the same caution and foresight and steadiness of purpose which marked our revolutionary hero : and the invincible firmness and fortitude, in the midst of extreme difficulties, of the one, were as conspicuous as are those of the other. Both were remarkably cool in the hour of danger and of battle ; fertile of expedients when thrown upon their resources ; and, at the proper time, showed no less of the fire, than of the patient courage of the true soldier. *Our* general consummated a glorious military career, by a civic administration, equally illustrious ; the British warrior has, in his old age, risked his reputation upon the hazard of holding, with a steady hand, the reins of government, at a time when party spirit and principles rage the loudest. “ *Nemo beatus ante mortem,*” we may truly repeat—the future of the Duke of Wellington is dark and lowering ; but our Washington is beyond and above the vicissitudes of time. He has reaped his reward.

Washington was a very strict disciplinarian. He was so, not merely with regard to the drilling of his troops, but also to their moral habits and manners, and their deportment generally. Of mere militia, he entertained a very humble estimate ; and his letters to congress are full of pressing solicitations to form an army of regular troops. Of the importance of a proper and careful selection of officers, knowing the influence they necessarily exert upon the character of the whole army, he spoke frequently and earnestly in his communications to the president of congress. The same views he urged in a letter to Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, in October (5th,) 1776. He said, among other things, “ One circumstance, in this important business, ought to be cautiously guarded against ; and that is, the soldiers and officers being too nearly on a level. Discipline and subordination add life and vigour to military movements. The person commanded yields but a reluctant obedience to those, who, he conceives, are undeservedly made his superiors. The degrees of rank are frequently transferred from civil life into the departments of the army. The true criterion to judge by, when past services do not enter into the competition, is, to consider *whether the candidate for office has a just pretension to the character of a gentleman, a proper sense of honour, and some reputation to lose.*” But though his temper and habits led him to require a most rigid observance of all regulations, humanity was a

striking trait in his character. He did all in his power to mitigate the horrors of war; and to lighten its load upon the unfortunate prisoners whom fortune threw into his power, and the inoffensive inhabitants who took no active part in the contest. The exhortations which, from time to time, in the shape of general orders, he addressed to his troops, (and which are regularly recorded in the Orderly Book,) are fine specimens of manly and spirited addresses to the patriotism and honourable feelings of the soldiery; and evince the upright and pure sentiments which animated the bosom of their commander. They will well bear a comparison with the famous bulletins of Napoleon; and although perhaps no single order may be found, which equals in sublimity the celebrated address of the French leader to his men drawn up for battle under the brow of the everlasting Pyramids, yet the motives which Washington holds up to his troops are as superior in real dignity to those propounded by Bonaparte, as the cause of independence is pre-eminent over the unholy desires of ambition. We have culled a few, as specimens of his style in this species of composition. They were issued in '76.

*"From the Orderly Book, August 1st.—*'It is with great concern, that the General understands that jealousies have arisen among the troops from the different provinces, and reflections are frequently thrown out, which can only tend to irritate each other, and injure the noble cause in which we are engaged, and which we ought to support with one hand and one heart. The General most earnestly entreats the officers and soldiers to consider the consequences; that they can no way assist our enemies more effectually, than by making divisions among ourselves; that the honor and success of the army, and the safety of our bleeding country, depend upon harmony and good agreement with each other; that the provinces are all united to oppose the common enemy, and all distinctions sunk in the name of an American. To make this name honorable, and to preserve the liberty of our country, ought to be our only emulation; and he will be the best soldier and the best patriot, who contributes most to this glorious work, whatever his station, or from whatever part of the continent he may come. Let all distinctions of nations, countries, and provinces, therefore, be lost in the generous contest, who shall behave with the most courage against the enemy, and the most kindness and good humour to each other. If there be any officers or soldiers so lost to virtue and a love of their country, as to continue in such practices after this order, the General assures them, and is authorized by Congress to declare to the whole army, that such persons shall be severely punished and dismissed from the service with disgrace.'

*"From the Orderly Book, August 3d.—*'That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavour to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.'

*"From the Orderly Book, August 23d.—*'The enemy have now landed on Long Island, and the hour is fast approaching, on which the honor and success of this army, and the safety of our bleeding country will depend. Remember, officers and soldiers, that you are freemen, fighting for the blessings of liberty; that slavery will be your portion, and that of your posterity, if you do not acquit yourselves like

men. Remember how your courage and spirit have been despised and traduced by your cruel invaders; though they have found by dear experience at Boston, Charlestown, and other places, what a few brave men, contending in their own land, and in the best of causes, can do against hirelings and mercenaries. Be cool, but determined; do not fire at a distance, but wait for orders from your officers. It is the General's express orders, that if any man attempt to skulk, lie down, or retreat without orders, he be instantly shot down as an example. He hopes no such will be found in this army; but, on the contrary, that every one for himself resolving to conquer or die, and trusting in the smiles of Heaven upon so just a cause, will behave with bravery and resolution. Those, who are distinguished for their gallantry and good conduct, may depend upon being honorably noticed, and suitably rewarded; and if this army will but emulate and imitate their brave countrymen in other parts of America, he has no doubt they will, by a glorious victory, save their country, and acquire to themselves immortal honor."

The battle of Long Island occurred on the 27th August, '76. Washington had his head-quarters in the city of New York, where the main army was posted; and a considerable detachment was encamped at Brooklyn, protected by military works. The British were in great force on Long Island, and had also a large fleet in New York harbour, their object being the gradual expulsion of the Americans from the city, and if possible from the state. General Greene was entrusted with the command of our troops on the Island; he had superintended the erection of the works, and become familiar with the ground. To his illness, the unfortunate issue of the battle is, in great measure, ascribed. Putnam was sent by Washington to supply the vacancy; and he took the command without the previous information as to details, which was so highly necessary. This general, too, from his advanced age, had lost much of the promptitude, energy, and military address, which had marked his early years. Putnam did not advance beyond the lines at Brooklyn; in fact, no individual officer had command in the engagement. Lord Stirling and General Sullivan commanded distinct detachments; and both these officers fell into the hands of the enemy. Owing to this circumstance, no detailed official account of the action was ever furnished to Washington. The disparity of force was very great. The number of our troops who took part in the action was about 5000; the rest of the army, say, 3500 men, remaining within the lines. The British mustered 17,000 regular troops, well supplied with field-pieces and every other military appointment. The result was a natural one; though the Americans behaved with great gallantry. Washington immediately repaired to the scene of action, and the opinion of his council concurring with his own, it was determined to evacuate Long Island. The retreat was performed with great ability, and without loss: and was pronounced by General Greene to be the best effected retreat he ever read or heard of, considering the difficulties.

It is known that our army, shortly afterwards, abandoned the city of New York to the superior force of the enemy, and posted itself upon the Heights of Haerlem. A skirmish ensued between

a detachment of the troops and some of the enemy, who attempted a landing on the shore of the East River, above the city, under cover of the fire of their ships. The cowardly behaviour of some of the brigades is said to have excited Washington in a remarkable manner. The note of Mr. Sparks, alluding to the incident, is as follows :

“The conduct of General Washington on this occasion has been described, as not being marked by his usual self-command. In writing from Haerlem Heights to a friend, General Greene said:—‘We made a miserable, disorderly retreat from New York, owing to the disorderly conduct of the militia, who ran at the appearance of the enemy’s advanced guard. Fellows’s and Parsons’s brigades ran away from about fifty men, and left his Excellency on the ground within eighty yards of the enemy, so vexed at the infamous conduct of the troops, that he sought death rather than life.’—*MS. Letter, September 17th.* Dr. Gordon relates the incident nearly in the same way, though a little enlarged, and, as he was in camp soon afterwards, he probably derived his information from a correct source. ‘The General’s attempts to stop the troops were fruitless, though he drew his sword and threatened to run them through, cocked and snapped his pistols. On the appearance of a small party of the enemy, not more than sixty or seventy, their disorder was increased, and they ran off without firing a single shot, and left the General in a hazardous situation, so that his attendants, to extricate him out of it, caught the bridle of his horse, and gave him a different direction.’—Gordon’s *History*, Vol. II. p. 327.”

Washington himself describes the occurrence, in his letter to the President of Congress of the 16th September, ’76.

“As soon as I heard the firing, I rode with all possible despatch towards the place of landing, when, to my great surprise and mortification, I found the troops that had been posted in the lines, retreating with the utmost precipitation, and those ordered to support them (Parsons’s and Fellows’s brigades) flying in every direction, and in the greatest confusion, notwithstanding the exertions of their generals to form them. I used every means in my power to rally and get them into some order; but my attempts were fruitless and ineffectual; and on the appearance of a small party of the enemy, not more than sixty or seventy, their disorder increased, and they ran away in the greatest confusion, without firing a single shot.”

Washington gradually removed his army from Haerlem Heights to White Plains, retreating, though with a bold front, before the far superior force of the enemy. During the whole of this harassing period, he endured great personal labour, being continually on horseback. On the 12th of November, ’76, he passed over to Jersey. Here commenced the most trying and critical period of the whole revolutionary war; and at no time were the heroic patience and ardent patriotism of the Commander-in-chief more conspicuous. We shall mention, in a general way, some of the principal causes which rendered the prospects of the contest so very dismal.

All the States were extremely inattentive in levying their quotas of men. Naturally perhaps, each was, also, more careful of her own safety than of her neighbour’s, and not over-willing to send troops beyond her own borders. The militia system, which then prevailed, was totally unsuited to the exigency of the crisis. The periods for which the militia was enlisted were very short; and when they expired, no inducement could secure



the longer stay of the men. They would march off, though a battle were hourly expected. Washington made most earnest and frequent endeavours to prevail upon Congress to remedy the evil, by raising troops for the war, and providing for their complete disciplining and training. He, at last, in part succeeded; but it was a long time before the jealousy of a standing army and the fear of military domination were swallowed up in the consciousness of the absolute necessity of a resort to measures which could alone preserve the lives and liberties of the people. The just sense which they entertained of the virtue and patriotism of Washington, above every other officer in the service, no doubt influenced them in the course they adopted, at this critical juncture, of investing him with dictatorial powers. A word upon this hereafter.

We were yet in the first year of the war; and its terrors and hardships had been confined to particular sections of the country. All parts of our land had not yet been made to feel the necessity of active personal exertion, on the part of every individual, in order to overcome the efforts of a foe as mighty as that we then had to combat. This may account for the supineness of many quarters of the land, at the very moment when, as our leaders, and particularly Washington, clearly saw, exertion was the most essential; and when, had it not been for the admirable energy of the Commander-in-chief in the successful attacks at Trenton and Princeton, probably the war might have ended, not long after its inception, with the overthrow of our liberties.

Our troops had been dispirited by defeat; they were raw and inexperienced; they were retreating before a foe vastly superior in numbers and discipline; our treasury was in an embarrassed condition; and we had many individuals within our limits, who looked upon the struggle with indifferent eyes, and many more who openly favoured the enemy. As the war continued, after the first brunt of the contest had been endured, and the chances of a successful issue appeared more probable; the whole country being compelled to the use of arms, and supplying better soldiers from their greater experience in military affairs, our cause, of course, greatly increased in strength; and long before the war ended, the subjugation of America was confessedly a hopeless task. It was not so, however, at the period to which we now allude, the fall and winter of the year '76.

It is interesting to peruse the letters of the General, containing, as they do, his views at the time; we shall, therefore, here present some passages. He wrote to his brother John, from Hackinsac, (Jersey,) where our little army was then encamped, on the 19th of November, 1776.

“It is a matter of great grief and surprise to me to find the different States so slow and inattentive to that essential business of levying their quotas of men. In

ten days from this date, there will not be above two thousand men, if that number, of the fixed established regiments on this side of Hudson's River to oppose Howe's whole army, and very little more on the other to secure the eastern colonies and the important passes leading through the Highlands to Albany, and the country about the Lakes. In short, it is impossible for me, in the compass of a letter, to give you any idea of our situation, of my difficulties, and of the constant perplexities and mortifications I meet with, derived from the unhappy policy of short enlistments, and delaying them too long. Last fall, or winter, before the army, which was then to be raised, was set about, I represented in clear and explicit terms the evils which would arise from short enlistments, the expense which must attend the raising an army every year; the futility of such an army when raised; and, if I had spoken with a prophetic spirit, I could not have foretold the evils with more accuracy than I did. All the year since, I have been pressing Congress to delay no time in engaging men upon such terms as would insure success, telling them that the longer it was delayed the more difficult it would prove. But the measure was not commenced till it was too late to be effected, and then in such a manner, as to bid adieu to every hope of getting an army, from which any services are to be expected; the different States, without regard to the qualifications of an officer, quarrelling about the appointments, and nominating such as are not fit to be shoeblacks, from the local attachments of this or that member of Assembly.

"I am wearied almost to death with the retrograde motion of things, and I solemnly protest, that a pecuniary reward of twenty thousand pounds a year would not induce me to undergo what I do; and after all, perhaps, to lose my character, as it is impossible, under such a variety of distressing circumstances, to conduct matters agreeably to public expectation, or even to the expectation of those who employ me, as they will not make proper allowances for the difficulties their own errors have occasioned.

"I am glad to find by your last letter, that your family are tolerably well recovered from the indisposition they labored under. God grant you all health and happiness. Nothing in this world would contribute so much to mine, as to be once more fixed among you in the peaceable enjoyment of my own vine and fig-tree. Adieu, my dear sir; remember me affectionately to my sister and the children, and give my compliments to those who inquire after your sincerely affectionate brother."

The plan of General Howe, before the palpable evidences of the weakness of our army, had been merely to gain a footing in Jersey, and in the next campaign, to proceed upon a more extensive course of operations. The retreat of the Americans through New Jersey opened to him earlier prospects of triumph; and he prepared to embrace the happy opportunity. The very unexpected success of our army in the battles referred to, completely frustrated his hopes, for a time at least; and induced him to curtail his proposed sphere of action, and to take measures which evinced his expectation of a much more protracted struggle.

The perplexities of Washington were much increased by a circumstance, which was the result of a breach of orders on the part of General Lee. We refer to the capture of that officer by the British. He was in command of a very considerable detachment in the northern part of Jersey; and as the troops were not particularly wanted in that quarter, and especially as it was a matter of urgent necessity that the main army should be strengthened, a junction with him was earnestly desired by Washington. For purposes of his own, he did not keep the commander-in-chief informed of his motions. Mr. Sparks says:



"Congress seemed to be as much in the dark about General Lee's plans and movements as General Washington, and on the 2d of December, they instructed a committee 'to send an express to General Lee, to know where and in what situation he and the army with him are.'—*Secret Journal*, Vol. I. p. 50."

Washington wrote frequently and earnestly to him to procure a union of their forces. On the 10th of December, '76, he says:

"Dear sir—I last night received your favor by Colonel Humpton, and were it not for the weak and feeble state of the force I have, I should highly approve of your hanging on the rear of the enemy, and establishing the post you mention; but when my situation is directly the opposite of what you suppose it to be, and when General Howe is pressing forward with the whole of his army (except the troops that were lately embarked, and a few besides left at New York,) to possess himself of Philadelphia, I cannot but request and entreat you, and this too by the advice of all the general officers with me, to march and join me with your whole force with all possible expedition. The utmost exertions, that can be made, will not be more than sufficient to save Philadelphia. Without the aid of your force, I think there is but little if any prospect of doing it. I refer you to the route, of which Major Hoops would inform you.

"The enemy are now extended along the Delaware at several places. By a prisoner, who was taken last night, I am told, that at Pennington there are two battalions of infantry, three of grenadiers, the Hessian grenadiers, the forty-second of Highlanders, and two others. Their object doubtless is to pass the river above us, or to prevent your joining me. I mention this, that you may avail yourself of the information. Do come on; your arrival may be fortunate, and, if it can be effected without delay, it may be the means of preserving a city, whose loss must prove of the most fatal consequence to the cause of America. Pray exert your influence, and bring with you all the Jersey militia you possibly can. Let them not suppose their State is lost, or in any danger, because the enemy are pushing through it. If you think General St. Clair, or General Maxwell, would be of service to command them, I would send either. I am, &c."

"General Washington wrote again, the next day, to General Lee, pressing him to hasten forward. 'Nothing less,' he observes, 'than our utmost exertions will be sufficient to prevent General Howe from possessing Philadelphia. The force I have is weak and entirely incompetent to that end. I must therefore entreat you to push on, with every possible succour you can bring.'"

Lee disobeyed him; and the result was his capture. We shall extract what Mr. Sparks says upon this head in the appendix.

"The conduct of General Lee, in neglecting to obey the orders of the Commander-in-chief, after they had been earnestly and repeatedly communicated, has drawn upon him the just and unqualified censure of historians. Nor do his letters, written at the time, afford any facts in justification of the course he chose to pursue. On the contrary, they aggravate the offence of disobedience by showing, that he had ulterior designs of his own, which he was disposed to prosecute without the concurrence of the Commander-in-chief. From his letters, in reply to those of General Washington, connected with the issue of events, it will be easy to judge of his motives and anticipations.

"Camp, 24 November, 1776.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"I have received your orders and shall endeavour to put them in execution, but question much whether I shall be able to carry with me any considerable number; not so much from a want of zeal in the men, as from their wretched condition with respect to shoes, stockings, and blankets, which the present bad weather renders more intolerable. I sent Heath orders to transport two thousand men across the river, apprise the General, and wait for further orders; but that great man (as I might have expected) intrenched himself within the letter of his instructions, and refused to part with a single file, though I undertook to replace them with a part of my own. I should march this day with Glover's brigade, but have just received

intelligence that Rogers's corps, a part of the light-horse, and another brigade, lie in so exposed a situation, as to present us the fairest opportunity of carrying them off. If we succeed, it will have a great effect, and amply compensate for two days' delay.

"I am, dear General, yours most sincerely,

"CHARLES LEE."

"In this first letter General Lee's plan is obvious. He intended to cross the river with as large a force as possible, act in a separate command, and fall upon the rear or flank of the enemy, as opportunities might offer. For this purpose he requested General Heath to send two thousand troops over the river. General Heath not only declined complying with the request, but refused to obey an order, alleging that his instructions were explicit, to employ his whole force in defence of the Highlands. (Heath's *Memoirs*, pp. 88-98.) Lee was displeased and vexed at this decision, and undertook to order two regiments away himself, but finally desisted on more mature reflection. General Washington approved the conduct of General Heath, as it was not his intention that any part of the troops under his command should be withdrawn. General Lee had lingered on the east side of the river, with the hope of obtaining the detachment he desired, till he received another letter from General Washington, to which he replied as follows.

"Peekskill, 30 November, 1776.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"I received yours last night, dated the 27th from Newark. You complain of my not being in motion sooner. I do assure you, that I have done all in my power, and shall explain my difficulties when we both have leisure. I did not succeed with Rogers, and merely owing to the timidity or caution of the enemy, who contracted themselves into a compact body very suddenly. I am in hopes I shall be able to render you more service than if I had moved sooner. I think I shall enter the province of Jersey with four thousand firm and willing troops, who will make a very important diversion; had I stirred sooner, I should have only led an inferior number of unwilling.

"The day after to-morrow we shall pass the river, when I should be glad to receive your instructions; but I could wish you would bind me as little as possible; not from any opinion, I do assure you, of my own parts, but from a persuasion that detached generals cannot have too great latitude, unless they are very incompetent indeed. Adieu, my dear Sir,

"Yours, most affectionately,

"CHARLES LEE."

"P. S. I have just been speaking with General Heath, the strictness of whose instructions a good deal distresses me. I could have replaced the force I requested, by men who are able to do stationary duty, but not to make expeditious marches. My numbers will in consequence be fewer than I promised."

"Having thus failed in procuring a reinforcement from General Heath, he passed over the river with his own troops on the 2d and 3d of December, and proceeded slowly on his march."

"Haverstraw, 4 December, 1776.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"I have received your pressing letter, since which, intelligence was sent to me, that you had quitted Brunswic, so that it is impossible to know where I can join you. But, although I should not be able to join you at all, the service which I can render you will, I hope, be full as efficacious. The northern army has already advanced nearer to Morristown than I am. I shall put myself at their head to-morrow. We shall, upon the whole, compose an army of five thousand good troops in spirits. I should imagine, dear General, that it may be of service to communicate this to the troops immediately under your command. It may encourage them, and startle the enemy. In fact their confidence must be risen to a prodigious height, if they pursue you, with so formidable a body hanging on their flank and rear.

"I shall clothe my people at the expense of the Tories, which has a doubly good effect. It puts them in spirits and comfort, and is a correction of the iniquities of the foes of liberty. It is paltry to think of our personal affairs, when the whole is

at stake; but I entreat you to order some of your suite to take out of the way of danger my favourite mare, which is at that Wilson's, three miles beyond Princeton.

"I am, dear General, yours,

"CHARLES LEE."

"Here we perceive, that, so far from complying with the pressing orders of General Washington, he suggests doubts whether he shall be able to join the main army at all, since it has removed from Brunswick, and there was an uncertainty where it could be found. The whole tenor of the letter indicates a purpose to act separately, not only with his own troops, but with those coming from the northward, of which he was about to take the command, as the oldest major-general, although Washington had given him no such instructions, but on the contrary expected those troops to march forward and join him as soon as possible."

"Chatham, 8 December, 1776.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"Major Hoops has just delivered to me your Excellency's letter. I am extremely shocked to hear that your force is so inadequate to the necessity of your situation, as I had been taught to think you had been considerably reinforced. Your last letters proposing a plan of surprises and forced marches convinced me, that there was no danger of your being obliged to pass the Delaware; in consequence of which proposals, I have put myself in a position the most convenient to co-operate with you, by attacking their rear. I cannot persuade myself, that Philadelphia is their object at present, as it is almost certain that their whole troops lately embarked have directed their course to the eastern provinces; for Spencer writes me word, that half of them have passed the Sound, and the other half turned the southwestern end of Long Island and steered eastward. I detached Colonel Varnum and Monsieur Malmedy to take the direction of the Rhode Island troops, who are without even the figure of a general. It will be difficult I am afraid to join you, but cannot I do you more service by attacking their rear? I shall look about me to-morrow, and inform you further.

"I am, dear General, yours,

"CHARLES LEE."

"The following note was addressed to General Washington, and is in the handwriting of General Lee, although he speaks of himself in the third person."

"Morristown, 11 December, 1776.

"We have three thousand men here at present, but they are so ill shod, that we have been obliged to halt these two days for want of shoes. Seven regiments of Gates's corps are on their march, but where they actually are is not certain. General Lee has sent two officers this day, one to inform him where the Delaware can be crossed above Trenton, the other to examine the road towards Burlington. As General Lee thinks he can, without great risk, cross the great Brunswick postroad, and by a forced night's march make his way to the ferry below Burlington, boats should be sent up from Philadelphia to receive him; but this scheme he only proposes, if the head of the enemy's column actually pass the river. The militia in this part of the province seem sanguine. If they could be sure of an army remaining amongst them, I believe they would raise a very considerable number."

"This was the last communication received by General Washington from General Lee. It would seem as if his idea of a junction was more distant than ever, for he talks of a project of moving towards Burlington, directly across the cordon of the enemy from Brunswick to Trenton; a project entirely at variance with all the views of the Commander-in-chief. General Lee was captured on the morning of the 12th, two days after the above note was written. What would have been his future movements must now be left to conjecture. He passed the night of the 12th, with a small guard, at a house called White's Tavern, near Baskenridge, and about three miles from the main body of his troops. A Tory had watched his motions, and given intelligence to Colonel Harcourt, who commanded a patrolling party of the enemy then in that neighbourhood, and who came suddenly upon General Lee, seized him, and carried him off a prisoner to Brunswick. Wilkinson was present and witnessed this adventure, and has described it in his *Memoirs*, Vol. I. pp. 102-106."

In a letter to his brother, dated December 18th, Washington thus describes the situation of affairs.

"I have no doubt but General Howe will still make an attempt upon Philadelphia this winter. I foresee nothing to oppose him a fortnight hence, as the time of all the troops, except those of Virginia, now reduced almost to nothing, and Smallwood's regiment of Marylanders, equally as low, will expire before the end of that time. In a word, my dear sir, if every nerve is not strained to recruit the new army with all possible expedition, I think the game is pretty nearly up, owing, in a great measure, to the insidious arts of the enemy, and disaffection of the colonies before mentioned, but principally to the ruinous policy of short enlistments, and placing too great a dependence on the militia, the evil consequences of which were foretold fifteen months ago, with a spirit almost prophetic. Before you receive this letter, you will undoubtedly have heard of the captivity of General Lee. This is an additional misfortune, and the more vexatious, as it was by his own folly and imprudence, and without a view to effect any good, that he was taken. As he went to lodge three miles out of his own camp, and within twenty of the enemy, a rascally Tory rode in the night to give notice of it to the enemy, who sent a party of light-horse that seized him, and carried him off, with every mark of triumph and indignity.

"You can form no idea of the perplexity of my situation. No man, I believe, ever had a greater choice of difficulties, and less means to extricate himself from them. However, under a full persuasion of the justice of our cause, I cannot entertain an idea that it will finally sink, though it may remain for some time under a cloud."

The motives of General Lee, it is not hard to divine. No suspicion can rest upon him of any traitorous designs. It is known, that he was, prior to his entry into the American service, an officer in the British army. There was no wish, therefore, upon his part, to fall into the enemy's hands; in fact, it was the worst possible chance that could befall him, as there was a serious intention upon their part of hanging or shooting him as a deserter from their service. The threats of most severe retaliation made by Washington and the congress, coupled with the conviction, that, having resigned his half pay before joining us, Lee was no longer connected with the British army, alone saved his life. His conduct is, therefore, attributable to different motives. The fact is, that Lee was a self-willed, obstinate, and ambitious man; of very considerable military genius and acquirements; who was anxious to be at the head of affairs, and uneasy in a subordinate situation. He was desirous to strike some blow, in a separate command, which should give him, by its éclat, special repute, particularly at a time when our affairs appeared in so critical a state. He was disappointed; and though Washington interested himself very much, both to procure his release and to make his condition as a prisoner comfortable, Lee had not magnanimity enough to forget his mortification, but allowed his temper to manifest itself subsequently at the battle of Monmouth, in a way unfortunate for himself and injurious to our cause. He was mistaken in the man with whom he had to deal; he miscalculated the decision and the energy of his commander.

It was during the trying season we have mentioned, that Wash-

ington determined to strike a blow, which might defeat the plans of the invaders, and infuse some spirit into his disheartened fellow citizens. That he had formed a plan some time before the attack at Trenton, and only waited a favourable opportunity to put it into execution, is apparent from his correspondence. In a letter to Governor Trumbull, of the 14th of December, he says:

“Your situation at the eastward is alarming; and I wish it were in my power to afford you that assistance which is requisite. You must be sensible that it is impossible for me to detach any part of my small army, when I have an enemy far superior in numbers to oppose. But I have immediately countermanded the march of General Heath’s division, which was coming down from Peekskill. It is ordered to return again to that place, and hold itself ready to move as occasion may require. General Lee’s division is so necessary to support this part of the army, that without its assistance we must inevitably be overpowered, and Philadelphia lost. I have ordered General Arnold, who was on his way down from Ticonderoga, immediately to repair to New London, or wherever his presence will be most necessary. The troops, who came down with him and General Gates, are already, from the advices I have received, so far advanced towards this army, that to countermand them now would be losing the small remainder of their services entirely, as the time of their enlistment would expire before they could possibly reach you; whereas, by coming on they may, in conjunction with my present force, and that under General Lee, enable us to attempt a stroke upon the forces of the enemy, who lie a good deal scattered, and to all appearance in a state of security. A lucky blow in this quarter would be fatal to them, and would most certainly rouse the spirits of the people, which are quite sunk by our late misfortunes.

“In the interval between the dissolution of the old and the enlistment of the new army, we must put our dependence on the public spirit and virtue of the people, who, I am sorry to say, have manifested but too small a regard to their rights and liberties in the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the citizens of Philadelphia excepted. But I hope such a spirit still exists among your people, as will convince the bold invaders, that, although they may by a superior naval force take possession of your seaport towns, yet, that they cannot penetrate and overrun your country with impunity.”

On the 23d of December, ’76, he wrote from the camp above Trenton Falls to two of his officers:

“DEAR SIR,

“The bearer is sent down to know whether your plan was attempted last night, and, if not, to inform you, that Christmas-day at night, one hour before day, is the time fixed upon for our attempt on Trenton. For Heaven’s sake, keep this to yourself, as the discovery of it may prove fatal to us; our numbers, sorry am I to say, being less than I had any conception of; but necessity, dire necessity, will, nay must, justify an attack. Prepare, and, in concert with Griffin, attack as many of their posts as you possibly can with a prospect of success; the more we can attack at the same instant, the more confusion we shall spread, and the greater good will result from it. If I had not been fully convinced before of the enemy’s designs, I have now ample testimony of their intentions to attack Philadelphia, so soon as the ice will afford the means of conveyance.

“As the colonels of the Continental regiments might kick up some dust about command, unless Cadwalader is considered by them in the light of a brigadier, which I wish him to be, I desired General Gates, who is unwell, and applied for leave to go to Philadelphia, to endeavour, if his health would permit him, to call and stay two or three days at Bristol in his way. I shall not be particular; we could not ripen matters for an attack, before the time mentioned in the first part of this letter; so much out of sorts, and so much in want of every thing, are the troops under Sullivan. The letter herewith sent, forward on to Philadelphia; I could wish

it to be in time for the southern post's departure, which will be, I believe, by eleven o'clock to-morrow.

"I am, dear sir, &c.

"P. S. I have ordered our men to be provided with three days' provisions, ready cooked, with which and their blankets they are to march; for if we are successful, which Heaven grant, and the circumstances favour, we may push on. I shall direct every ferry and ford to be well guarded, and not a soul suffered to pass without an officer's going down with the permit. Do the same with you."

During the night of the 25th, and the morning of the 26th of December, his enterprise was accomplished. Its beneficial effects can hardly be realized at the present day. It infused animation into the almost expiring energies of many of our countrymen, and produced dismay in the breasts of the invaders. Washington's own modest account of the affair we shall transcribe. It is contained in a letter to the President of Congress, under date of December 27, 1776.

"SIR,

"I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprise, which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy, lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning. The evening of the 25th I ordered the troops intended for this service to parade back of McKonkey's Ferry, that they might begin to pass as soon as it grew dark, imagining we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery, by twelve o'clock, and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice, made that night, impeded the passage of the boats so much, that it was three o'clock before the artillery could all be got over; and near four, before the troops took up their line of march. This made me despair of surprising the town, as I well knew we could not reach it before the day was fairly broke. But as I was certain there was no making a retreat without being discovered and harassed on repassing the river, I determined to push on at all events. I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road, the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them, immediately upon forcing the out-guards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form.

"The upper division arrived at the enemy's advanced post exactly at eight o'clock; and in three minutes after, I found, from the fire on the lower road, that that division had also got up. The out-guards made but small opposition, though, for their numbers, they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses. We presently saw their main body formed; but, from their motions, they seemed undetermined how to act. Being hard pressed by our troops, who had already got possession of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right, leading to Princeton. But, perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way, which immediately checked them. Finding from our disposition that they were surrounded, and that they must inevitably be cut to pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms. The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer, and seven others, were found wounded in the town. I do not exactly know how many were killed; but I fancy not above twenty or thirty, as they never made any regular stand. Our loss is very trifling indeed, only two officers and one or two privates wounded.

"I find that the detachment of the enemy consisted of the three Hessian regiments of Anspach, Kniphausen, and Rahl, amounting to about fifteen hundred men, and a troop of British light-horse; but, immediately upon the beginning of the attack, all those, who were not killed or taken, pushed directly down the road towards Bordentown. These would likewise have fallen into our hands, could my plan have been completely carried into execution. General Ewing was to have crossed before day at Trenton Ferry, and taken possession of the bridge leading out of town; but



the quantity of ice was so great, that, though he did every thing in his power to effect it, he could not get over. This difficulty also hindered General Cadwalader from crossing with the Pennsylvania militia from Bristol. He got part of his foot over; but, finding it impossible to embark his artillery, he was obliged to desist. I am fully confident, that, could the troops under Generals Ewing and Cadwalader have passed the river, I should have been able with their assistance to drive the enemy from all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me being inferior to theirs below me, and a strong battalion of light infantry being at Princeton above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town.

"In justice to the officers and men, I must add, that their behaviour upon this occasion reflects the highest honor upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night, and their march through a violent storm of snow and hail, did not in the least abate their ardor; but, when they came to the charge, each seemed to vie with the other in pressing forward; and were I to give a preference to any particular corps, I should do great injustice to the others. Colonel Baylor, my first aid-de-camp, will have the honor of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behaviour upon every occasion requires me to recommend him to your particular notice. I have the honor to be, &c."

Mr. Sparks corrects an error into which the author of the *Life of Robert Morris* has fallen; and as his exposition of the incident is interesting, we give it to our readers.

"The writer of the *Life of Robert Morris*, contained in the fifth volume of the '*Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*,' has committed a remarkable mistake in regard to the agency of that distinguished patriot in the battle of Trenton. After describing the manner in which Mr. Morris obtained a sum of money in specie, which General Washington had pressed him to supply for the purpose of procuring intelligence of the situation and designs of the enemy, the writer adds, that it 'enabled General Washington to gain the signal victory over the hireling Hessians at Trenton, which not only diminished the numerical force of the enemy, but had the necessary and important results of animating the spirit of patriotism, and checking the hopes and predictions of our enemies. Such was the instrumentality of Robert Morris in the victory of Trenton; and it may be truly remarked, that, although his own brows were unadorned with the laurels of the warrior, it was his hand, which crowned the heroes who triumphed on that day.' This statement is more rhetorical than accurate. The money was not sent, nor applied for, till *four days after* the battle of Trenton, as will appear by the date of the following letter."

"Philadelphia, 30 December, 1776.

"Sir,

"I have just received your favor of this day, and sent to General Putnam to detain the express, until I collected the hard money you want, which you may depend shall be sent in one specie or other with this letter, and a list thereof shall be enclosed herein.

"I had long since parted with very considerable sums of hard money to Congress; and therefore must collect from others, and, as matters now stand, it is no easy thing. I mean to borrow silver, and promise payment in gold, and will then collect the gold in the best manner I can. Whilst on this subject, let me inform you that there is upwards of twenty thousand dollars in silver at Ticonderoga. They have no particular use for it, and I think you might as well send a party to bring it away, and lodge it in a safe place convenient for any purposes for which it may hereafter be wanted. Whatever I can do, shall be done for the good of the service.

"I am, dear sir, &c.

"ROBERT MORRIS."

"By the list enclosed, the money sent was specified to be four hundred and ten



Spanish dollars, two English crowns, half a French crown, and ten English shillings and a half.

"The above error, in regard to the time of furnishing the supply, though it introduces confusion into history, does not diminish the value of the act on the part of Mr. Morris; and this is greatly enhanced by another circumstance of a similar kind, but of more weighty importance, which immediately followed. It will be remembered, that the period of service of nearly all the eastern troops expired on the last day of the year. Washington had then just recrossed the Delaware a second time. He prevailed on those troops to remain six weeks longer, by promising to each soldier a bounty of ten dollars. The military chest was not in a condition to permit him to fulfil this promise. On the 31st of December he stated the particulars in a letter to Robert Morris, who replied the next morning:—

"I was honored with your favor of yesterday, by Mr. Howell, late last night; and, ever solicitous to comply with your requisitions, I am up very early this morning to despatch a supply of fifty thousand dollars to your Excellency. You will receive that sum with this letter; but it will not be got away so early as I could wish, for none concerned in this movement except myself are up. I shall rouse them immediately. It gives me great pleasure, that you have engaged the troops to continue; and if further occasional supplies of money are necessary, you may depend on my exertions, either in a public or private capacity.—*MS. Letter, January 1st, 1777.*"

"Such instances of the patriotism and zeal of Robert Morris were not uncommon. Others of a like nature often occurred during the war, and on more than one occasion his private purse and credit were employed to relieve the public exigencies, with a liberality and nobleness of spirit, which must for ever entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen, and to the praise of every friend of liberty."

About the period of the battle of Trenton, Congress became sensible of the absolute necessity of taking decisive measures for the salvation of the country. Forgetting, for a time, their jealousy of power, they created the commander-in-chief *Dictator*, in the complete Roman sense of the term; and to no more temperate and patriotic hands could those vast powers have been entrusted. Washington used them with all the jealous caution which he would have exercised in watching them in the possession of another; indeed, the more he was clothed with authority, the less disposed seemed he to its exercise, except in urgent cases. He was the least likely of all men who ever lived, to "play fantastic tricks before high Heaven."

The resolve of Congress was in these words:—

"December 27th, 1776. This Congress, having maturely considered the present crisis, and having perfect reliance on the wisdom, vigor, and uprightness of General Washington, do hereby

"Resolve, That General Washington shall be, and he is hereby, vested with full, ample, and complete powers to raise and collect together, in the most speedy and effectual manner, from any or all of these United States, sixteen battalions of infantry, in addition to those already voted by Congress; to appoint officers for the said battalions of infantry; to raise, officer, and equip three thousand light-horse, three regiments of artillery, and a corps of engineers, and to establish their pay; to apply to any of the States for such aid of the militia as he shall judge necessary; to form such magazines of provisions, and in such places, as he shall think proper; to displace and appoint all officers under the rank of brigadier-general, and to fill up all vacancies in every other department in the American army; to take, wherever he may be, whatever he may want for the use of the army, if the inhabitants will not sell it, allowing a reasonable price for the same; to arrest and confine persons who refuse to take the Continental currency, or are otherwise disaffected to the

American cause; and return to the States, of which they are citizens, their names, and the nature of their offences, together with the witnesses to prove them.

"That the foregoing powers be vested in General Washington, for and during the term of six months from the date hereof, unless sooner determined by Congress."

A sort of apologetic circular was sent to the governor of each state, worded as follows:—

"Baltimore, 30 December, 1776.

"SIR,

"Ever attentive to the security of civil liberty, Congress would not have consented to the vesting of such powers in the military department, as those which the enclosed resolves convey to the Continental Commander-in-chief, if the situation of public affairs did not require at this crisis a decision and vigor, which distance and numbers deny to assemblies far removed from each other, and from the immediate seat of war.

"The strength and progress of the enemy, joined to prospects of considerable reinforcements, have rendered it not only necessary that the American forces should be augmented beyond what Congress had heretofore designed, but that they should be brought into the field with all possible expedition. These considerations induce Congress to request in the most earnest manner, that the fullest influence of your State may be exerted to aid such levies as the General shall direct, in consequence of the powers now given him; and that your quota of battalions, formerly fixed, may be completed and ordered to head-quarters with all the despatch that an ardent desire to secure the public happiness can dictate.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"JOHN HANCOCK, *President*."

Mr. Sparks well remarks:—

"To no one, who has been conspicuous in history, could the words of Ennius, as quoted by Cicero in illustration of the character of Fabius Maximus, be more appropriately applied than to Washington.

'Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem;  
Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem;  
Ergo magisque magisque viri nunc gloria claret.'

"The resolves of Congress, conferring the above powers, were transmitted to Washington by the committee, who remained in Philadelphia when the Congress adjourned to Baltimore, namely, Robert Morris, Clymer, and Walton. In their letter they said:—'We find by these resolves, that your Excellency's hands will be strengthened with very ample powers; and a new reformation of the army seems to have its origin therein. Happy it is for this country, that the General of their forces can safely be entrusted with the most unlimited power, and neither personal security, liberty, nor property, be in the least degree endangered thereby.'—*MS. Letter, December 31st.*"

The attack and surprise of the enemy at Princeton occurred, on the morning of the 3d January, '77, at sunrise, and was one of the most daring as it was one of the most successful contests during the war. The particulars are furnished in the General's letters to Congress.

Some interesting facts and letters in regard to General Arnold are also presented in these volumes. They are curious, on account of the subsequent conduct of this man; and although the dislike entertained towards him by the majority in Congress was afterwards proved to be well founded, yet it may have arisen from the same feeling of jealousy respecting superior military

abilities, which we know that body felt towards several who gave no grounds for injurious suspicions. One thing is certain, that admiration of his talents and a sense of the superior value of his services, were not confined to Washington. The slight put upon him by Congress, in passing him over in their list of appointments of majors-general, on the 19th of February, '77, (which, no doubt, embittered his mind in a high degree,) was much lamented by General Washington, and incurred also the unqualified disapproval of some of the first men in Congress. The commander in chief wrote to him on the occasion. (March 3, '77.)

"DEAR SIR,

"I must recall your attention to what I have before said on the subject of your intended attack. You must be sensible, that the most serious ill consequences may and would probably result from it, in case of failure; and prudence dictates, that it should be cautiously examined in all its points before it is attempted. Unless your strength and circumstances be such, that you can reasonably promise yourself a *moral certainty* of succeeding, I would have you by all means relinquish the undertaking, and confine yourself, in the main, to a defensive opposition. We have lately had several promotions to the rank of major-general, and I am at a loss whether you have had a preceding appointment, as the newspapers announce, or whether you have been omitted through some mistake. Should the latter be the case, I beg you will not take any hasty steps in consequence of it, but allow proper time for recollection, which I flatter myself will remedy any error that may have been made. My endeavours to that end shall not be wanting, as I am, with great respect, dear sir, yours, &c."

Arnold answered—

"I am greatly obliged to your Excellency, for interesting yourself so much in my behalf in respect to my appointment, which I have had no advice of, and know not by what means it was announced in the papers. I believe none but the printer has a mistake to rectify. Congress undoubtedly have a right of promoting those, whom, from their abilities, and their long and arduous services, they esteem most deserving. Their promoting junior officers to the rank of major-generals, I view as a very civil way of requesting my resignation, as unqualified for the office I hold. My commission was conferred unsolicited, and received with pleasure only as a means of serving my country. With equal pleasure I resign it, when I can no longer serve my country with honor. The person, who, void of the nice feelings of honor, will tamely condescend to give up his right, and retain a commission at the expense of his reputation, I hold as a disgrace to the army, and unworthy of the glorious cause in which we are engaged. When I entered the service of my country, my character was unimpeached. I have sacrificed my interest, ease, and happiness in her cause. It is rather a misfortune, than a fault, that my exertions have not been crowned with success. I am conscious of the rectitude of my intentions. In justice, therefore, to my own character, and for the satisfaction of my friends, I must request a court of inquiry into my conduct; and, though I sensibly feel the ingratitude of my countrymen, yet every personal injury shall be buried in my zeal for the safety and happiness of my country, in whose cause I have repeatedly fought and bled, and am ready at all times to risk my life. I shall cautiously avoid any hasty step (in consequence of the appointments which have taken place), that may tend to the injury of my country."

—Letter, dated at Providence, March 11th.

Again, "In my last I intimated to your Excellency the impossibility of my remaining in a disagreeable situation in the army. My being superseded must be viewed as an implicit impeachment of my character. I therefore requested a court of inquiry into my conduct. I believe the time is now at hand, when I can leave this department without any damage to the public interest. When that is the case,

I will wait on your Excellency, not doubting my request will be granted, and that I shall be able to acquit myself of every charge, which malice or envy can bring against me."—*March 26th.*

He was deterred from persisting in his demand of a court of inquiry, by the following letter from Washington.

"Morristown, 3 April, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,

"It is needless for me to say much upon a subject, which must undoubtedly give you a good deal of uneasiness. I confess I was surprised when I did not see your name in the list of major-generals, and was so fully of opinion, that there was some mistake in the matter, that, as you may recollect, I desired you not to take any hasty step, before the intention of Congress was fully known. The point does not now admit of a doubt, and is of so delicate a nature, that I will not even undertake to advise. Your own feelings must be your guide. As no particular charge is alleged against you, I do not see upon what ground you can demand a court of inquiry. Besides, public bodies are not amenable for their actions. They place and displace at pleasure; and all the satisfaction an individual can obtain, when he is overlooked, is, if innocent, a consciousness that he has not deserved such treatment for his honest exertions. Your determination not to quit your present command, while any danger to the public might ensue from your leaving it, deserves my thanks, and justly entitles you to the thanks of your country.

"General Greene, who has lately been at Philadelphia, took occasion to inquire upon what principle the Congress proceeded in their late promotion of general officers. He was informed, that the members from each State seemed to insist upon having a proportion of general officers, adequate to the number of men which they furnish, and that, as Connecticut had already two major-generals, it was their full share. I confess this is a strange mode of reasoning; but it may serve to show you, that the promotion, which was due to your seniority, was not overlooked for want of merit in you.

"I am, dear sir, yours, &c."

Arnold's subsequent bravery and conduct, in an attack by the British at Danbury, Connecticut, influenced Congress so powerfully, that, as Mr. Sparks says—

"Immediately after receiving the intelligence of Arnold's brave conduct at Danbury, Congress promoted him to the appointment of major-general, although, owing to his having been superseded on the 19th of February, he now ranked below several officers, whom he had commanded. A few days afterwards, Congress likewise resolved, 'That the quarter-master-general be directed to procure a horse, and present the same, properly caparisoned, to Major-General Arnold, in the name of this Congress, as a token of their approbation of his gallant conduct in the action against the enemy in their late enterprise to Danbury, in which General Arnold had one horse shot under him, and another wounded.'—*Journals, May 20th.*"

Congress, for a time, nevertheless, refused to restore him to the rank he had lost by being previously omitted in the list of appointments. The editor again says—

"Arnold was unsuccessful in applying to Congress for the restoration of his rank. His enemies in that assembly seem to have been more numerous than his friends, though they were compelled by the public voice to render at least a show of justice to his acts of extraordinary bravery and military conduct. Richard Henry Lee wrote in Congress to Mr. Jefferson, May 20th, as follows. 'One plan, now in frequent use, is to assassinate the characters of the friends of America, in every place, and by every means. At this moment they are now reading in Congress an audacious attempt of this kind against the brave General Arnold.'—*Life of R. H. Lee, Vol. II. p. 38.*"

We have devoted so much space to the contents of the fourth volume, that we can give but a brief sketch of the remaining book; its pages will be found as worthy of attentive notice as the other. Notwithstanding so much has been written of late, in regard to Lafayette, even the reader of the comprehensive orations of Messrs. Adams and Everett will peruse with interest the note upon that distinguished individual by Mr. Sparks, in the appendix to the fifth volume. The original letters of Lafayette possess great interest.

We must also dismiss, as too long for particular notice, the "Conway Cabal." All the letters that have been preserved and could be found upon the topic, are presented in this work. It is, of course, of interest now, only as one among many proofs of the severe trials which our illustrious chief endured in the revolutionary contest; and an instance, also, of the deep blindness to which party spirit and private ambition can reduce even men distinguished as were Mifflin and Gates—we may add, too, a Rush and a Lee. Fortunate, indeed, was the failure of the attempt to eject Washington from the station he occupied. We will not say, that, in such an event, the revolution would not actually have been accomplished; but we do not hesitate to assert, that protracted, long beyond a seven years' war, would have been the struggle; and its end might have witnessed the direful strife of contending military chieftains for the mastery of their country. God preserved our leader from the bullets of the enemy, and from the foul treachery of the dark cabal.

It is known, that after leaving the Jerseys and New York, the enemy, pursuing their intention of capturing Philadelphia, came round by sea, and landed a few miles below the head of Elk, in the State of Maryland. The battle of Brandywine, which was fought to preserve the capital of Pennsylvania, occurred on the 11th of September, 1777. In that fight, though indeed the British troops were in every respect our superiors, it must be confessed that the enemy outmanœuvred us. It has been generally supposed, that the battle was lost by the fault of General Sullivan; Mr. Sparks successfully vindicates his military character, inasmuch as that officer was deceived by false intelligence. Both Congress and Washington, after inquiry, exculpated him. The occupation of Philadelphia soon followed, but by the constant energy and foresight of the American commander, the enemy gained little more than the honour of the capture of that great city.

About the attack upon the British at Germantown, on the 4th of October, of the same year, we shall say a word, as, independently of the evidence it furnished of the daring courage, yet prudent arrangements of Washington, it would, but for an entirely accidental circumstance, have proved the most important in its

results of any single battle during the war, and might, in fact, have ended the contest. The victory vanished when just about to be grasped.

The cause of the failure of the plan of the Americans was the intervention of an unusually heavy fog, which completely hid the different divisions of our troops from each other; and struck a sudden panic into the militia of our army, at the very moment when the British were preparing for a full retreat. This circumstance is dwelt upon in all the communications of the officers upon the subject. Washington says in his letter to the President of Congress, 5th October, '77—

“We marched about seven o'clock the preceding evening, and General Sullivan's advanced party, drawn from Conway's brigade, attacked their picket at Mount Airy, or Mr. Allen's house, about sunrise the next morning, which presently gave way; and his main body, consisting of the right wing, following soon, engaged the light infantry and other troops encamped near the picket, which they forced from their ground. Leaving their baggage, they retreated a considerable distance, having previously thrown a party into Mr. Chew's house, who were in a situation not to be easily forced, and had it in their power, from the windows, to give us no small annoyance, and in a great measure to obstruct our advance.

“The attack from our left column, under General Greene, began about three quarters of an hour after that from the right, and was for some time equally successful. But I cannot enter upon the particulars of what happened in that quarter, as I am not yet informed of them with sufficient certainty and precision. The morning was extremely foggy, which prevented our improving the advantages we gained, so well as we should otherwise have done. This circumstance, by concealing from us the true situation of the enemy, obliged us to act with more caution and less expedition than we could have wished; and gave the enemy time to recover from the effects of our first impression; and, what was still more unfortunate, it served to keep our different parties in ignorance of each other's movements and hinder their acting in concert. It also occasioned them to mistake one another for the enemy, which I believe more than any thing else contributed to the misfortune that ensued. In the midst of the most promising appearances, when every thing gave the most flattering hopes of victory, the troops began suddenly to retreat, and entirely left the field, in spite of every effort that could be made to rally them.”

Again, on the 18th, to his brother:

“Philadelphia County, 18 October, 1777.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“When my last to you was dated I know not; for truly I can say, that my whole time is so much engrossed, that I have scarcely a moment, but sleeping ones, for relaxation, or to indulge myself in writing to a friend. The anxiety you have been under, on account of this army, I can easily conceive. Would to God there had been less cause for it; or that our situation at present was such as to promise much. The enemy crossed the Schuylkill (which, by the by, above the Falls is as easily crossed in any place as Potomac Run, Aquia, or any other broad, shallow water) rather by stratagem; though I do not know, that it was in our power to prevent it, as their manœuvres made it necessary for us to attend to our stores, which lay at Reading, towards which they seemed bending their course, and the loss of which must have proved our ruin. After they had crossed, we took the first favourable opportunity of attacking them.

“This was attempted by a night's march of fourteen miles to surprise them, which we effectually did, so far as to reach their guards before they had notice of our coming; and if it had not been for a thick fog, which rendered it so dark at times that we were not able to distinguish friend from foe at the distance of thirty yards, we should, I believe, have made a decisive and glorious day of it. But Providence designed it otherwise; for after we had driven the enemy a mile or two, after they



were in the utmost confusion and flying before us in most places, after we were upon the point, as it appeared to every body, of grasping a complete victory, our own troops took fright and fled with precipitation and disorder. How to account for this, I know not; unless, as I before observed, the fog represented their own friends to them for a reinforcement of the enemy, as we attacked in different quarters at the same time, and were about closing the wings of our army when this happened. One thing, indeed, contributed not a little to our misfortune, and that was a want of ammunition on the right wing, which began the engagement, and in the course of two hours and forty minutes, which time it lasted, had, many of them, expended the forty rounds, that they took into the field. After the engagement we removed to a place about twenty miles from the enemy, to collect our forces together, to take care of our wounded, get furnished with necessaries again, and be in a better posture, either for offensive or defensive operations. We are now advancing towards the enemy again, being at this time within twelve miles of them."

The important results of this battle are alluded to, in the following extract from Mr. Sparks's note.

"When General Washington's letter to Congress, describing the battle, was read, a resolution was unanimously adopted, 'That the thanks of Congress be given to General Washington, for his wise and well-concerted attack upon the enemy's army near Germantown, on the 4th instant, and to the officers and soldiers of the army for their brave exertions on that occasion; Congress being well satisfied, that the best designs and boldest efforts may sometimes fail by unforeseen incidents, trusting that, on future occasions, the valor and virtue of the army will, by the blessing of Heaven, be crowned with complete and deserved success.'—*Journals*, October 8th.

"Although this battle was a failure in a military view, yet, politically considered, it was eminently important. At the first interview between Count Vergennes and the American Commissioners on the subject of a treaty of alliance, December 12th, 1777, the minister, after complimenting them on the prosperous state of affairs in America, and conversing for some time on the situation of the two armies, said, 'that nothing had struck him so much as General Washington's attacking and giving battle to General Howe's army; that to bring an army, raised within a year, to this, promised every thing.'—*Life of Arthur Lee*, Vol. I. p. 360. It has been usually supposed, that Burgoyne's defeat was the turning point with the French; but the above fact, related by one of the commissioners who was present, is a proof that the operations of General Washington's army had their due weight in the scale."

The treaty with France, concluded in February 1778, was considered as securing our independence, which had already been put in a fair train of accomplishment. It may be interesting just now to recur to the feelings of the country towards our then ally, and the sense that was entertained of the value of her aid. Mr. Sparks says in a note to p. 357, vol. 5.

"There were fears at this time, that the country, confiding in the aid and prowess of France, now pledged to sustain American Independence, would remit the necessary exertions for carrying on the war. The favorable result of the contest was now considered as beyond a doubt. Even Washington said, in a letter to General Putnam, of the same date as the above, 'I hope that the fair, and, I may say, *certain* prospect of success will not induce us to relax.' Robert Morris also, in a letter to General Washington, thus wrote. 'When I congratulate your Excellency on the great good news lately received from France, you will not expect me to express my feelings. Were I in your company, my countenance might show, but my pen cannot describe them. Most sincerely do I give you joy. Our independence is undoubtedly secured; our country must be free.'—*May 9th*."

Washington issued the following order to the army—

"*From the Orderly Book, May 6th*.—It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally to raise us



up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our liberty and independency upon a lasting foundation; it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the divine goodness, and celebrating the important event, which we owe to his divine interposition. The several brigades are to be assembled for this purpose at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, when their chaplains will communicate the intelligence contained in the Postscript of the Pennsylvania Gazette of the 2d instant, and offer up thanksgiving, and deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion. At half after ten o'clock a cannon will be fired, which is to be a signal for the men to be under arms; the brigade-inspectors will then inspect their dress and arms and form the battalions according to the instructions given them, and announce to the commanding officers of the brigade that the battalions are formed.

"The commanders of brigades will then appoint the field-officers to the battalions, after which each battalion will be ordered to load and ground their arms. At half past eleven a second cannon will be fired as a signal for the march, upon which the several brigades will begin their march by wheeling to the right by platoons, and proceed by the nearest way to the left of their ground by the new position; this will be pointed out by the brigade-inspectors. A third signal will then be given, on which there will be a discharge of thirteen cannon; after which a running fire of the infantry will begin on the right of Woodford's, and continue throughout the front line; it will then be taken up on the left of the second line and continue to the right. Upon a signal given, the whole army will huzza, *Long live the King of France*; the artillery then begins again and fires thirteen rounds; this will be succeeded by a second general discharge of the musketry in a running fire, and huzza, *Long live the friendly European Powers*. The last discharge of thirteen pieces of artillery will be given, followed by a general running fire, and huzza, *The American States*."

The editor continues—

"The following is an extract from a letter, written by an officer who was present. 'Last Wednesday was set apart as a day of general rejoicing, when we had a *feu de joie* conducted with the greatest order and regularity. The army made a most brilliant appearance; after which his Excellency dined in public, with all the officers of his army, attended with a band of music. I never was present where there was such unfeigned and perfect joy, as was discovered in every countenance. The entertainment was concluded with a number of patriotic toasts, attended with huzzas. When the General took his leave, there was a universal clap, with loud huzzas, which continued till he had proceeded a quarter of a mile, during which time there were a thousand hats tossed in the air. His Excellency turned round with his retinue, and huzzaed several times.'—*Valley Forge, May 9th*."

The enemy evacuated Philadelphia on the 18th of June, '78, and retreated through the Jerseys. Washington followed with the intention of attacking them. The battle of Monmouth took place on the 28th of the same month. This was one of the best arranged attacks upon the British during the whole war, and, but for the extraordinary behaviour of General Lee, would have been one of the most successful. We shall make copious extracts concerning this officer's conduct.

Lee was a singular man. His letters are very amusing. He wrote, in April, to Washington—

"You must know, that it has long been the object of my studies how to form an army in the most simple manner possible. I once wrote a treatise, though I did not publish it, for the use of the militia of England. By reading Machiavel's *Institutions*, and Marshal Saxe, I have taken it into my head, that I understand it better than almost any man living. In short, I am mounting on a hobby-horse of my own training, and it runs away with me. Indeed I am so infatuated with it, that I cannot forbear boasting its excellences on all occasions to friends and enemies. You must excuse me, therefore, if I could not forbear recommending the beast to some members of Congress."—*MS Letter, April 13th*.

Mr. Sparks relates the following anecdote:

"Soon after General Lee rejoined the army at Valley Forge, a curious incident occurred. By an order of Congress, General Washington was required to administer the oath of allegiance to the general officers. The major-generals stood around Washington, and took hold of a Bible together according to the usual custom; but, just as he began to administer the oath, Lee deliberately withdrew his hand twice. This movement was so singular, and was performed in so odd a manner, that the officers smiled, and Washington inquired the meaning of his hesitancy. Lee replied, 'As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him, but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales.' The strangeness of this reply was such, that the officers burst into a broad laugh, and even Washington could not refrain from a smile. The ceremony was of course interrupted. It was renewed as soon as a composure was restored proper for the solemnity of the occasion, and Lee took the oath with the other officers. Connected with the subsequent conduct of General Lee, this incident was thought by some, who were acquainted with it, to have a deeper meaning than at first appeared, and to indicate a less ardent and fixed patriotism towards the United States, than was consistent with the rank and professions of the second officer in the command of the American forces."

It having been determined in a council of war to attack the enemy, and Lee disapproving of the measure—the account by Mr. S. proceeds—

"From General Lee's rank the advanced detachment fell under his command, although he was totally opposed to the measure adopted. Lafayette went to Washington, reminded him of this embarrassment, and offered to take command of the attacking division. Washington said, that such an arrangement would be entirely agreeable to him, but that it could not be effected without the previous consent of General Lee. When Lafayette applied to Lee, he very readily assented, saying that he disapproved of the plans of the Commander-in-chief, that he was sure they would fail, and that he was willing to be relieved from any responsibility in carrying them into execution. Lafayette immediately took command of his division, and marched towards the enemy. After reflecting upon the matter, Lee wrote to General Washington as follows.

GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Camp, at Kingston, 25 June, 1778.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"When I first assented to the Marquis de Lafayette's taking the command of the present detachment, I confess I viewed it in a very different light from that in which I view it at present. I considered it as a more proper business of a young, volunteering general, than of the second in command in the army; but I find it is considered in a different manner. They say that a corps consisting of six thousand men, the greater part chosen, is undoubtedly the most honorable command next to the commander-in-chief; that my ceding it would of course have an odd appearance. I must intreat, therefore, after making a thousand apologies for the trouble my rash assent has occasioned you, that, if this detachment does march, I may have the command of it. So far personally; but, to speak as an officer, I do not think that this detachment ought to march at all, until at least the head of the enemy's right column has passed Cranberry; then, if it is necessary to march the whole army, I cannot see any impropriety in the Marquis's commanding this detachment, or a greater, as an advanced guard of the army; but if this detachment, with Maxwell's corps, Scott's, Morgan's, and Jackson's, is to be considered as a separate, chosen, active corps, and put under the Marquis's command until the enemy leave the Jerseys, both myself and Lord Stirling will be disgraced. I am, dear General, yours, &c.

"CHARLES LEE."

"As Washington had already given the command to the Marquis, it could not with propriety be withdrawn without his consent. Lee applied to him for the purpose, but the Marquis said he could not without great reluctance give up the command; that it had been yielded to him freely, and he was particularly desirous of

retaining it. This was on the second day before the battle, and there was a prospect that the enemy would be overtaken during the day. After Lee had urged the point, and appealed to the generosity and magnanimity of the Marquis, the latter at length agreed that if he did not come up with the enemy so as to make an attack that day, he would then resign the command. Lee had already been detached with a smaller division, but was instructed not to interfere with the Marquis, if he had concerted any definite plan of attacking the enemy. The day passed over without coming to an action, and late at night Lafayette wrote a note to Lee resigning the command. The result, in regard to General Lee, is well known. The battle took place the next day, in the midst of which Lee retreated, contrary to the expectations of the Commander-in-chief, and in such a manner as to threaten the most serious consequences to the army. He was met by Washington while retreating, and was addressed by him in a tone of reprimand and censure, which wounded the pride of Lee, and gave rise to the following correspondence.

## GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Camp, English Town, 1 July [29 June?], 1778.

"Sir,

"From the knowledge I have of your Excellency's character, I must conclude that nothing but the misinformation of some very stupid, or misrepresentation of some very wicked person, could have occasioned your making use of so very singular expressions as you did on my coming up to the ground where you had taken post. They implied that I was guilty, either of disobedience of orders, want of conduct, or want of courage. Your Excellency will therefore infinitely oblige me, by letting me know on which of these three articles you ground your charge, that I may prepare for my justification, which I have the happiness to be confident I can do to the army, to the Congress, to America, and to the world in general. Your Excellency must give me leave to observe, that neither yourself, nor those about your person, could, from your situation, be in the least judges of the merits or demerits of our manœuvres; and, to speak with a becoming pride, I can assert that to these manœuvres the success of the day was entirely owing. I can boldly say, that had we remained on the first ground, or had we advanced, or had the retreat been conducted in a manner different from what it was, this whole army and the interests of America would have risked being sacrificed. I ever had, and hope ever shall have, the greatest respect and veneration for General Washington. I think him endowed with many great and good qualities; but in this instance I must pronounce that he has been guilty of an act of cruel injustice towards a man, who certainly has some pretensions to the regard of every servant of this country. And I think, sir, I have a right to demand some reparation for the injury committed; and, unless I can obtain it, I must, in justice to myself, when this campaign is closed, which I believe will close the war, retire from a service at the head of which is placed a man capable of offering such injuries. But at the same time, in justice to you, I must repeat, that I from my soul believe, that it was not a motion of your own breast, but instigated by some of those dirty carwigs, who will for ever insinuate themselves near persons in high office; for I really am convinced, that when General Washington acts from himself, no man in his army will have reason to complain of injustice or indecorum. I am, sir, and hope I ever shall have reason to continue, your most sincerely devoted humble servant.

"CHARLES LEE."

## GENERAL WASHINGTON TO GENERAL LEE.

"Head-Quarters, English Town, 30 June, 1778.

"Sir,

"I received your letter (dated, through mistake, the 1st of July), expressed, as I conceive, in terms highly improper. I am not conscious of having made use of any very singular expressions at the time of meeting you, as you intimate. What I recollect to have said was dictated by duty, and warranted by the occasion. As soon as circumstances will permit, you shall have an opportunity of justifying yourself to the army, to Congress, to America, and to the world in general, or of convincing them that you were guilty of a breach of orders, and of misbehaviour before the enemy, on the 28th instant, in not attacking them as you had been directed, and in

making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat. I am, sir, your most obedient servant.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Camp, 28 [30?] June, 1778.\*

"Sir,

"I beg your Excellency's pardon for the inaccuracy in misdating my letter. You cannot afford me greater pleasure than in giving me the opportunity of showing to America the sufficiency of her respective servants. I trust that temporary power of office, and the tinsel dignity attending it, will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to offuscate the bright rays of truth. In the mean time your Excellency can have no objection to my retiring from the army. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

"CHARLES LEE."

GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Camp, 30 June, 1778.

"Sir,

"Since I had the honor of addressing my letter by Colonel Fitzgerald to your Excellency, I have reflected on both your situation and mine, and beg leave to observe, that it will be for our mutual convenience that a court of inquiry should be immediately ordered; but I could wish that it might be a court-martial; for, if the affair is drawn into length, it may be difficult to collect the necessary evidences, and perhaps might bring on a paper war betwixt the adherents to both parties, which may occasion some disagreeable feuds on the continent; for all are not my friends, nor all your admirers. I must entreat therefore, from your love of justice, that you will immediately exhibit your charge, and that on the first halt I may be brought to a trial; and am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

"CHARLES LEE."

GENERAL WASHINGTON TO GENERAL LEE.

"Head-Quarters, English Town, 30 June, 1778.

"Sir,

"Your letter by Colonel Fitzgerald, and also one of this date, have been duly received. I have sent Colonel Scammell, the Adjutant-General, to put you in arrest, who will deliver you a copy of the charges on which you will be tried. I am, sir, your most obedient servant.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

CHARGES AGAINST GENERAL LEE.

"*First*: Disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June, agreeably to repeated instructions.

"*Secondly*: Misbehaviour before the enemy on the same day, by making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat.

"*Thirdly*: Disrespect to the Commander-in-chief, in two letters, dated the 1st of July and 28th of June."

"The court-martial was convened on the 4th of July, consisting of one major-general, four brigadiers, and eight colonels. Lord Stirling was president. The court sat, from time to time, till the 12th of August, when they declared their opinion, that General Lee was guilty of all the charges, and sentenced him to be suspended from any command in the armies of the United States, for the term of twelve months. The testimony at the trial was extremely full, and it exhibits a minute detail of the operations in the battle of Monmouth. Congress approved the sentence of the court-

\* "This letter, in the original, is dated June 28th, which is evidently a mistake, because that was the day of the battle; and moreover it must have been written after the preceding one from General Washington, to which it is an answer. Hence both of General Lee's offensive letters were erroneously dated."

martial, by a vote of thirteen in the affirmative and seven in the negative, and ordered the *Proceedings* of the court to be published."

Washington's delicacy was strongly exemplified in his communications to Congress upon the subject; and that body entertained the highest sense of his conduct in the battle. President Laurens wrote to him—

"I arrived here on Thursday last, but hitherto have not collected a sufficient number of States to form a Congress; consequently I have received no commands. Your Excellency will therefore be pleased to accept this as the address of an individual, intended to assure you, sir, of my hearty congratulations with my countrymen, on the success of the American arms under your immediate command at the battle of Monmouth, and more particularly of my own happiness in the additional glory achieved by you in retrieving the honor of these States in the moment of an alarming dilemma. It is not my design to attempt encomiums. I am as unequal to the task as the act is unnecessary. Love and respect for your Excellency are impressed on the heart of every grateful American, and your name will be revered by posterity. Our acknowledgments are especially due to Heaven for the preservation of your person, necessarily exposed for the salvation of America to the most imminent danger on the late occasion.—*MS. Letter, July 7th.*"

In our observations upon the first two volumes of this publication, we made a remark upon the question of the authorship of the papers bearing Washington's name. We find in the fifth volume a note of Mr. Sparks, which bears upon the point, and which we shall extract. There can be but little doubt of the correctness of this gentleman's reasoning and conclusions. He is speaking of a report to Congress on the general organization and management of the army.

"In the *Life of Alexander Hamilton*, Vol. I. p. 174, it is said of this paper, that 'it is manifestly the work of Colonel Hamilton.' This inference is drawn from the circumstance, that a draft exists in his handwriting. But it was, in fact, the work of many hands. There are few points in the paper itself, which are not contained or intimated in some of the communications of the general officers. As one of General Washington's aids, it was natural that Colonel Hamilton should be employed to arrange and condense the materials into the proper form of a report, especially as no one connected with the General's family was better qualified to execute the task, both from his knowledge of the subject and his ability. This is the only sense in which it can be considered as his work. Indeed, whoever is accustomed to consult the manuscripts of public documents, will often be led into error, if he ascribes the *authorship* of every paper to the person in whose handwriting it may be found. This remark has particular force, when applied to the important papers to which Washington affixed his name. They were always the results of patient thought and investigation on his own part, aided by such light as he could collect from others, in whose intelligence and judgment he could confide. Whatever pen he may have employed to embody these results, it may be laid down as a rule, to which there is no exception, that the writer aimed to express as clearly and compactly as he could, what he knew to be the sentiments of Washington. The fact alone can account for the extraordinary uniformity in style, modes of expression, and turns of thought, which prevail throughout the immense body of Washington's letters, from his earliest youth to the end of his life. It will seldom be accurate to say, in regard to any of his papers, that the person, in whose handwriting they may be found, was their *author*; nor indeed is it believed, that there is in history an instance of a public man, who was, in the genuine sense of the term, more emphatically the author of the papers, which received the sanction of his name."

We cannot conclude our review of these letters without no-

ting the vein of piety which so many of them exhibit. A lowly dependence upon God was a feature of Washington's character, that claims our instant respect; and which, while we so justly accord to him the appellation of *great*, amply justifies the nobler addition of *good*.

---

**ART. V.—*A Sketch of Chinese History, Ancient and Modern: comprising a retrospect of the Foreign Intercourse and Trade with China. Illustrated by a new and corrected Map of the Empire.* BY THE REV. CHARLES GUTZLAFF, now, and for many years past, resident in that Country. 2 vols. pp. 312 and 380. New York. John P. Haven: 1834.**

THE Celestial Empire, as its inhabitants proudly style it, has long excited the interest of the European race. The earliest profane historians had heard of a civilized people beyond the countries inhabited by the wandering tribes of Scythia, more just than the rest of the human race; and it is no stretch of imagination to conceive that this people, to whom the early Greeks, hearing of them from nations residing in the north, ascribed a position under the poles, were the Chinese, who even then had adopted the lofty code of morals which they still teach, if they do not practise.

In later times, at the close of the dark ages of Europe, a family of Venetian merchants, the Polos, penetrated into this remote region, and returning loaded with wealth, excited the imagination of poets, and roused the enterprise of navigators, with visions of the riches and power of the Empire of Cathay, and its vast and populous capital Cambalu. Such visions played before the eyes of Columbus, when he launched his bark into an unexplored ocean; and he died under the persuasion that instead of having given a new world to the inhabitants of Europe, he had penetrated to some of the remote provinces of the fabulous empires of China and Japan.

When de Gama had shown the way from the Atlantic to the ocean of India, Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch and English in succession, visited the seaports of China. Here they found a civilization and useful arts in many respects more advanced than their own; and when we consider of what materials the earlier expeditions were composed, how rude and ignorant were the crews of the vessels by which these navigations were accomplished, how fierce and lawless even the most accomplished of their officers, we have no reason to wonder that they were stig-



matized by the enlightened part of the Chinese as barbarians; a term of reproach, that, in spite of the advances since made in European civilization, is still applied to all strangers who visit the empire.

The superiority which the Chinese arrogate to themselves, if not founded on the existing state of things, is well supported upon recollections of the past. When Thebes and Nineveh were the boast of the western nations, the progenitors of the Chinese were not behind the Egyptian and Assyrian empires in civilization. When the Latin eagle reached its remotest eyrie in the mountains of Armenia, Chinese armies manœuvred on the eastern shores of the Caspian; and when Attila thundered at the gates of Rome, he led hordes expelled from the neighbourhood of the great wall, by the address of Chinese diplomacy.

The inventions on which modern nations pride themselves, are of separate and remote origin in China; the magnetic needle directed armies and caravans, in the deserts of Central Asia, and pointed out the course of junks from Canton to the Persian Gulf, while European navigators had no more certain guide than the stars; the walls of the cities of Persia and Bucharía, yielded to the force of Chinese gunpowder, when the most formidable weapon of Europe was the bow. Paper was abundantly manufactured in China, when the monks of Italy were erasing the precious writings of the ancients in order to obtain materials on which to inscribe the legends of saints; the writings of Confucius were multiplied by the art of printing ages before Faust was accused of magic; and paper money, on which the administration of "the most enlightened nation upon earth" is now engaged in *experimenting*, was issued at Peking to pay the armies which occupied Bagdad and overthrew the throne of the Caliphs.

In the regions which extend from the Caspian and Persian Gulf westward to the Atlantic ocean, civilization and the arts have been constantly fluctuating and changing their seats. Thebes, Jerusalem, Nineveh, Babylon, Persepolis, Athens, Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Bagdad, and Cordova, have in succession stood first, as seats of learning and science. Each in its turn lost its superiority by violence, and much of the improvement previously obtained was lost at each convulsion. Yet upon the whole, the progress of the human mind has been onwards, and in the intervals of repose more was generally gained than had been lost in the preceding catastrophe. The annals of China present a very different history. A small tribe composed but of a few families, attained at an early date a degree of refinement, probably unequalled by any contemporary nation. Partly by arms and partly by the arts of peace, the neighbouring barbarians were united and amalgamated with them, until a degree



of wealth and power was attained, which excited the cupidity or alarmed the jealousy of the rude and savage nations of the North of Asia. With these, for more than thirty centuries, Chinese civilization has maintained a constant and triumphant contest; when threatened with invasion, policy has turned the arms of one tribe against another, or united enemies with the body of the nation; when actually conquered by arms, the triumph of the conquerors has been changed into a defeat, and the new rulers have yielded to the unaltering laws of the Celestial Empire.

The evidence of all history shows that different races possess different capacities for intellectual improvement. That which gave birth to the Empire of China, must have been favoured in this respect in a very high degree. The continual mixture with Mongolian, Turkish and Tongusian blood, appears to have limited this capacity; or perhaps the successive additions made to the nation have been dazzled by the superiority of the original Chinese to such a degree as to conceive their arts, their literature, and their science, incapable of further improvement. To whichever of these causes we may ascribe the result, it is not the less remarkable that ages have elapsed since any advance has been made in these directions. The arts of China are directed by the same receipts which Marco Polo saw in use; her modern literature aspires to no other merit than that of a close imitation of ancient models, and science has degenerated into servile adherence to the rules of bygone times. Two enlightened conquerors, Kublai Khan and Khang-Hi, not only adopted all which they admired in the subjugated nation, but would willingly have engrafted upon it, the one the learning of the Arabs, the other the sciences of modern Europe, but the inertia of Chinese mind was not to be moved by their endeavours, and their successors were speedily wrapped in that dream of fancied superiority, which rejects the introduction of every thing foreign.

China proper is itself a large and extensive country, possessed of a fertile soil, and such variety of climate as adapts it to the most valuable productions of temperate climates, and admits, in the south, of the cultivation of the fruits of the tropics. Situated under the same parallels with our own middle and southern states, occupying like them the eastern shore of a great continent, there is an analogy in temperature and vicissitudes of season that is very remarkable. But while our country is thinly covered by an active moving population, which seeks new outlets for its increase in the fertile regions of the west, China, bounded by barren deserts or sterile mountains, has been for ages compelled to provide for the settlement and support of its redundant population, in the artificial increase of the resources of its own soil. Thus morasses have been reclaimed, mountains cut into terraces,

and the suburbs of cities constructed upon boats. By such means, and the exercise of strict frugality, China suffices to support a population unequalled by any other country: taking the official census as a basis, our author rates it at 367 millions. The accuracy of this he has himself tested by the examination of small separate districts, in all of which he has found the census of the government in defect rather than in excess. Another Chinese authority quoted by Remusat, makes the population no more than 140 millions, but this is acknowledged to be wrong.

The Chinese are usually stated by writers on natural history to belong to the Mongol or yellow variety of the human race. But if we even admit the correctness of the mode of classification, the Chinese do not strictly belong to it, as a body. In the southern provinces, indeed, exposure to the sun and air has darkened the colour of the labouring classes, and in every part the peculiar obliquity of the eyes may be remarked; but in the northern districts, the people are as fair as Europeans of the same latitude, and high born females exhibit as brilliant a complexion as the natives of Spain or France. In addition, the facial angle would place many Chinese in the Caucasian race.

If we were to believe the Chinese themselves, and the European writers who have relied upon the authority of Chinese writers, we should infer that a complete history had existed in official records from 2207 years before our æra, and that they had then even a knowledge of the length of the year, founded upon astronomical observation. The origin of the empire is carried up to Foh-hi, several centuries farther back, and posterior to whom happened an inundation which we cannot avoid considering the same as the deluge of Noah. These pretensions to antiquity cannot be supported. The Chinese account for the meagreness of their ancient annals by the destruction of the books and records by Chi-Hoang-Ti, an emperor of the Tsin dynasty, in the year 213 B. C. But he preserved the genealogy of his own family, and the writings of the religious sect of which he was a follower. In a succeeding dynasty, the historic books of Confucius were written down from the recollection of an aged follower of his doctrine, and subsequently a copy was found, which had escaped the catastrophe. To judge from internal evidence, a part at least of this work is a moral fiction, intended to point out by example the character of a good prince, and when it is probably historical, it by no means warrants the superstructure which has been reared upon it. Thus of seventeen emperors, which the modern compilers of annals reckon in the third or Hea dynasty, when authentic history is said to begin, no more than three are mentioned by Confucius, while he who is now called the founder of the dynasty, appears only in the subordinate character of minister.

The earliest regular historian of the Chinese empire, Se-ma-tsien, published his work about ninety-seven years before Christ, and does not venture to fix any date with certainty previous to 841 B. C., under the dynasty of the Tcheou. Those historians, however, who are now generally followed—for nearly all intermediate writers are rejected as schismatics in religion—flourished under the two dynasties of the Song, which governed China from 960 A.D. to 1278 A.D.; and they are the first who attempt to fix dates more early than those admitted by Se-ma-tsien. In spite of all deductions, however, China possesses what no other nation can boast, a regular series of published official annals, continuing without interruption from the reign of Chi-Hoang-Ti, more than two hundred years before our æra, to the end of the Ming dynasty in 1644, A.D. From that date to the present time, the events which have occurred are familiar to Europeans, although the compilations of the official historians are sealed up until such time as a change of dynasty shall occur. For at least 250 years farther back than the reign of Chi-Hoang-Ti, the dates of the accession of emperors may be considered as certain, probable for about four hundred years more, while the general current of events and the names of sovereigns may be received as authentic from the advent of the Tcheou dynasty, said to be in 1112 B. C. Our views of the anterior state of China must be drawn rather from the application of criticism to the annals which are now received, than from any belief in the annals themselves.

The progenitors of the Chinese were not the first settlers of the country their descendants now inhabit, but were preceded by a race of savages, some remains of which are still to be found in the mountains, particularly of the western parts. This second swarm made its appearance in the north western part of China proper, the mountains of which region are still revered by the Chinese as the theatre of their mythology. The founders of the empire were composed of a hundred families, each governed by a patriarchal authority, and perfectly equal in power and privileges. This equality still exists in theory among all the Chinese, and although from time immemorial the nation has been subject to a sway, patriarchal in principle, but despotic in effect, this sway does not rest upon the principle of legitimacy or of divine right, but is solely determined by possession, the emperor *de facto* being universally recognised as emperor *de jure*. The same state of equality in the eye of the law continues to the present day. Theoretically speaking, every office is open to every native; rank, however high, never descends to the children of the possessor, and the attainment of high dignities by one of obscure birth, ennobles not his children but his progenitors. The imperial dignity is alone hereditary, yet allegiance to the reigning family is not indefeasible, and at the present day, even loyal

subjects regard the signs of the times as pointing to a change of dynasty.

The families which founded the Chinese empire, brought with them, or speedily acquired, a system of writing different from that employed by any other people, but which has, by their colonies, conquests, and the influence of their civilization, been widely extended in Asia. This was at first limited to the representation of natural objects, and was indeed no more than the rude method employed by the Indians of our country, who can form an imperfect memorial of events in pictured representations. This method reached in Mexico a high degree of perfection, but never acquired on our continent the properties of a written language.

It is the advantage of a system like that of the Chinese, that it records its own history, and we can not only ascertain even at the present moment the original pictured signs on which the written language was founded, but may make well determined inquiries into the state of civilization of the people by whom the signs were used, and the extent of its mental cultivation. The original signs were the images of natural objects, not delineated with skill, or coloured in imitation of nature, but of such rude character as might be traced by children, or by the earliest attempts at the pictorial art. So far from the figures having been brought to a more close verisimilitude by the progress of the art, every step to the perfection of the writing rendered them less and less like the objects they were intended to represent. Still their original form, and the successive steps by which they have acquired their present conformation, are matter almost of authentic history. The symbols have been not only altered in shape, but have been combined in the most complex manner, but the number of primitive images has never varied,\* and it is rigorously true, that with the small number of signs invented by their barbarous ancestors, the modern Chinese are able to satisfy the forms of expressions demanded by an advanced state of civilization.

The number of the original symbols is about two hundred.\* Of these, the visible heavens had furnished seven, namely, the sky, the sun, the moon, stars, clouds, rain, and vapours. Traces of religious belief exist in the representation of a victim offered in sacrifice; and the principle of evil is figured in the form of the head of a demon. Natural inanimate objects furnish seventeen primitive symbols; the art of building, eleven, drawn from the rudest and earliest forms of architecture, but for *palace, tower, garden, temple, city, or fortification*, no original character is to be found. Twenty-three characters have relation to man, and point out his actions, and his social and domestic relations. In

\* Remusat *Mélanges Asiatiques*.

these, *king, man of letters, general, soldier*, are not comprised, but we find the representation of a *slave* and a *sorcerer*.

The parts of the human body, which have original symbols, are twenty-seven in number; no more than two of these are internal. Dress gives rise to six characters; these are adapted to the very earliest step in civilization, and only satisfy the native sense of decency. Of ornaments, there is only a chain of string beads, like those used by savages; nor is there any thing to recall to mind *precious stones, instruments of music, money, glass, or porcelain*; neither do we find *gold* among these characters, although it must have been known at a very remote date, as the rivers and streams of China yield it in a native state.

The names of furniture, domestic utensils, arms, and tools, amount in number to no more than thirty-five. Among these are *vases* of wood and clay, *tables, benches, and chests*; of arms, *arrows, bows, axes, lances, and halberds*; these, however, give no indication of a knowledge of the metals, and even to the present day the character which designates an axe is combined with the image of a stone, marking the material from which it was first constructed. Of agricultural instruments no more than three are designated, a rude sort of *hoe*, a measure for grain, and a vessel for storing it.

Five domestic animals have names; the *dog*, the *hog*, the *sheep*, the *ox*, and the *horse*, and seven wild quadrupeds. Although eleven characters belong to the class of birds, no more than two of these are specific. No more than two symbols relate to fish, the one to those of a long, the other to those of a round figure; and seven suffice for all the animals of an inferior order. Among these is one for shells, which has become the root of all the terms which relate to wealth and to commerce; whence we may infer, that they were the earliest medium of exchange, as in the rude nations of Africa.

The vegetable kingdom is comprised in twenty-six characters, most of which are generic. Among the specific terms are *rice* and *millet*, but neither barley nor wheat; *garlic* and the *gourd* are the principal esculent vegetables, and the *bamboo*, so important in the domestic economy of the Chinese, has its symbol. But for the mulberry, the paper tree, the tea plant, and the lac, no simple character is to be found.

To judge, from this list of characters, of the state of the people which employed them, we should infer, that at the time they came into conventional use, the Chinese had ideas of religion demanding expiation by sacrifice, and a superstitious dread of an evil agent, but no idea of intellectual faculties, or even of moral obligation; that they had not cultivated astronomic observation, even of the rudest kind, or acquired any method of dividing time; were not collected in cities, had not erected fortifications,

nor united to worship in temples; that they had no notion of the relations and orders of civil society; were clothed in the rudest vestments, devoid of almost any ornament; that their domestic furniture did not extend beyond a few rude moveables and coarse vessels of wood and earthenware; that war was an object of primary attention, engrossing the whole male population, but that their arms were only such as savages still manufacture without the aid of the metals; that a few animals had attracted their attention, of which some are what are now domesticated; and that the beginning of agriculture was marked only by a knowledge of two species of the cereal gramina.

The people which made use of these signs, could not have had a higher degree of cultivation than the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific, but even in this rude state they had conceived the idea of a written language. It does not at first sight appear easy to imagine how, in the rude traces first drawn, and which in use deviated more and more from the original, a wolf was to be distinguished from a dog or a fox, or one variety of tree from another. It is still more difficult to imagine how the pictures of physical objects could be made to express human passions, abstract ideas, and the operations of the human mind. These two obstacles have however yielded to the genius of the inventors of the Chinese written language. The names of natural objects were represented each by a combination of two symbols, one of which was generic, and taken from the animal, the tree, or the plant assumed as the type; the other indicated the peculiarities of formation, the habits of life in animals, or the use to which the object was applicable.

Abstract ideas were represented in a still more ingenious manner.\* Thus, for *anger*, the symbol of a heart was joined to that of a slave; for *seduction*, that of a woman with that of a net; a hand holding the character of *middle* represents an *historian*, whose duty it is to incline to neither side; the figures of two men face to face, signified to *salute*, if back to back, to *separate*, if one behind the other, to *follow*. With a want of gallantry that even in their highest civilization they still manifest, all faults, vices, and moral defects are referred to the character *woman*. No doubt they compensate this rudeness in some degree, by deriving from the same source expressions for the ideas of *beauty*, *grace*, *maternal tenderness*, but still their written language attests to the present day the existence of the prejudices of a barbarian people.

The impression most generally received is, that the Chinese language is purely monosyllabic. This is true perhaps in respect to its roots, but is far from being the fact in its actual state. The

\* Remusat *Mélanges Asiatiques*.



written characters are indeed syllabic, and thus it has probably happened that the particles which express the relations of one or more, of agent, possession, and object in nouns, and of time in verbs, have not melted into the original word, and formed declensions and conjugations, as in the Western languages. Still, by the use of such particles, inseparable without an alteration of the sense, the language becomes truly polysyllabic, and might be subjected to the rules of inflexion. This may be best illustrated by examples, and we shall quote from Remusat, the mode in which a noun might be declined, and the translation of the Lord's Prayer.

NOM.	<i>jin, jinye,</i>	man, the man.
GEN.	<i>jintchi, jinti,</i>	of man.
DAT.	<i>injin,</i>	to man.
VOC.	<i>yajin, jino,</i>	O! man.
ABL.	<i>injin,</i>	from man.
REL.	<i>jintche, or jin-yitche,</i>	the man who.

The accusative is marked by placing the word after the verb, which governs it, and the genitive by putting the word governed before that which governs, as we do in English.

	<i>Thiantchu</i> Domini		<i>King.</i> Oratio.	
<i>Tsai</i>	<i>thian</i>		<i>oting</i>	<i>foutche,</i>
Ines	cœlo		noster	pater,
<i>oteng</i>	<i>youan</i>		<i>eul</i>	<i>ming</i>
nos	cupimus		tuum	nomen
<i>kianching,</i>	<i>eul</i>		<i>koué</i>	<i>linke</i>
sanctificari,	tuum		regnum	advenire,
<i>eul</i>	<i>tchi</i>	<i>tchhinghing</i>		<i>iu ti</i>
tuum	voluntatem	feri		in terra
<i>jou</i>	<i>iu</i>	<i>thianyan;</i>	<i>otung</i>	<i>wung</i>
sicut	in	cœlo;	nos	speramus
<i>eut</i>	<i>kinji</i>	<i>iu</i>	<i>'o</i>	<i>'o</i>
te	hodie	daturum	nobis	nostrum
<i>jiyoung</i>	<i>liang,</i>		<i>eul</i>	<i>mian</i>
quotidianum	panem.		et	dimissurum
<i>'o</i>	<i>tchai,</i>	<i>jou</i>	<i>'o</i>	<i>ye</i>
nostra	debita	ut	nos	etiam
<i>mian</i>	<i>fou</i>	<i>'o</i>		<i>tchaitche.</i>
dimittimus	debentibus	nobis		debita.
<i>Yeou.</i>	<i>pou</i>	<i>'o</i>	<i>hinhian</i>	<i>iuyeoukan</i>
Et	non	nos	inducas	tentationi,
<i>naï</i>	<i>khieou</i>	<i>'o</i>	<i>iouyoungon.</i>	
sed	libera	nos	malo.	



Remusat remarks with truth, that it would be difficult to point out the real difference between Chinese words rendered polysyllabic by the composition or addition of grammatical forms, and the terms of other languages, which, for the most part, owe their increased length to the same causes. What, then, says he, will become of that pretended family of monosyllabic languages, in which certain systematic philologists have endeavoured to include the Chinese, the Japanese, and the tongues of India beyond the Ganges?

The principal dialect of China has also a great number of words which are in fact dissyllables. These are sometimes formed by the reduplication of a syllabic word, by which it may be distinguished from itself when used alone, and will thus be susceptible of two different meanings. But there is a more extensive class formed of two different syllables, each of which has, among its meanings, in the dictionaries, the same meaning as the compound word, yet is never used in that sense, either in writing or conversation, unless when thus combined.

It will be obvious, then, in order to express the relations of case in nouns, and time or person in verbs, some part of the characters must have become purely phonetic; nor have we been able to learn from any authority, the principle upon which this has been done. The impression has been so strong that the language of China is wholly addressed to the eyes, that those persons best versed in it, and who actually employ its characters, as simply phonetic, do not seem aware of the use they are making of them. That the Chinese characters must be read phonetically, and do not merely address themselves to the eyes, seems to have been first remarked by a distinguished philologist of the city of Philadelphia; yet the practice founded upon this principle is familiar, both in the usages of the Chinese themselves, and of those who have cultivated their language. Thus, in writing the names of foreign nations, the Chinese have chosen from their own symbols, syllabic characters, whose sounds approach most nearly to those of the several syllables of the name in question. The Turks (*Toukous*), are styled *Thou-kiou*; Kaschemir, *Kia-chi-me-lo*; the Tadjeks, *Tiao-tchi*; Cophene, *Ki-pin*; the *Ases*, *A-si*; the Asiani, *An-thsai*; the Getes, *Ye-tha*, &c.

To take more modern instances: Morrison in the Introduction to his Grammar, after stating that there are two kinds of writing, one which represents sounds, the other the sense, illustrates the latter by the practice of Egypt, which he writes by means of four Chinese syllabic characters, *Yi-tchi-pi-to*, and says that the former has been employed by the people of *Lo-ma* (Rome), *Fa-lan-si* (France), *Mi-li-kian* (America), and *Pou-eul-tou-khi* (Portugal). Farther, in order to express the sounds of the English alphabet, he takes Chinese syllabic characters,

having the sounds *ya, pi, si, ti, yi, fou, tihi*, &c. It is obvious that had not the use of these symbols as expressive of mere sound been sanctioned by usage, he could not have conveyed to the people whom he was addressing, the slightest idea of the subject of which he was treating. We should infer that the signs for the particles expressing the relations of nouns, and time in verbs, are borrowed from the symbols designating words of the same sound, and that they are employed without any reference to their original acceptation; that, while literary Chinese use an immense number of characters, in each of which may be traced the progress of intellect by which they derived their signification, the unlearned, by symbols little more numerous than the syllables which, single or united, make up the language, may express in intelligible form all the ideas for which he has occasion. For all the purposes of commerce and traffic, it may have become phonetic merely, while in works of literature, the direct or figurative origin of the symbols must be regarded in their application to the eye, although they also call up the idea of sounds to be directed to the ear. Chinese poetry therefore must and does possess one additional source of excellence; it not only addresses the ear by its rhythm, and measured cadence, and the mind by figures of words or of thought, but calls upon the eye to judge of its merit by the adaptation of its characters to its subject, and to the sense of the sounds of which it is composed. Hence it is, that while to speak Chinese is not attended with much greater difficulty than any other foreign language, to write it with elegance is difficult of attainment, and is an acquirement possessed by few even of the native population. A learned Jesuit estimates at two thousand the number of characters necessary to be known; this would probably suffice for writing the language in its modern form, and even with elegance. Our author speaks of fourteen thousand as the number of letters. Remusat, on the other hand, maintains, that in order to become familiar with Chinese literature, it is necessary to have a dictionary of thirty-five thousand characters, and that each of these has undergone various alterations, which require to be noted until it is traced back to its origin; so that to read the literature of different ages, not less than one hundred and fifty thousand forms must be studied. In the words of our author—

“Nothing has puzzled the learned world, in Europe, so much as the Chinese language. To express so many ideas as arise in the mind of man, by 1445 intonated monosyllables—to substitute a distinct character for a simple alphabet, seems undoubtedly a gigantic effort of human genius. But the Chinese have effected what we might have deemed impossible. They have 487 distinct monosyllables, which they increase to the above stated number of sounds by five different intonations. This however is only applicable to the Mandarin dialect; every province, every district, has its peculiar *patois*, in which the number of sounds and intonations varies. Wherever mistake might arise from the similarity of sounds, they combine two monosyllables, which thus express one idea. Yet, notwithstanding all these helps,

great ambiguity remains, and even the natives must often have recourse to writing, in order to make themselves understood, as it requires a well accustomed ear to catch all the ideas when fluently expressed.

"Strictly speaking, the Chinese language has no grammar, the mutual relation of words is pointed out by their respective positions. Gender, number, cases, tenses, moods, &c. are expressed by particles, which either precede or follow the verb. But this arrangement differs so widely from ours, that a literal translation from English into Chinese is perfectly unintelligible. The Chinese language has more peculiarities than perhaps any other known. Its syntax is very artificially arranged, a good style measures the sentence to produce a rythmus, which is exceedingly pleasing to the Chinese ear. Terse phrases, continual antitheses, not unlike the productions of some French writers, are considered the highest beauties. The Chinese prize a pointed expression more highly than a well conceived thought."

According to the highest modern authority,\* the difficulties attending the study of the Chinese language are not so appalling as would appear from the text of our author. The celebrated Ricci, who founded the Catholic mission in China, was able, after no long residence, to compose treatises in the language of the Empire, which are still held in esteem by the Chinese literati, for purity of style and elegance of diction. He was, however, situated in a highly favourable position, at the seat of government, and in communication of the most familiar kind, with the most learned of the higher orders. In Canton, so far from finding any aid, all means of communication with persons of education are cut off, while the popular dialect is essentially different from that in which classical works are written. As to the difficulty arising from the number of characters; this disappears when it is considered that they are reducible to about two hundred primitive forms, whence they are formed by composition according to rules, which, if not invariable, are less anomalous than those which are to be found in the derivatives of languages of the most philosophical structure. Of these rules, one is so extensive in its application as to include one-third of all the characters. By it the symbol is made up of two parts, one of which designates the sound, the other the sense; and, in fact, becomes a compound of a pictorial representation, and a character of a syllabic alphabet.

The Chinese method of writing has been adopted by many neighbouring nations, and has become the mode of recording thought of one-third of the whole human race. The classical books of the Chinese literati, are also received as such wherever the system of writing has been carried. Hence has arisen the mistaken notion, that a book written in Chinese was at once intelligible to all those who used the method of writing, and that it was fitted, from its very principle, for an universal language, addressed to the eye and not to the ear. This opinion is, however, erroneous. The classical books are studied by the

\* *Remusat Mélanges Asiatiques.*

Chinese themselves, in their original form, as a dead language, but are now reprinted in modern characters, which are in point of fact translations. The same is the case, but in a more marked degree, in Japan, Corea, and Tonquin; in these countries the literati study the Chinese classics as we do Greek and Latin, and thus acquire the power of reading even modern books, but they do not use the same characters when they express ideas in their own language. If they were to read a Chinese book aloud, it would be in Chinese, unless where there is no other difference in language than that of mere pronunciation. The same is the case in the separate provinces of China itself; there is in each a different dialect; in some they approach so near as to amount to no more than a difference of pronunciation; in others, they demand the employment of different phonetic symbols.

The literature of China is extremely rich. This nation, more numerous than all those of Europe united, has been for many centuries devoted to the study of the belles lettres, history, and philosophy. Its government has been in fact for all that time a literary aristocracy; the most petty magistrate obtains his place by a literary struggle, and the emperor himself takes pride in authorship. To show the amount of works considered by themselves as worthy of notice, we may cite the fact, that the predecessor of the present emperor directed the publication of a selection of the best authors, and that the edition comprised 180,000 volumes. Such editions are published from time to time, in order to supply the waste from constant use, and are executed by a number of writers, engravers, and printers, embodied and officered like a regular army.

Chinese literature comprises; the *king*, or classical works, with their interpreters and commentators; the philosophers of the second order, with the writings of the two heterodox sects, the Tao-pse and the worshippers of Buddha; general and special histories, and works of geography; poems and romances; treatises on mathematics, astronomy, and natural history. The last class is not numerous, but the department of natural history is well supplied by the voluminous labours of the geographers. These enter fully into the description of the productions of the provinces of the empire, and include topography, hydrography; accounts of monuments, antiquities, and natural curiosities; describe processes employed in the arts and in agriculture; exhibit the statistics, state of industry, population, local history, biography, and bibliography of the district they treat of.

Works of history are also extremely rich and abundant. From the few which have been read by Europeans, facts of great importance, not only in relation to China itself, and of adjacent countries, but which bear upon the general history of the human race, and account for inroads which have changed the face of

Europe, have been developed. It is only necessary to quote in proof of this, the history of the Huns, by De Guignes, and the more recent researches of Klaproth.

Our author has shed no new light upon the history of China. Every thing which he states, except in relation to the last half century, had been of familiar knowledge from the labours of the Jesuits. Nor has he attempted to philosophize, and exhibit the political state and relations of the empire at the time of the respective sovereigns, of whose reigns he gives an outline. We have drawn more satisfactory information from the labours of Klaproth.\*

Our first accurate knowledge of the state of China is at the accession of Wou-wang, the first emperor of the dynasty Tcheou. He, it is said, altered the previous form of government, and established a feudal system, composed of the states of the emperor himself, and of a number of petty kingdoms and principalities. The earliest seat of the power of this dynasty was in the province of Chen-si, the most remote to the north west; but about 600 B. C., the kingdom of Tcheou, the appanage of the imperial line, extended from the Hoang-ho to the Kiang, and was surrounded by the other states, with the exception of the principality of *Thsay*, which was enveloped by the imperial domain. The provinces of Fou-kien, Quang-tong, and Quang-se, comprising the whole southern coast of the present empire, were possessed by barbarous tribes, who resisted the power of the Chinese. Chen-si was occupied by the kingdom of Thsin or Chin, and Chan-si by that of Tsin. These were the regions first known to Europeans by report, and it was from them that silk was first obtained by the western nations. Their name has hence given rise to that by which the country is known by foreigners, though not now acknowledged or known to the natives.

The imperial authority did not possess sufficient strength to restrain the encroachments of its vassals upon each other, or even upon its own domain. And thus about 320 B. C., the imperial territory of Tcheou was diminished to a small district, bordering on the Hoang-Ho, while two great powers were formed; one in the north, by the reduction of the kingdom of Tsin, under that of Thsin; the other in the south, by the extension of the kingdom of Tsou. At the time when dissensions between the petty princes were at their height, flourished Confucius, (Kon-fou-tse,) the founder of the prevailing philosophy and religion of China.

\* Confucius was the only son of his mother. She was descended from the famous Yu family, and outlived her husband twenty-one years. Even when a boy, he was serious, and did not spend his days in idle play. At the age of fifteen, he applied

himself successfully to the study of ancient records, which, at that time, were only to be met engraved on bamboo.

"Desirous of turning his acquired knowledge to some advantage, he made good government the principal object of his solicitude; visited the different princes, and endeavoured to prevail upon them to establish a wise and peaceful administration in their respective territories. His wisdom and birth recommended him to the patronage of kings; he was anxious to apply his theory to practical government, but had to learn by sad experience that his designs were frequently thwarted. After many changes and disappointments, he became minister in his native country, Loo, (*Lou*), when fifty-five years of age. By his influence and prudent measures, the state of the kingdom underwent a thorough change within the space of three years. But the king of Tse, envious of the flourishing state of the Loo country, and fearing lest his rival, the king of Loo, might become too powerful, sent some dancing girls to the court, who captivated the senses of the king of Loo; and Confucius, after many vain remonstrances upon the danger of introducing these seductive females at court, quitted his situation. After having tried at different courts to get employment, in order to render the people happy, he came to Chin, (*Tchin*), where he lived in great misery. From thence he returned again to Loo, but not to office. His great fame had attracted for him about three thousand disciples, but only ten were honoured with his intimacy. To them he taught the art of becoming virtuous, to discourse well, to understand the principles of good government, and to express elegantly, by writing, the ideas of the mind.

"In a vicious age he became an object of scorn to many, who hated his rigid principles. He was even once in danger of being killed, but betrayed no fear. He was a man of very commanding aspect, tall and well proportioned; in his manners very decorous, kind to his inferiors, and temperate in his habits; so that his disciples, by his sole look, were inspired with reverence. In his leisure hours, he composed a part of the four classics, reduced the *Yih-king*\* to a system, compiled the *Shoo-king*,† and *Chiu-tsen*,‡ and gave a ceremonial code to his countrymen in the *Le-ke*.§ There are, besides, two other works, which treat upon filial piety, ascribed to him, viz. the *Heaou-king* and the *Léaou-héo*."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The *Shoo-king* is a collection of old traditions, which Confucius put in order, to give them the shape of a history. To teach moral lessons appears to be the great aim of this work. We find long speeches, which neither tradition, nor even records would have preserved. They are, moreover, so similar in character, that we suspect Confucius to be the author of them all, though he adapted the leading points to the circumstances of the times. Some parts are utterly unintelligible, others are written with a pleasing concinnity, but none can be called elegant. This is the only Chinese work wherein the doctrine of a Supreme Being is taught. Even the word 'heaven' seems, in the acceptation of the ancient Chinese, to have been synonymous with God; but we will not define their ideas which themselves never did. This much is certain, that their posterity understand invariably the material heaven, and laugh at the idea of a spiritual being the god above all. We may consider this work as the source of all Chinese learning. All the institutions of the country, the rudiments of their science, their moral philosophy, wisdom, prudence, political economy, and astronomy, are contained in *nucleo* in this work; even music finds its place. It is the great text book upon which all Chinese writers have commented, and forms the invariable rule for governing the nations in all ages."

We must say that we have always doubted whether former missionaries, or Mr. Gutzlaff in the present case, have duly appreciated the religious views of the Chinese. The indisposition manifested by this nation to listen to their doctrines, may readily have been confounded by zealous men with an actual want of all religious feeling. That this want is far from existing, is evident from the great prevalence of the religion of Buddha,

\* *Yi-king*.

† *Chou-king*.

‡ *Tchou-tsieon*.

§ *Li-ki*.



one marked tenet of which is the existence of the soul in the manner of metempsychosis; the religion Tao-tse admits the worship of idols and demons; and when we find in the very text book of the religion of the instructed, that the existence of a Supreme Being is taught, that the ineffable name Jehovah was not unknown to the progenitors of the nation, that sacrifices are offered to heaven, and that the ancestors of illustrious families are deified, we cannot but infer that religious feeling, and a belief in the existence of beings superior to man, must not only be prevalent, but produce its natural effect upon the morals of the people.

“The doctrines of Confucius have all a practical tendency,—there is scarcely any thing but common sense: no speculation, no search after knowledge not of immediate practical usefulness. The mind of Confucius is not, however, greatly refined; he courts honour and emolument, but all with the best intention, that of doing good. His knowledge of human nature is very limited; he considers man as naturally virtuous—‘To make a whole nation virtuous is as easy as to turn the finger in the palm of the hand; you have only to show a good example and all the world will follow it.’ How far this coincided with his own experience we cannot say, for among all his disciples he had ‘only one who was truly virtuous, and he died early.’ Notwithstanding his good example, the world remained in a depraved state, and not one kingdom was thoroughly reclaimed from vice. The sage himself was liable to moral defects, and nevertheless views the original bent of his mind as decidedly virtuous.

“We may find the test of his system in its having kept so many millions for so many centuries together. No human institution has stood so long, has found so many admirers and followers. If we have to regulate our opinion upon this subject according to the influence exerted upon the Chinese nation, it will be favourable. We only lament that a people, not yielding to any other in Asia the palm of superiority, has become formal, and a mere slave to antiquated custom. Improvement has for many centuries ceased; the Chinese have ceased to think, and become gross in their appetite; sincerity is extinct in every breast, their heart is hardened against religious impressions, they are a nation who maintain the form of virtue, but hate to practise it. But we will not ascribe these bad effects to Confucius.”

A contemporary of Confucius founded the heretical sect of Tao-tse, and these divided China, until the introduction of the religion of Buddha. The enlightened Chinese of the present day view them all with tolerance, and have a proverb that the three are no more than one.

To return to our historical sketch. In the year 255 B. C., the imperial line of Tcheou was destroyed, and the prince of Tshin obtained the supremacy. His son and successor assumed the imperial dignity in 249 B. C. But many of the feudal kingdoms resisted his sway, and were not wholly subdued until the grandson, the celebrated Chi-Hoang-Ti, ascended the throne. Not content with causing his supremacy to be acknowledged, he dethroned their rulers, and thus probably for the first time united China into an undivided empire. The southern barbarians of Quang-tong and Quang-Se were rendered dependent, the south western tribes incorporated with the empire, and his sway finally extended over the whole of China Proper.



Up to the date of his reign, the northern provinces of China had been exposed to the incursions of a barbarous race, occupying a great part of the present Chinese Tartary. These were driven from the frontiers by Chi-Hoang-Ti, and, to prevent their future inroads, he completed and united into one great line of fortification, the separate and imperfect bulwarks commenced by some of his predecessors; thus forming the great wall of China. This work exists in good preservation at the present day, attesting, on the one hand, the power of Chi-Hoang-Ti, and the resources of his empire; on the other, the formidable character of the Hiong-nou, and the greatness of the fear they caused to the Chinese. It is in this nation that De Guignes sees the progenitors of the Huns, and he is followed by our author. Klaproth, on the other hand, considers it as a Turkish race, which, after a temporary decline under the influence of Chinese policy, reappeared in the same regions, under the name of Thou-kiou.

The feudal tenures which had formed the basis of the government of the Tcheou, maintained a strong hold in the breasts of the great families, and were sustained by reference to the ancient books and records. Irritated by a continual opposition to his government, growing out of this source, the emperor ordered most of the existing works of history to be burnt, and particularly those of Confucius. The latter have, however, been in a great degree recovered, and, as the writings of the sect Tao-tse were exempted, we are under the impression that the value of the writings lost has been exaggerated. Up to this time, writing consisted in tracing the characters with a style upon slips of bamboo—a laborious and imperfect process. But the reign of Chi-Hoang-Ti is marked, not only by the destruction of the ancient books, but by an improvement by which new ones could be produced with less labour. A general of this emperor discovered the mode of manufacturing paper from the bark of a tree, and invented ink and the pencil. The change in the materials produced a change in the form of the letters, which lost their purely pictorial character, and assumed one better suited to rapid delineation.

The power of the Tsin dynasty was of short duration; in the reign of the son of Chi-Hoang-Ti, rebellions took place in all directions, and eight independent kingdoms arose. These were short lived, and yielded in 202 B. C. to the arms of an individual of obscure origin, who founded the dynasty of Han. In the earlier reigns of this dynasty the Hiong-nou again became troublesome; and not only made incursions into China, but conquered or expelled the neighbouring barbarians from their possessions. Among these were the Yue-tchi, known to the Roman historians as the Massagetes. These originally inhabited the mountains on the north western frontier of China. In 165 B. C., they were

attacked by the Hiong-nou, chased to the west, and established themselves on the north bank of the Oxus. Thirty years afterwards, the Chinese adopted the refined policy of seeking this nation in its new and distant seats, and combining with it in alliance against the common enemy. The ambassador sent on this mission fell twice into the hands of the Hiong-nou, and was thirteen years absent. His return, however, brought satisfactory information, and an army was despatched to join the Yue-tchi, in an attack upon the left wing of the Hiong-nou; for this nation, essentially military and nomadic, encamped in the form of an army advancing to the south; the right wing threatening the shores of the Yellow Sea, the left those of Lake Aral. This expedition first made the productions of China known to the western world, and gave birth to the silk trade. In pursuance of the same policy, the dynasty of Han took advantage of dispute for the succession between two princes of the Hiong-nou, and by aiding the weaker party, divided their formidable enemies into two hostile bands; the western branch, precipitated by its rivals upon the nations inhabiting the banks of the Volga, caused those movements which threw nation after nation upon the Roman empire; and whether, with De Guignes, we admit them to have been the Huns, or with Klaproth believe that they did no more than drive the Finnish tribes from their original seats upon the Volga, we cannot but see, in these commotions in the vicinity of the great wall of China, the causes of those revolutions which changed the face of western Europe.

The power of the Han dynasty was not without its reverses. internal commotions occasionally lessened the external influence of the empire; the eastern Hiong-nou resumed their incursions, the western allies and subjects seceded from their faith. But in its turn, the influence of China again became paramount. It was under the emperors Ming-ti and Tchang-ti, that the power of China reached its widest extent. Their general, Pan-thcao, not only recovered all that had been lost by their predecessors, but in an expedition to the west, reduced more than fifty petty kingdoms, and carried the arms of China to the shores of the Caspian. In this position, (A. D. 102), he entertained the magnificent project of attacking the Roman empire, then in the zenith of its power; and his plan was not so visionary as might at first appear, when we consider, that he could have directed against it the united force of the barbarous tribes to whose successive and separate attacks it afterwards yielded.

The dynasty of Han retained from this period a preponderating influence in the affairs of central Asia; but much of this was lost at its fall. On the destruction of this dynasty, (A. D. 226), China was divided into three separate kingdoms; that of Goei on the north; of Chou-Han in the middle; and of Ou in the

south. The first of these still retained some relations with the former subjects of China, and was in alliance with the people of Bucharía.

China was again reunited into a single empire in A. D. 280. A general of the Goei reduced the empire of Chou-Han, and by the influence of his military glory, possessed himself of all the authority of his master. His son constrained the nominal emperor to surrender to him the title as well as the authority, and then subdued the kingdom of Ou.

The new monarch founded the dynasty known as that of Tsin. His reign was prosperous. Not only was nearly the whole of China subject to his sway, but the southern Hiong-nou acknowledged him as their sovereign. The latter had now abandoned their savage mode of life, and adopted the manners and civilization of the Chinese. Among their chiefs was one who claimed descent from the family of Han. This connexion probably arose from the habitual policy of the Chinese emperors, to give their daughters in marriage to the kings of tributary countries. Be this as it may, he succeeded in forming a separate kingdom in the north, and took the Tsin emperor prisoner. The latter family was, however, maintained in the collateral line, although ruling over dominions diminished in extent, and is ranked by the Chinese historians as the imperial dynasty until A. D. 419. This family, like that of Goei, was dethroned by one of its own successful generals, who founded the dynasty of Soung. The princes of the latter race were not able to extend their power over the whole of the present China. Great troubles and dissensions arose; finally, the Soung became sovereigns of all the country south of the Hoang Ho, and the greater part of the north obeyed the rule of the later Goei. This family, although probably connected in the female line with the former dynasty of the same name, was of barbarous descent, belonging to a nation often met with in Chinese history, under the name of Sian-pi, and different from the Turks, the Monguls, or the Mantchous. Under the Tsin they had overrun the province of Chan-si, and obtained from the emperor the recognition of their authority as tributary kings; this allegiance they refused to transfer to the Soung. The rule of the Goei lasted until A. D. 550, when the last of the family was dethroned by his prime minister. The family of Soung retained the throne in the south until 479, when it yielded to the dynasty of Thsi. The latter was short lived, retaining its authority no longer than A. D. 501.

During the division of the Chinese empire, a new power had arisen in the north. The northern branch of the Hiong-nou had joined a tribe supposed by Klaproth to be of the same race with themselves, and the nation thus formed had assumed the name of Turks, rendered by the Chinese Thou-kiou. The year A. D.

565, is taken by Klaproth as the epoch of their greatest power. At this time, their rule extended from the Pacific to the Volga, comprising the whole of the ancient tributaries and allies of China, with the barbarous race of the Tongouses, the Leanpi, the Cingours, and Monguls. At the same epoch, China was weak and divided. The family of the Goei was replaced by that of Pethsi in the north east. The west formed a kingdom known as that of Heou-Tcheou, the south was subject to the Tchhin, while on the north bank of the Kiang was a small territory, ruled by descendants of the imperial dynasty of Liang. The imperial dignity is ascribed by our author to the Liang up to A. D. 555; that of Tchhin succeeds, and extends to A. D. 593. Their rule, however, was contemporaneous over the parts we have mentioned, and neither at any time possessed the whole of China.

China was again united under one head in 589 by Wen-ti, the founder of the dynasty of Soui. He ranks among the greatest of the princes who ever occupied the imperial throne. The protector of knowledge, he did not hesitate to disperse the idlers, who under pretence of study were supported at the public expense; the library founded by the princes of Heou-Tcheou was increased by him; the ancient institutions were restored, and he did not disdain to introduce new ones from foreign countries. Among these, seduced by the example of India, he attempted the establishment of castes, but was luckily unsuccessful. He was victorious over the Turks and the king of Corea.

His son Yang-ti followed in the steps of his father. The kingdom of Tonquin which had acknowledged the Tchhin as its master, was again rendered tributary; Siam conquered and reduced to a state of vassalage. Incited by the recollection of the ancient glories of the family of Han, he renewed his relations with the western countries, and received the homage of twenty-nine kings of Middle Asia. These glories were however so costly as to excite the dissatisfaction of his people, who rose and deposed him. Two of his grandsons bore the imperial title without power, and in the last of them terminated (A. D. 618) the race of Soui.

The succeeding dynasty is known as that of Thang. At the moment of its accession the empire of the Turks fell to pieces by internal dissensions. The second monarch of the family of Thang took advantage of this, and became the sovereign of territories even more extensive than are now possessed by the Mantchou sovereigns. The barbarians on the shores of the ocean, as far as Kamtschatka, acknowledged his supremacy; the northern limit of his possessions extended into the present domain of Russia in Asia, and did not stop until it reached the Oural mountains; the Sea of Aral formed his western boundary, and the Oxus divided his dominions from those of the Sassanides

in Persia. Under this emperor (Wen-wou-ti) Christianity was first preached in China.

The dynasty of Thang retained possession of the throne until A. D. 907; but its power and the extent of its dominions was gradually diminished, in spite of occasional vigorous efforts. In A. D. 679, we find a powerful empire existing in Thibet, which had possessed itself of the Chinese military governments of Bucharina. The Turkish empire of Hoci-he had been formed out of the Tartar provinces, and the eastern barbarians had ceased to send tribute. The Turkish and Thibetan empires continued to extend themselves at the expense of the territories of the Thang, and a kingdom of the name of Phou-ho was founded to the north of Corea.

In A. D. 755 the dynasty of the Thang had nearly come to an end. A Turkish refugee in China obtained the confidence of the emperor, and was appointed governor of all the provinces north of the Hoang-ho. When established in this imposing position, he called in his countrymen and the Khitans, who now make their first appearance, and raised the standard of revolt. For a time his arms were successful; he possessed himself of the capital and assumed the imperial title, but at length fell before the united arms of the allies and feudatories of the empire who crowded to the defence of their *suzerain*.

In A. D. 790 the Thibetans were defeated on the side of China, but more than redeemed their loss on the north and west. The Chinese lost in consequence their territories in Central Asia, and all communication with their western allies; the empire was reduced to little more than China proper. The power of the Turkish Hoci-he declined with that of the Thang, and gave way, about A. D. 847, to that of the Kinghiz; who however do not appear to have rendered themselves formidable to China, and obtained for their sovereign the title of Khan from the emperor whose superiority was thus acknowledged.

Thibet also showed signs of weakness; and that of the Thang became so manifest in A. D. 862, that the king of Tonquin ventured to assert independence.

The last reigns of the dynasty of Thang were inglorious; immersed in luxury, and almost prisoners in the hands of their eunuchs, they feebly supported the weight of their sceptre.

Four dynasties of short duration are counted between A. D. 907 and 960. Although ranked by historians as successive occupants of the imperial throne, none of them ruled over the whole of China; nor did their united domains occupy its entire territory. The northern provinces were reduced by the Khitans, and no less than twelve petty kingdoms arose in the remainder.

The Khitans were a Tongousian race which suddenly rose to

power in A. D. 907; conquering the northern provinces of China, they fixed the seat of their empire in Peking itself, and for a time disposed of the throne of the petty kingdoms, and named the possessor of the imperial title. It is to this people that we are to ascribe the adoption of the name of Cathay, by European writers of the middle ages, for the whole of China. Their empire lasted for two centuries.

The separate kingdoms of the south were united again by the founder of the dynasty of Soung, but he did not regain the northern provinces. China was still farther lessened in extent when the Kin, a cognate race to the Khitans, had destroyed the empire of the latter. The monarchs of the Kin, known as Altoun Khans, conquered every part of the country north of the Hoang-ho, and exercised the same authority over the nations of the north that had been possessed by the Khitans.

Among the subjects of the Kin, were the Monguls, a tribe which had been little noticed, and had retained, sometimes independent, and sometimes as vassals, the banks of the Lake Baikal. At last the celebrated Genghis, or Tsenngin, was born among them. The history of his rise is well known; in 1234 he destroyed the empire of the Kin, and reduced the dominions of their monarch to a small district on the coast of China; proceeding in his career, he conquered every part of Asia which had owned the sway of the Thang, except the south of China; to this extensive empire he added the northern part of Persia, the countries between the Caspian and Lake Aral, nor did he rest until his armies had penetrated into Europe, to the frontiers of Hungary and the Danube on the south, and to the gates of Moscow on the north. His grandson Kublai Khan completed the conquest of China, putting an end, in A. D. 1279, to the dynasty of Soung. Under his reign the Mongul influence reached its greatest extent, and he was acknowledged as chief by monarchs of his own house, each at the head of a mighty empire. His own immediate rule knew no northern boundary, and besides the provinces of China proper and the tributary kingdoms, which had at any previous time owned the sway of that empire, comprised Thibet, Bengal, and the present Birman empire. Central Asia, as far as the sea of Aral, with the Punjab, was ruled by the descendants of Zagatai, one of the sons of Genghis. Persia in its widest extent to the confines of Syria, and the greater part of Asia Minor, formed the dominions of Houlakou the brother of Kublai. The empire of Kaptchak extended from the confines of Zagatai to Lithuania, Hungary and the Danube; the grand Dukes of Russia were subject to it, and no part of Muscovy retained its freedom except the republic of Novogorod. In Siberia the Mongul Khanat of Siberia was founded.

The armies of Genghis and his successors were recruited from



the Turkish race, and thus although the rulers, throughout this vast extent, were Monguls, the people whom they seated in the place of those destroyed by the unsparing character of their warfare, were Pagans of the same family with the Turks, who had already made themselves formidable as followers of Mahomet.

Kublai speedily conformed to the customs of China, and became the founder of the imperial dynasty of Yuen, which reigned in China until A. D. 1368.

"The empire of China was never so great as during his reign; his authority being acknowledged from the Frozen Sea, almost to the Straits of Malacca. With the exception of Hindostan, Arabia, and the western parts of Asia, all the Mongul princes, as far as the Dnieper, declared themselves his vassals, and brought regularly their tribute. Never was an empire, and never was there perhaps a conqueror greater than Kublai.

"Born a barbarian, he was, at his death, the most civilized prince of his time. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, are inferior to him. Wherever his empire extended, the introduction of a benevolent government was the consequence. He did not wish to reign solely over the body of his subjects, but he understood how to control spirits—the greatest of all arts. We are not blind to his faults; he was an insatiable conqueror, and spilt the blood of millions for the sake of gratifying his passion. We consider him as an instrument used by the Lord of Hosts to bring the most distant nations in contact, and to curb the fury of his savage countrymen. The canals in China speak more in praise of his greatness than all the statues erected in honour of great heroes; but with him the glory of the Mongul dynasty departed."

An instrument Kublai undoubtedly was in the hands of an all-wise Providence, for important and inscrutable ends. But these ends seem to have been rather those of merited punishment, than such as our author indicates. The civilization of the human race suffered a more dreadful shock in the conquests of Genghis and his successors, than by the ravages of all the other scourges, who have from time to time been the instruments of divine wrath. Persia and Asia Minor have not to this day recovered from the desolation caused by the arms of Houlakou; the northern shores of the Black Sea lost all traces of the civilization of the Greeks, and the nascent improvement of the Muscovites was checked. China alone, of all the countries to which the arms of the Monguls penetrated, fails to show at the present remote epoch, the traces of the destructive torrent.

The successive dynasties of China present an almost unvaried picture; founded by talents of the highest order, raising their possessors from obscurity to supreme power, they are maintained in their original strength, or even extended in influence, by princes educated in the stormy times that gave them birth. No sooner has peace and quiet submission to their power been attained, than luxury and indolence arise; degenerating from father to son, the sovereigns become too weak to sway the sceptre of their vast dominions, and yield to ambitious ministers, to foreign invasion, or to rebellious subjects. Such however has been, and ever must be the history of despotisms. The dynasty of



Yuen was no exception, and fell before the influence of internal commotions. The last emperor of this race, although inferior in activity and energy to his predecessors, had notwithstanding the same inclination to execute works of public utility which distinguished his great ancestor Kublai. The Hoang-ho, confined by dykes, became year after year more and more dangerous to the countries adjacent to its bed; to obviate the evils which this river threatened, a project was adopted to excavate a new bed for its waters. To execute this great work, the usual means of despotic governments, enormous taxes, and forced levies of labourers, were called into action. But the power necessary to compel the collection of the one, and the peaceable assemblage of the other, which had so well aided Kublai, when he united and extended the partial artificial navigations into one great and continuous canal, no longer existed in the hands of his successor. The warlike energies of the Monguls were extinct, not only in the sovereign, but in his armies. The Tartars, long quietly settled in stationary camps, were no longer superior to the native Chinese, and being inferior in numbers, were, by a general insurrection, driven out of all the country south of the Hoang Ho. At this time the son of a poor labourer, who had embraced the profession of a Conge, became disgusted with the monastic life, and entered the ranks of his countrymen as a common soldier. Rising rapidly by his talents and bravery, he soon acquired sufficient influence to aspire to independence, made himself master first of a small city not far from Nankin, and finally of that metropolis itself. Here he established a regular and orderly government upon the principles taught by Confucius, while the other leaders indulged their followers in every species of military license. He thus attached to himself the enormous and influential class of the literati throughout the whole empire. By their aid as much as by his military talent, he united under his authority the whole of the revolted provinces, at the head of the forces of which he marched against the Mongul emperor, and drove him beyond the great wall. The deliverance of his countrymen from the long tyranny of the descendants of Genghis being thus effected, he assumed the imperial title in A. D. 1368, and gave to his dynasty the name of Ming.

The foundation of this dynasty was contemporaneous with the power of Timour, and that conqueror was at the time of his death engaged in preparations for the invasion of China. It is useless to speculate upon what might have been the consequence of this attempt; whether the victorious armies of the Tartar prince would have reinstated the barbarian rule over China, or whether the re-awakened energies of the latter would have enabled it to resist the forces which had triumphed over Bajazet.

The founder of the Ming dynasty never attained an equal ex-

tent of dominion with many of the former dynasties. To the south indeed he rendered Tonquin, Cochin China and Cambodga, tributary; but on the north, neither he nor any of his race succeeded in driving the Monguls beyond the height of land which separates the tributaries of the Hoang-ho from those of Lake Baikal. The eastern Tartar provinces not only threw off the Mongul yoke, but made themselves wholly independent, and here arose the power to which the Ming were finally to yield. A rude and barbarous race had, from the earliest times, possessed the coast north of Corea; thence had proceeded in succession the powerful races of the Khitans and Kin. Reduced by the Monguls, they had become a part of the empire of the Yuen, and their peculiar language and habits had been confined to even narrower limits than their original seats. Up to this period they had been so rude as to possess neither records nor annals; even their very traditions going back but a few generations. We have therefore no means of judging whether the present sovereigns of China are descended from the emperors of Cathay, or the celebrated Khans of the Golden Horde; but their language alone suffices to show them a cognate race. On the accession of the Ming, a portion of the Monguls who had occupied China, and probably some of their Chinese partisans, took refuge in the region of the Tongouses. To them they communicated letters and the useful arts. The native tribes and the new comers were united into one kingdom, that of the Mantchous. While the Ming princes declined in power, under the influence of wars of succession, intestine commotions, foreign invasions, and still more by luxury; the Mantchous continued steadily to extend their influence, until they had subjected most of the tribes of the Monguls, rendered Corea feudatory, and imposed a tribute upon China itself.

The Ming dynasty fell a victim to internal commotions; the power of the emperors having become feeble, bands of robbers were formed, which grew to such power as to prevent the exercise of government, and finally to lead to a regular partition of the empire among eight of their most powerful chiefs. One of these finally was admitted by treachery into Peking, when the emperor, after putting to death nearly all his family, committed suicide. A faithful general, unable by his own power to obtain vengeance for the misfortunes of his master, called in the Mantchous as allies.

The empire fell for a series of years into great confusion. The Mantchous proclaimed one of their own princes emperor at Peking. The mandarins at Nankin conferred the same title upon a prince of Ming. Another prince of this race was in possession of the province of Chi-kiang, and, although he refused the imperial title, would not submit to the authority of the Mantchou

regency. These were in succession reduced by the arms of the Tartars. A branch of the Ming family was still left in the southern provinces, which, in the distracted state of things, had become the prey of pirates. The head of this branch took arms to protect the country from pillage, and at the same time to free it from the Tartar yoke. The Mantchous now adopted the policy of conciliating the pirates, on the leader of whom they conferred high rank, and inveigled him to Peking, where, after his services were no longer useful, he was put to death. The Chinese prince was driven from Fou-kien, and put an end to his own life. Quang-tong and Quang-se now alone remained in the hands of native Chinese authorities. These, instead of uniting against the common enemy, each proclaimed a separate emperor of the race of Ming. In consequence of this division, Quang-tong, with its capital, Canton, was speedily reduced by the Tartars; but as the emperor who ruled in Quang-se maintained a brave struggle for the rights of his family, Quang-tong revolted and joined him. This last hope of the race of Ming, was, however, destined to destruction. For a time, indeed, it not only maintained itself, but extended its power over Fou-kien and some of the central provinces; the pirates, now entitled to rank as a nation, from their possessions and regular government, united with the emperor of Canton against the Tartars; and the latter, avowing himself a Christian, sought aid from the European visitors of that emporium. But all did not avail; in 1650 Canton fell, and the emperor, driven from his dominions, sought refuge in the kingdom of Pegu. Being subsequently invited to China, to head an insurrection, he was seized by the traitor who had induced him to the attempt, and strangled. The sole resistance to the Mantchou power was now reduced to the fleet commanded by the celebrated Coxinga, and the islands occupied by him. Elevated by circumstances, from the leader of a body of pirates, to the rank of ally of his legitimate sovereign, he not only maintained his authority during life, but transmitted it to his son. So formidable did he for a time become, that the Tartar government commanded the devastation of the seacoasts of the empire, and the retreat of their inhabitants to the interior. In 1661, the first Mantchou emperor died, and left his throne to Khang-hi, the greatest prince of this line, and the consolidator of the power of this dynasty. This monarch was a child at the time of his accession, and the government was for a time exercised by a regency; but, at the age of thirteen, Khang-hi himself assumed the reins of administration. His first act was to decide between the conflicting systems of astronomy, taught by the Jesuits and by the Chinese. His sagacity and intelligence enabled him to appreciate the superiority of the European methods, and while he never ceased to oppose, and occasionally persecuted the Chris-

tian religion, he placed a missionary at the head of the tribunal of mathematics.

During the weakness of a regency, the same general who had first invited the Mantchous into China, and had afterwards enticed the last Ming prince from Pegu, rendered himself all but nominally independent in his government of Yun-nan. The energetic Khang-hi, not content with holding the son of this officer as a hostage, invited the father to court. Fearing that his destruction was intended, he prepared to revolt, and concerted with his son an insurrection among the populace of Peking. The latter attempt was frustrated; yet he not only raised the Chinese standard in his own government, but was joined by the southern maritime provinces, and the successor of Coxinga, who ruled in Formosa. This alliance was but short lived, the maritime provinces were speedily reduced, and Yun-nan and Formosa alone resisted. At this moment a more formidable enemy arose. The Monguls, after their expulsion from China, had for a time maintained their imperial line, and a general government, but had finally split into several hordes. One of these, the Eluths or Oeluts, had become subject to Galdan, a chief of humble birth but great talents, better known by his title of Contaisch. After reducing all his neighbours, and obtaining the support of the Dalai Lama, he undertook to unite to his dominions the Mongul tribe of the Kalkas, who retained possession of the countries immediately north of China. Fearing the formidable power which such an union would have created, Khang-hi adroitly supported the Kalkas in their resistance, without engaging in direct hostilities with the Contaisch. Having thus given employment to this dangerous neighbour, he applied himself to compose the dissensions of China itself, and succeeded in subjugating all the provinces which retained a vestige of independence, as well as the successor of Coxinga, and his island of Formosa. He now, in opposition to the remonstrances of his Chinese subjects, passed into Tartary with an army, and, after two successful campaigns, utterly destroyed the power of the Contaisch. This struggle was not for a portion of territory, but for the existence of his dynasty; for there can be no doubt, that had the Contaisch succeeded in uniting under his authority the whole of the Mongul tribes, the Mantchous, unpopular in China itself, could not have maintained themselves in that country. The independence of the Eluths, was not however destroyed until the reign of Kien-long, the second in descent from Khang-hi, under whom the empire assumed its present extent, which is as great as under Tchang-ti of the dynasty of Han; for, if it does not reach the Caspian, it includes provinces in the north-east, now well peopled and civilized, which in former days rejected the yoke of China.

China, secluded as it may seem to have been from the rest of the world, has, notwithstanding, received from other countries many things which its inhabitants are now unwilling to acknowledge. Some of the ten tribes of Israel, after their captivity, penetrated into China, and we are mistaken if we do not see in the simple belief of Confucius in a single heavenly power, the fruits of converse with the possessors of a revealed religion. The followers of Lao-Tsen have doctrines which indicate more clearly a connexion with the Israelites; they ascribe the creation of the world to a triune being, to whom they give the name Jehovah. However debased from their original high source, may be the doctrines and practices of this sect, this word alone would suffice to point out whence they were derived. In other respects this school presents many points in conformity with those of Plato and Pythagoras; so much so indeed as to induce to the belief that they have been derived from a common head.

Christianity, it has been supposed, was preached in China at an early date. It has even been asserted, that the apostle Thomas penetrated thither by the way of India. Of this fact, however, Chinese annals give no indication; but an ancient inscription has been discovered at Li-an-fou, by which it appears, that a native of the Roman empire, of the name, as written by the Chinese, of O-lo-pen, founded a church in that city A. D. 635, which was in a flourishing state in A. D. 781. No relics of this doctrine seem to have been retained when the next missionary reached China. This was John de Montecorvino, who received his authority from Pope Nicholas IV. in 1288, reached Khan Balikh or Cambalu, the present Peking, then the capital of the Khitans or Cathay, and was so successful, that in A. D. 1314, Pope Clement V. erected an archiepiscopal seat in his favour; and sent out suffragan bishops to continue the order of succession. Although all intercourse with Rome was speedily cut off, we have reason to believe that Christianity made some progress in China, and exercised great influence among the Tartars, counting among its proselytes even some of the princes of the family of Zenghis Khan. The western branches of this race, however, became converts to the faith of Mahomet, and formed with the Turks an impassable barrier to Christianity, while the descendants of Kublai Khan adopted the Chinese habits, and with them the doctrines of Confucius. Kublai Khan himself was not averse to the doctrines of Christianity, and through the Polos, expressed a wish that missionaries might be sent him. They, however, never reached their destination.

In the present age, it appears strange that a doctrine so pure as Christianity, and bearing such evidence of a divine original, should ever have been lost in places where it had once prevailed. We may, however, account for this, so far as human reason can

be consulted, by the state of the Christian world at the time. This was dark and ignorant in the extreme. Faith rested upon tradition and authority, not upon the study of the evidences of religion. Missionaries brought up in the churches of Europe might teach a sound doctrine, and inculcate correct moral duties, but they could not assign reasons for belief, and give their converts arms by which to convince their opponents; far less could they see in the Jehovah of the followers of Lao-tsou, and in the heaven of Confucius, the acknowledgment of the same divinity themselves adored, and say to those opposing sects, in the language of St. Paul to the Athenians, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." For ourselves, we do not doubt, that the same means which the early Christians employed to convert Jews, and even pagans, namely, a reference to the authorities received by themselves, are the only ones which human policy can point out for the conversion of the Chinese; and human means are all that can now be depended upon, for the age of miracles is on all hands admitted to be past.

Yet, if no traces remain in the east, of a pure Christian doctrine derived from early apostolic missions, the ceremonies and pomp which the union of the church with the government of the Roman empire under Constantine, engrafted upon the simplicity of its first ages, produced their effect upon the senses of the eastern nations, and have been imitated in the worship of the priests of Buddha, while the hierarchy of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian churches, has its representative and copy in the court of the Dalai Lama. Even the doctrine of an incarnate deity, which is so prevalent in Eastern countries, seems to be the debased progeny of a purer faith, of which all that is valuable or sacred has been lost, and in Japan a sect exists, which worships a god incarnate of a virgin.

The discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope opened a new access to the Chinese empire. The Jesuits were the first to avail themselves of it. That illustrious body, founded in Europe for sectarian purposes, saw a nobler field of enterprise in the conversion of the heathen. While, like faithful soldiers of the papal power, they bore a large share of the contest between it and the reformation in Europe, they limited their exertions only by the bounds of the habitable globe. The east and the west alike saw their pious labours. It is to them that the aborigines of America owe the only permanently successful efforts for their conversion; and they were equally useful in China. If we have to accuse them of merging the real interests of the Christian church in the desire to increase the temporal influence of their own body, we can yet fully appreciate the entire absence of personal motives, and the unwearied zeal they exhibited. Francis Xavier, the saint of this powerful corporation, died upon the



frontiers of China, over which he cast his eyes like Moses over the promised land he was not permitted to enter. It would swell our article to a volume, were we to notice the labours and exertions of his successors. Ricci, and Schall, and Verbiest, and Boym, and Intercetta, and Noel, and Fouquet, are but a small portion of those who earned the esteem of unbelieving Chinese, by their talents, learning, and virtues, while they made proselytes of many by their eloquence and zeal.

The Jesuits seem to have adopted in its true sense the instructions of the church at Jerusalem.\* The national habits and customs, if not idolatrous or immoral, they tolerated and allowed. Customs engrafted upon Christianity, from the Mosaic law, or the civil code of the Romans, they found no warrant for insisting upon. Thus, while they exacted the acknowledgment of belief, by partaking of the sacraments, and uniting in the forms of public worship, at conventional hours, on the first day of the week, and on days of fast and festival, they did not prescribe the entire devotion of any of them to religion after the manner of the Sabbath of the Jews; and while they refused to their converts a union with more than a single wife, it does not seem that they made it a condition of reception into the church, that new proselytes should repudiate the wives with which they had previously been united by the sanction of the Chinese laws. In particular, they tolerated the reverence paid by the Chinese to the memory of their ancestors, contenting themselves with a caveat against its being rendered in an idolatrous spirit.

The fasts of the Catholic church formed no obstacle in a nation whose principal food is vegetable, and the doctrine of the intercession of saints was consistent with the habits and belief of the population, who were accustomed to pay even higher honours to Confucius and their own progenitors. Thus, while the Jesuits respected the prejudices of their proselytes in matters not repugnant to the moral law, they were not impeded in their efforts by those rites and traditionary articles of belief in which the Latin differs from other Christian churches.

Another portion of the Catholic church was actuated by a more fiery and less enlightened zeal. The Dominicans seem to have envied the Jesuits their successes in China, and attacked their practice with virulence. The matter was referred to Pope Clement XI., who decided against the Jesuits. This led to contests in China between the two parties, and excited the attention of the government. The Christian religion was disgraced by the quarrels of its preachers, and the tranquillity of the empire threatened by the riots of their partisans. The emperor, Khang-hi, took the summary mode of banishing the leaders of the contend-

\* Acts xv.



ing opinions to Tartary, and issued an edict, that no missionary should enter China without subscribing a promise to preach the same doctrines as Ricci. With this tumult the glories of the missions of China terminated, and the church founded by the Jesuits has from that time continued to decline.

“ Let us now view the Roman Catholic church, in its most prosperous state. There were in Kiang-nan province more than 100 churches, and 100,000 converts. The Portuguese possessed several houses at Pekin, and had also built a separate house for the females, who, according to Chinese prejudice, were not permitted to mix promiscuously in the assemblies of the men, but who nevertheless possessed such a zeal for the holy church, that they had given away their jewels in order to adorn its altars!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ There were more than seventy French Jesuit missionaries in the different provinces of the empire. Those at Pekin, baptized, in 1696, about 630 adults, besides a great number of infants, who were daily exposed in the streets of Pekin. Those who were permitted to share the imperial friendship, lived in a room adjacent to the apartments which the emperor himself occupied. They were closely watched, and shut up during the whole day—the only persons they saw were some eunuchs and servants; their lives were subject to great fatigues; however, they lived under the genial influence of heaven's son, and this was fully adequate to reconcile them to all privations. To give the missionaries an opportunity of becoming popular, the emperor appointed them to distribute rice, during the time of scarcity. But the services they rendered the prince were more than sufficient to repay his patronage. The greatest and most lasting service was a survey of the whole empire, the fruit of many years incessant labours, which engaged the most talented among the missionaries. The author has had an opportunity of examining their maps of Fou-kien, and Che-kiang, and he found them extremely correct. But if the coast, and the situation, and the shape of small islands, coincide with their maps, how much more will their delineation of the provinces of the interior, vie in accuracy with any survey made during the last century.”

Khang-hi appreciated the literary and scientific skill of the missionaries, and probably confided in his own power and talents to prevent their becoming dangerous. His severest act against them was only a punishment of their own disputes, and intended to preserve tranquillity among their followers. In the reign of his successor, the conquests made by Europeans in India excited the fears of a prince less confident in his own energies; the propagation of Christianity was prohibited; the Chinese proselytes were commanded to abjure their faith; and all the missionaries who had not received permission to reside, were sent to Canton. A further oppression, amounting to persecution, followed. The churches of Fou-kien, amounting to three hundred, were pulled down or converted into idol temples; and even the members of the imperial family who had become converts, were not spared. The hostility of the government to the Christian faith, long continued, and has only relaxed under the present emperor. As late as 1807, under his predecessor, fifteen persons, most of whom held offices under the government, were delivered over to the tribunals to be punished for professing Christianity.

Our author professes to know but little of the state of the Ca-

tholics in China; we are therefore compelled to have recourse to another authority.\*

The mission of Lse-Tchhouan comprehends the province of that name, and those of Yun-nan and Kouei-Tcheou. The first of these had, in 1814, when the persecution which caused the death of the Catholic bishop arose, counted nearly 60,000 proselytes. Yun-nan contained 2,500, and Kouei-Tcheou about 1,600. In the diocese of Peking are about 40,000 Christians; 33,000 in that of Nankin, and only 7,000 in that of Macao, which comprehends the provinces of Quang-Tong and Quang-Se. In the rest of China the numbers amount to about 60,000. Thus there are nearly 200,000 persons in China professing the Catholic faith.

The Catholic church proceeds in its attempts at conversion, upon principles different from those employed by Protestants. The scriptures are not placed in the hands of the converts in their own language, but abstracts of faith and forms of devotion are employed in stead. Of these, the most important which have been drawn up in the Chinese language, are the Thian-tchu-chi-yi, or "True doctrine of God," drawn up by Ricci, and a Harmony of the Gospels. The former of these is highly praised not only by the missionaries, but by the Chinese themselves, who read it as a model of style in their own language. So great is its reputation, that it is included in the selection of classical works formed by direction of the emperor Kien-long, and this at a time when Christianity was most unpopular in China. The Harmony of the Gospels not only contains a Life of Christ, compiled from the four evangelists, but also the Acts of the Apostles, and most of the epistles of Paul. These appear to be intended for general use, but in addition, the missionaries have translated the whole of the New Testament into Chinese, a work which is only to be found in Europe in the library of the College of the Propaganda at Rome. This work, it is reasonable to believe, must be in the hands of those Chinese who have been associated with the Catholic missionaries in the labours of their ministry. We cannot, therefore, assent to the following passage of Gutzlaff.

"The Roman Catholic missionaries had spent more than two centuries in China, and among them there were many who understood the Chinese language thoroughly, and wrote elegantly. They have published the lives of their saints, their scholastic divinity, and other works, but never ventured upon translating the oracles of God, and making them intelligible to so many millions. If they were preachers of the gospel, and apostolical missionaries, why did they not make known the gospel, and the apostolical doctrines? If they were champions of the saints and the pope, why did they not declare themselves such in China, and prevent the gross error of calling popery the gospel? When they were once asked by the pope himself to translate one gospel, as a mere specimen of Chinese literature, they pleaded the absolute impossibility of such an undertaking, and nevertheless, could find words and phrases to translate the abstruse Thomas Aquinas."

Were these charges true, we should join with Gutzlaff in blaming the course of the Catholic missionaries; but from what we have stated, it is clear that they are not, and Gutzlaff had the means of knowing that they were unfounded. He himself states that Dr. Morrison carried with him to China "The Harmony of the Four Gospels," in the Chinese language, obtained from the British museum. The slightest inquiry would have taught him that this was the work of a Catholic missionary, being the very one of which we have already spoken. We do not venture to decide here, in a discussion purely literary, upon the merits of the different methods pursued by Catholic and Protestant missionaries; the one holding back the scriptures until the reason is prepared for their reception, the other distributing them to all comers, without comment. It is enough for us, as laymen, to say that while both have shown the most praiseworthy zeal, and the Catholics undergone the pains of martyrdom, both have been wanting in Christian charity to those whom they ought to have viewed as their fellow-labourers. We shall not quote here the vexations experienced by the first Protestants who visited China, arising from the false light in which they were represented by the Catholic missionaries; it has received its retribution in the charges of Mr. Gutzlaff.

While the Catholics had for centuries been propagating their modification of the Christian doctrine in China, the Protestants were wholly idle. It was not until 1807 that the London Missionary Society chose Dr. Morrison to proceed to Canton. After spending four years there, he became familiar with the language; and finding, as Gutzlaff states, that a copy of the Acts of the Apostles which he had brought out with him was intelligible, caused it to be printed. We presume that this must have been the same translation which forms a part of "The Harmony of the Gospels." He next translated the Gospel of St. Luke, and continued his labours until he had published a complete version of the whole New Testament. In 1813 he received a valuable aid to his labours in the person of Mr. Milne. Under their joint auspices, a seminary was established at Malacca for the education of persons of Chinese descent, who abound there. The students in this institution have amounted to twenty-six at one time. "Many of these lads have been usefully employed in life; one of them has gone to Peking as translator of Western languages to the tribunal of rites; others have been employed in instructing their fellow countrymen, or as writers in commercial houses."

The first Chinese convert of the Protestant mission was not admitted to baptism until 1815. A Chinese of the name of Afa was baptized in 1817, at Malacca, and is now the minister of a congregation in Canton, but this only reckons ten native converts.

Our author has not made mention of the farther labours of Morrison and Milne. We have again been compelled to have recourse to another authority.\* From this we learn that these indefatigable men have completed a version of the whole of the Old Testament, as well as of the New, and that it has been actually printed. We also obtain a more full account of the English missions from the same source, and have only to regret that it is not as recent as we could desire. In 1824 the missionaries of the London society had five stations—Canton, Malacca, Pinang, Batavia, and Singapore. These were directed by nine missionaries, six in China, and three in the Malay stations. There were twelve schools, one in China, one at Batavia, and three at Malacca for the Chinese, the other seven being for the Malays. The Gospel was preached in three Chinese dialects, that of the Kiang-nan, or the Mandarinic, that of Canton, and that of Fou-kien.

While Milne and Morrison were thus employed, a parallel labour was undertaken at Serampore. Here the whole of the Bible was translated into Chinese under the auspices of Marsham. We thus have two versions, and the copies are now multiplied by the aid of the funds of the British Bible Society. More recently, American missionaries have reached Canton, and the aid they have afforded those of England is gratefully acknowledged by Gutzlaff.

It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the zeal and labours of these Protestant missionaries. The version of the sacred volume into a language read by so many millions, and known to the learned portion of so many more, is perhaps the greatest service that could have been rendered to the Christian cause. It is therefore with regret that we have to state that the utility of this very translation is likely to be much diminished by sectarian feelings on the part of the translators themselves. Ricci, who was the first who ventured to treat of Christian doctrine in the Chinese tongue, having maturely weighed the sense of the Chinese terms, and consulted the most learned of the nation, decided to name the deity Thian-tchu, “the Lord of Heaven,” while he found for our Saviour the phonetic homophone of Yi-tsen, meaning “only son;” using the last in connexion with the first, the name became “The only Son of the Lord of Heaven.” These epithets have become the conventional address of the prayers of more than two hundred thousand Chinese Christians. Morrison and Marsham, whether by concert or accidental coincidence, have agreed in rejecting these appropriate and expressive terms. They have thus voluntarily separated themselves from all the converts made by Catholic missionaries, to whom

\* Remusat.

their labours can be of no use, and beside whom their proselytes will appear as worshippers of a different deity. We quote the reasons assigned by Milne for this course, which we must say are in a spirit very different from that which we should think ought to govern a Christian missionary; so much so indeed, that, *mutatis mutandis*, the reproach laid upon the Catholics by Gutzlaff, might be justly applied to him.

“Admitting that Catholics and Protestants acknowledge the same God, still their respective views of all that concerns doctrines, ceremonies, and worship, are so exceedingly different, that it might perhaps be convenient to choose a term different from that employed by the Catholics. The confusion of the two sects, whose faith and practice differ in so great a number of essential points, would have been the natural consequence of the use of this word, a compromise with which neither party would have been flattered, and which might have given rise to many inconveniences, as no one can doubt who considers the actual state of China.”

On this Remusat remarks—

“So, it is in order to avoid being confounded with the disciples of our missionaries that those of the Protestant communion have abandoned a received term, admitted in China, known by the whole world, and generally understood in its true sense; have replaced it by a word vague, equivocal, new, and which, by their own acknowledgment, has never, in the most noble of its acceptations, signified *God*, but only *Spirit*. It is to distinguish themselves from Christians who have preceded them in the preaching of the Gospel, that they have voluntarily abandoned the road which was opened to them, and changed the language to which a great nation had been accustomed to listen. They have incurred the risk of rendering unintelligible all those passages of the Bible in which the true God is named; have exposed to attack the essence of Christianity in the very texts which are its foundation, and that for fear of being taken for Catholics, not in teaching the peculiar dogmas of that church, but in expressing those primitive truths, a knowledge of which is the bond of all Christian communions.”

The narrative we have given teaches us the melancholy truth, that all Christian sects are still far behind the spirit of their divine Master. Even in civilized Europe, persecutions for conscience sake are not wholly at an end, while all that a preponderating sect allows is toleration. In our country alone, do religious sects stand upon the footing of equality, each peaceably following its own interpretation of the sacred volume, while what that may be is not inquired into when the rights of persons, property, or of a share in the administration, are in question. We do not venture to say that a disposition to persecution has not occasionally manifested itself, or that attempts have not been made to make peculiar tenets a part of the national law. But such attempts have been frustrated, and sects with us exercise their appropriate influence in stimulating the dormant zeal of their rivals, until those whom mere pride of party may at first have called into action, become inspired with a true spirit of religion. For such a wise purpose, we do not doubt, was the sacred volume left free to human interpretation, so that while no question could remain in regard to the moral law, the study of doctrine, always unexhausted and always new, might remain to stimulate inquiry, until

faith should terminate in knowledge, when time should be no more. If in a civilized and Christian country, it is the duty of a man to avow the interpretation of Scripture he may have adopted from conviction, precisely as it is that of a citizen to support that party whose principles of government he prefers, the same is not the case when he accepts a mission to a pagan country. There distinction of sect ought to be at once forgotten. In such a position no man has a right to say, I am of Paul, I am of Cephas, I am a Catholic, I am a Lutheran; but, leaving all sectarian views, he should avow himself the servant of Christ alone. Or if such compliance with the advice of the great Apostle of the Gentiles be too great a trial for Christianity in its present militant state, let him at least tolerate the opinions of others when maintained in sincerity, and aid rather than oppose their apostolic labours.

While we are writing, the news of the death of Morrison have reached us. He has fulfilled his appointed course, and gone to receive his reward. His labours and exertions give him a high rank among the preachers of the Christian faith, and although we have not ventured to pass without remark the one great error in judgment he committed, we with pleasure unite in the just praises which he has merited. That the whole of the sacred volume is now accessible to nearly four hundred millions of the human race, by the greater part of whom even its existence was before unknown, will for ages render his name venerable among the sincere professors of the Christian religion; and the time must come when party distinctions will cease in the universal church, and he will divide with Ricci the honours due to an apostle of regions more vast and more populous than those embraced in the mission of Him of the Gentiles.

---

The last part of the work of Gutzlaff is devoted to a history of the commerce of foreign nations with China. His accounts are evidently tinged with the peculiar feeling of the English factory, and it would be interesting to compare it with such a history as might be drawn up by a native Chinese. It is very obvious that the trade of the British Company has been exposed to difficulties which have impeded the operations of no other nation; and we may suspect that the importance which the chiefs of the Factory have assumed, grounded upon their being the representatives of a sovereign Company, united to the jealousy which the Chinese must naturally entertain of so powerful and grasping a neighbour, have been more efficient in disturbing their commerce, than the cunning duplicity or extortion with which the merchants and Mandarins of Canton are charged.

The Portuguese led the way to China, as they did to all other



parts of India, and are the only nation which obtained a foot-hold in the empire. This they still retain in the little city of Macao, which, although nominally a possession of Portugal, and bearing its flag, is in fact a republic inhabited by the descendants of Portuguese, and owning the sovereignty of the Chinese empire. This republic has certain privileges in its trade, but these are restricted to a particular set of vessels, which cannot be replaced, but which, when worn out, may be rebuilt by permission of the Chinese authorities, for which a heavy sum is demanded. The Portuguese having fallen behind other nations in the art of navigation, even this privileged commerce is of little value; but Macao derives much profit from the law which prevents any foreigners from spending a whole continuous year in Canton, and prohibits the entrance of females into the empire. Hence merchants resident in China, are compelled to have establishments in Macao, in which they may leave their families, and to which they retire annually for a short time.

The trade of the Dutch, who followed the Portuguese, was impeded for a time by the opposition of the latter, and still more by the false description which was given of them by the missionaries in Peking. Failing in opening a trade on the continent, they established themselves in Formosa, and founded a flourishing settlement on that island. This was wrested from them by Coxinga, who bore for a time the title of King of Formosa. This hostile act rendered the Dutch the allies of the Mantchous, and they made joint efforts upon the island, which were, however, repulsed. This connexion, however, opened the ports of Canton and Fou-kien to the Dutch, which they finally voluntarily confined to the former.

The English first became known to the Chinese by an attempt made in 1619, to force the entrance of the Canton river, and although victorious, they did not succeed in opening a trade. In 1644, and in 1664, ships were sent to Macao; but in consequence of the distracted state of China, the enterprises were not attended with profit. Finally, a factory was established at Emouy (Amoy) then a possession of the King of Formosa; the trade was carried on to advantage, until the power of the Mantchous became predominant, when exactions arose that caused the factory to be closed. In 1685, all the ports of China were opened to foreigners, and on this occasion the English first succeeded in trading at Canton. To this port, their trade has, since 1734, been wholly confined, and in several instances been on the point of total interruption; but the Chinese authorities on the one hand, and the servants of the company on the other, have seen that mutual loss must attend its extinction, and after much bravado on each side, things have returned to their former channel. The grand subject of dispute has been the refusal of the English to become subject



to the laws of China, particularly in respect to homicide. Now it must be evident that such refusal on the part of the visitors of any European nation, would put an end to all intercourse, and would, if sustained by force, lead to war. It is of no avail to say that the laws of China are unjust; the persons who visit the empire are aware of them, and have no right to complain when they fall within their scope. The instances of aggression and violence on the part of foreigners have been so marked as fully to justify the policy of the law, which requires that the person by whom a Chinese has been slain, shall be delivered up; and so far from its being a just subject of reproach, that a provision for the family of the party killed has been in some cases accepted as an atonement, it is only a proof that humanity has been permitted to mitigate the stern dictates of policy.

The most curious transactions which have arisen from the intercourse of the British Company with China, are the two embassies of Lords Macartney and Amherst. The Company, although sovereign in territories adjacent to those which acknowledge themselves vassals of China, and thus capable of treating upon terms at least as advantageous as those under which the sovereigns of Birmah or of Japan approach the Chinese government, chose to bring in to their aid the diplomacy of Britain itself, and procured a representative of their sovereign to be sent to Peking. The directors in London were probably ignorant of the construction put by the Chinese upon such a mission; but the same excuse cannot be made for their servants of the Canton factory, who could not be ignorant of the features of Chinese policy. It has been their practice from time immemorial to consider ambassadors merely as persons sent to acknowledge or renew the fealty of their governments to the Celestial empire, and they are paraded through the cities and provinces of the empire as tribute-bearers, which epithet is inscribed on the flags of the vessels in which they are conveyed upon the canals, and the banners which precede their march by land. This degrading ceremony was never omitted except on one occasion—that of a Portuguese embassy, and even on this occasion the imperial decree which authorized the omission of the epithet, asserted the fact that they came as bearers of tribute, although they did not like to be so called. In the consequence of these embassies, the Chinese annals of Kien Long will state, that under his reign the King of Great Britain acknowledged himself as the vassal of that emperor; and those of his successor, that the acknowledgment of allegiance was renewed. As all persons acquainted with the practice of the Chinese government must have been aware that such would be the official record, and that no act to render it improbable would be committed by the Chinese, or allowed on the part of the embassy, the refusal to perform the ceremony of knocking the head nine times,

was empty and unavailing. The curious part of this history is that the Chinese annals contain the detail of the performance of this act of vassalage by Lord Macartney, and on the visit of Lord Amherst, the record was cited to him as a precedent; still further, the present emperor himself, who was old enough at the time to be a competent witness, expressly declared that he had seen the prostration with his own eyes. The whole order of the reception of a foreign embassy in China, is prescribed by a written code; the number of interviews, the time of his stay, and the official personages with whom he shall have intercourse. Among these prescribed forms, none is more insisted upon than the *kheou-theou*. Even a Russian ambassador, who had believed that he had obtained exemption, was dragged with a sort of good humoured force, which was so well arranged that he could not resist, and made to knock his head before the yellow tablet. Were it not then, that all the companions of Lord Macartney are unanimous in stating that he succeeded in avoiding the obnoxious ceremony, we should have doubted that he could have been permitted to see the emperor, without performing it. Strong as is this unanimous declaration, an European who was at Peking at the time, has contradicted it, and insinuations to the same effect have been thrown out even by English writers. Can it be, that Lord Macartney, in his zeal for his ancient employers, the East India Directors, performed an act, which, as the representative of his sovereign, he was ashamed to acknowledge? The Chinese, in their discussions with Lord Amherst, appealed to Sir George Staunton, who had as a boy accompanied his father in the former embassy, and he, although the emperor had not yet committed himself, declined to answer. Had this occurred after the emperor had stated the fact from his own recollections, we could easily see that it would have been improper for him to contradict it; but had he been conscious that Lord Macartney's declarations were true, we do not see how he could have felt any hesitation in replying.

The whole history of these two embassies is such as to cover their projectors with ridicule. If the British had any cause of grievance, the squadron which conveyed either of the missions to the Yellow Sea would have been the most efficient diplomats. But the Company would have run the risk of having their trade interrupted, and therefore advised a temporizing course, in which, by flattering the pride of the Chinese, they hoped to gain their point. The result has merely confirmed them in their notions of national importance, and the chance of treating upon terms of equality is rendered more distant than ever.

We may also ascribe many of the exactions to which the commerce of foreigners in general has been subjected, to the position of the English Company. Possessed of a monopoly, it has only

to raise its prices a small amount, and all new duties and expenses will be covered; nor can the consumers find a remedy except in abandoning the use of the article. It has therefore been more expedient to submit to exaction than to resist. They have also, by paying higher prices than those nations whose merchants must vie with each other can venture to give, secured the choice of all the productions of China, so that the second qualities are alone to be purchased by other merchants, until the demands of the English Company are supplied. The trade of Great Britain to China is now thrown open, and this event must produce a change which will affect that of all other nations. As individuals will be able to transact their business more economically than the Company has ever done, we may presume on a greatly increased consumption of such of the products of China as are admitted into Great Britain. The smuggling trade, although in part owing to the high duties exacted by the British government, has also been encouraged by the monopoly; this will be diminished, and a greater amount of British tonnage will be employed, to the injury of the trade of the north of Europe. We may also infer, that the exactions of the local authorities will be lessened. The East India Company has never condescended to a clandestine trade, but individual merchants will resort to it whenever the profits will more than counterbalance the risk; and as the government of Canton as well as the imperial treasury derive no small revenue from the legal trade, and are not strong enough to suppress that which is illegal, they will soon discover the only sure mode of preventing the latter, namely, to render it the least profitable.

The trade of the Indian possessions of Great Britain with China has long been open to individual merchants, and has increased to an enormous amount. The value of the articles imported into China by the private traders, has so far exceeded those exported, as to have rendered it unnecessary for the Company for many years to ship any specie. It has also had a similar effect upon our own trade, for bills upon London have had a ready and profitable sale, and even notes of the Bank of the United States can be negotiated in Canton.

The most remarkable feature in the trade between the British possessions and China, is, that the article which exceeds sixfold in value all the rest, is one expressly prohibited by the Chinese laws, namely, opium. This has had for some years past an average sale to the extent of twelve millions of dollars. The vessels which import it discharge it outside of the port, and the boats in the service of the custom house itself are the principal vehicles for its introduction. Such is the avidity with which it is sought, that no edict, however severe in its penalties, has the slightest effect in lessening the consumption; the authorities, unable to

carry the law into effect, now share in the profits of its breach; and it is said, that the Emperor himself, while uttering edicts of the most stern character against the pernicious drug, is in private a slave to its seductions.

By the latest accounts from Canton we perceive that a British commissioner has been appointed for the purpose of superintending the trade with China. The local authorities have refused to recognise him, and disapprove of his residence; so much so as to have forbidden Chinese to serve him as servants, and withdrawn his *comprador*. The latter is a most important personage, since through him alone supplies of provisions can be obtained; so that to refuse a *comprador* is about equivalent to the Roman form of exile, which forbade the supply of fire and water. Other nations have consuls and commercial agents, but have wisely abstained from asking their recognition by the Chinese government; and we doubt not that the British will be compelled in like manner to acquiesce, or to abandon their trade. Indeed, the same Canton paper which contains the account of the uncivil reception of Lord Napier, contains also an intimation, that English merchants may find it convenient to trade under some other flag.

The trade of the United States with China is the latest in its origin of any, but is now second in extent to that of England alone, and in 1833, fell short of that of the East India Company only about one-ninth. During this year, no more than \$682,500 in specie were carried to Canton in American vessels; \$4,772,500 were provided for by bills of exchange; while about \$3,000,000 were transmitted in merchandise. Of the merchandise, some important items are the products of American industry: among these are sandal wood, cut in the islands of the Pacific; biche-de-mer, collected in the Indian Archipelago; the furs of our western territories, and in 1831, upwards of 100,000 pieces of cotton goods made in the United States. On other articles large profits are earned, as on the opium of Smyrna, the quicksilver of Asia, and the furs of Canada and of the North West Coast. This trade has upon the whole been the most profitable in proportion to its extent of any branch of our foreign commerce, and has been the principal source of some of the largest fortunes to our merchants. It has not indeed been without its reverses, and on one occasion an attempt of a single house to drive all competitors from the trade, produced a wide extent of ruin, in which itself was finally involved; but so far as the country in general is concerned, it has added in no small degree to our national wealth. One of the earliest voyages made from the United States to China, is worthy of being mentioned from its boldness. Captain Stuart Dean, immediately after the close of the revolutionary war, fitted out a North River sloop, of eighty tons burthen, and accompa-

nied by a few spirits equally adventurous with himself, reached the ports of China, and returned in safety.

The voyage of the *Alliance* is mentioned by Gutzlaff as forming an æra in the navigation of the Indian Seas. This vessel, built as a frigate, was purchased for this trade in 1787. Leaving Philadelphia at a season when the monsoon was adverse, she performed the circuit of New Holland and the Philippine Islands, nor did she cast anchor until she reached Whampoa. Before this voyage, it had been considered impracticable to reach China without stopping several times for provisions and water. The outward bound European ships touched at Madeira or Teneriffe, at the Cape of Good Hope, and at Batavia. Five or six months were thus frequently consumed even in the direct passage. Since that epoch, American vessels, unless diverted by some object of profit, have rarely touched at any intermediate port; the direct passage has been frequently performed in less than three months; and one vessel has accomplished the eastern passage in one hundred and five days.

Several attempts have been made of late years to open a trade with ports of China other than Canton. The Spaniards of Manilla still have the privilege of sending ships to the principal port of Fou-kien; and this flag has been used by some of the English residents. Armed vessels under the British flag have also made coasting voyages, extending as far as the country of the Mantchous. If some of these have been unsuccessful, enough has been done to show that this is not attended with an absolute impossibility, and that the demand for many articles which now reach the distant provinces loaded with the profits of the Canton merchants, and a heavy freight, is such as will cause them to be purchased in spite of any prohibitive measures the government can adopt. We only wonder that American merchants have not been engaged in such enterprises, particularly as it seems well understood that the fears of the British East India Company have opposed obstacles to the use of that flag.

We have met with some difficulty in the comparison of Gutzlaff with other authorities, and even in the first perusal of his work, in consequence of the different systems of spelling Chinese words adopted by the different authors. He has attempted throughout to apply the English orthography, and we conceive has not been successful, in consequence of difficulties inherent in the structure of our tongue. Derived from many different languages, it has retained, with slight alterations, the original spelling, and although the vowel sounds have been altered to suit English organs, the articulations are often unaltered. Doubts may frequently occur as to the power of the consonants, and if the vowels are less uncertain, they are so different in their use from that ascribed to them in other languages, and from what

is sometimes given to them by ourselves in words of foreign origin, that we consider their application as even more objectionable than that of the consonants. The Chinese themselves having no literal characters, we cannot resort to them for information on this head. Our principal authorities, in respect to Chinese names, are the Jesuits: these have generally used the French alphabet, and it is attended with less uncertainty in its application than the English. It is however deficient in the power of expressing some sounds which are frequent in Chinese; we have therefore sometimes wished to adopt the English *w*, *qu*, and *sh*, instead of *ou*, *kou*, and *ch*; the second alteration we have made in the names of the provinces Quang-tong and Quang-se. It is much to be wished that some conventional mode of spelling languages, which have no alphabet of their own, might be adopted by general consent; or that it should be agreed to refer to the authorities of earliest date. An alphabet of this sort, founded upon the Roman, has been proposed by Volney, and he has shown that it is perfectly adapted to the Arabic, which differs in its usual sounds from any European language, quite as much as the Chinese does. Until some such system be adopted, we shall still find ourselves puzzled to learn that *khan*, *caron* and *cham*, *bashaw*, *pacha*, and *peishwah*, *Khang-hi*, and *Kaung-he*, *She-whang-te*, *Chi-Hoang-ti*, are respectively no more than variable spellings of the same sounds.

To conclude: although we are compelled to say that we experienced disappointment in the perusal of so much of this work, as treats of the history of China anterior to the accession of the present dynasty, we have in all other respects been highly gratified. More particularly have we been pleased with the history of the commerce of foreign nations with this empire, and enlightened by the details of their trade, collected with great pains from authentic sources. Did the work contain no more than this, it would be invaluable in a country possessed of the second trade in extent with this remote empire; a trade which has been the source of much individual wealth; which has added to the national riches; poured immense revenue into the treasures of government; and which promises to be still further extended.

We cannot, on the present occasion, pass over the personal merits of our author. He has, with the greatest perseverance and zeal, devoted himself to missionary labours, to aid in which he has not disdained the study of the literature, the history, and the commerce of the country in which his lot is cast. Satisfied that the first step is to convince it that others are in its equals, in others its superiors, he has composed



familiar tracts, in the Chinese language, descriptive of other portions of the globe. These have been sought for with avidity, and have created a demand for tracts upon religious and moral subjects; and thus it will probably happen, that the very points in the Chinese character which have opposed obstacles to their reception of Christianity, will hereafter be found the most easy avenues to conversion. Among other useful works, he is the chief editor of a monthly magazine in the Chinese language. Two numbers of this have come into our hands, and we have been enabled to discover that one contains a general geographical description of the old continent; the other a particular account of the Empire of Russia, which bounding on that of China for several thousand miles, must be an object of curiosity to the government, as well as the people of the Celestial Empire. In the pursuit of his sacred calling, he has made two voyages along the coast of China, the first in a junk, the second in an European vessel; exposing himself, in the former case, to hazards and inconveniencies of the most appalling character; and in the latter exerting himself in the most strenuous manner to procure an opening for commerce, under the protecting wing of which, he has had the good sense to see that religious impressions might be readily propagated.

---

ART. VI.—*History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States.* By WILLIAM DUNLAP, Vice-President of the National Academy of Design, Author of the *History of the American Theatre*, *Biography of G. F. Cooke*, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: 1834.

THAT Mr. Dunlap has succeeded in compounding two very entertaining volumes, can scarcely be denied; but that he has been equally successful in accomplishing the object for which their appellation would indicate them to have been prepared, is not so sure. The “History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States,” is a sounding title, and a sounding title is a dangerous affair. If the expectations which it arouses are not sufficiently realized, the reader is little disposed to be blind to the faults, and overkind to the merits of the work. He remembers the passage of the old poet, in which a contrast is drawn between the vapouring scribbler who professed to sing “the fate of Priam and the noble war,” and the inspired bard, who, commencing his immortal strains with an invocation to the muse, endeavours “to give not smoke from a blaze,” but from the former to educe light; and he feels strongly tempted to repeat, in reference to



the writer who has excited the recollection, the contemptuous application to the pretender of the fable of the mountain and the mouse. Mr. Dunlap, however, need apprehend no such fate, although the aspect of his title-page is more imposing than the character of his work, for one especial reason. He contrives to keep his readers in such good humour, for the most part, by the amusement which his pages afford, that it would be almost impossible for them to deal severely with his authorship. The "goddess fair and free," yclept Euphrosyne in heaven, according to Milton, and on earth, heart easing mirth, is, after all, the lady who possesses the greatest attractions for the mass; and he who introduces us intimately to her acquaintance, is most likely to be rewarded with our kindest feelings. The sternest pedagogue can scarcely inflict a merited castigation upon a wag-gish urchin, however mischievous or lazy; and the fiercest critic, with a heart at other times unknowing how to yield, becomes transformed into a paragon of indulgence, by the omnipotent power of a laugh.

It is nevertheless the fact, that Mr. Dunlap's execution of his task is by no means deserving of unqualified praise. Horace Walpole called his work on British art, "Anecdotes of Painting," and our author, in the same way, might have entitled his production "Anecdotes of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers, and of any and every body who has had the remotest connexion with the Arts of Design in the United States." Such is unquestionably its true description. There is little of the dignity of history in its gossiping chapters, and much more information is communicated about the men than the artists. Greater pains are taken to amuse us with traits and eccentricities of personal character, than to acquaint us with professional peculiarities. The original critical portions are for the most part meagre and unsatisfactory, and almost altogether devoid of the *chiaro-oscuro* of criticism, if we may so speak. They are generally all light or all shade—all praise or all blame. The volumes, however, contain a great deal of valuable matter, calculated to render them admirable *Mémoires pour servir*, and Mr. Dunlap merits gratitude for the industry and perseverance with which he has sought information from the most authentic sources. Few living American artists of any note seem to have escaped his call for contribution to his pages. In most instances they have complied with his request, and those who refused, after being well belaboured for their modesty, are dragged into notoriety in their own despite. With these he must settle the matter as he may, though we do not believe they will be very much incensed, if there be truth in Peter Pindar's exclamation:

"What rage for fame attends both great and small!  
Better be d——d than mentioned not at all."

The first pioneer of the art mentioned by Mr. Dunlap, is John Watson, a Scotchman, who came to the American colonies in 1715, and settled in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, the native place of the author. He painted portraits with such success as to acquire a considerable share of the good things of this life, a circumstance which induced some of his relations to hearken to his solicitations to join him in the land of his adoption, "notwithstanding," says Mr. Dunlap, "that attachment to their soil which distinguishes his countrymen." If our author be right in attributing this characteristic so especially to the sons of the "land o' cakes," there is not so much truth as is imagined in the saying, that an Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable, an Irishman never at peace but when he is at war, and a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad. It is usually supposed, we believe, that even the crania of our Yankee brethren do not exhibit so decided a development of the bump of peregrination, as those of the worthy inhabitants of the country in question, where, in the phrase of one of them assigning his reason for sojourning in foreign parts, "although every thing is unco plenty and cheap, the saxpences are unco scarce." Mr. Watson lived to the age of eighty-three, and must consequently have produced no small number of works, but none, either of them, or of the pictures which he brought into this country, can now be found. Mr. Dunlap nevertheless thinks that no one who has duly considered the subject of cause and effect will doubt, that he had and continues to have an influence on the progress of the arts in the United States. He is even inclined to ascribe the writing of the present work to the emigration of Mr. Watson, but the consideration that we have been enabled to give "to the subject of cause and effect," has not been adequate to satisfy our minds completely upon that point, and we therefore leave it to the cogitations of those who may deem it indispensable to be settled.

Whilst Mr. Watson was transferring the faces of the Perth Amboyites to his glowing canvass, another of Scotland's offspring was performing a similar service for the good people of New England. This was John Smybert, who came to Rhode Island in 1728 with Bishop Berkeley, when this genuine specimen of episcopal excellence, in whom shone "every virtue under heaven," was upon his philanthropic expedition for establishing an American university. Here Mr. Dunlap favours us with several pages of extracts from different sources in relation to the illustrious bishop, which do not seem to throw any particular light upon the history of the Arts of Design, any further than that the artist by whom he was accompanied, painted a picture of him and his family, now in the possession of Yale College, which is eulogized in lofty terms. Smybert, according to a good authority, was not

an artist of the first rank; but the best portraits of the eminent magistrates and divines of New England and New York, who lived between 1725 and 1751, are from his pencil. His influence upon the arts in this country is affirmed to be powerful and lasting, and to have especially operated upon Copley, Trumbull, and Allston. The last named gentleman expresses his gratitude in a letter to a friend, for the instruction which he derived from a copy by Smybert in the college library, Cambridge, of the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio by Vandyke, which he obtained permission to take, one winter vacation. At that time, he says, Smybert's work seemed perfection to him, but he adds that he had to alter his notions of perfection when he saw the original, some years afterwards. Well he might, for a copy that should convey a perfect idea of that splendid production, must be executed by the hand of a kindred genius. Technical skill might counterfeit the features, and even reproduce the enchantment of the colouring, but "the mind, the music breathing from the face," demand the inspiration which no labour can acquire. Well do we recollect that exquisite "mocking of the life," if it be not derogatory so to entitle what might be mistaken for life itself. Few of the master-pieces of portraiture which it has been our good fortune to behold, excited more pleasure and admiration at the moment of witnessing it, and left a more vivid impression.

Smybert died in Boston in 1751, leaving two children, one of whom, Nathaniel, gave flattering promise of excellence in his father's art, which was destroyed by a premature death.

Other painters are mentioned by Mr. Dunlap as contemporaries of the aforesaid artists, in different portions of the country, whom, perhaps, it may be as well for their reputations to forget as to remember. One of them, however, named Williams, an Englishman, who was settled in Philadelphia, possesses an adventitious claim to recollection, from the circumstance of his having afforded assistance and instruction to the first native American artist of celebrity in point of time, and certainly not the last in point of merit. We mean Benjamin West.

The details of the career of this remarkable man must be so familiar to our readers, as to render it a work of supererogation to record them here, even if we had space for the purpose. His humble birth, in an obscure settlement, where civilization had advanced scarcely farther than the threshold; the singular precocity of his imitative talent; the irresistible strength of his vocation, which overcame every impediment, even the uncompromising spirit of sectarian prejudice; the kind friends whom he was so fortunate as to encounter, who fostered his genius and contributed the means of enabling him to cultivate it to the utmost in the richest school of art; the sensation which he excited

in Italy, both by the anomaly at that period of a young American's repairing thither to acquire excellence with the pencil, and the merit of the works which he produced ; his subsequent success in England, where he elevated himself to a friendly communion with royalty, and what was a far more honourable testimony to his character, was raised by his fellow-artists to the loftiest station amongst them, the Presidential chair of their academy, and where he died, full of honours and of years—all this might almost be called one of our school-boy lessons, so proud do we naturally and properly feel that our Temple of Fame should so soon have had one of its most eminent niches filled in a department which, in the progress of other nations, has generally been long unoccupied; and so inspiriting is the lesson which it inculcates, of the admirable results of industry and virtue and perseverance, no matter what the obstacles through which they may be obliged to force their way.

Worthy, however, of honour and panegyric as we consider West to be, we cannot subscribe to all the eulogies heaped upon him by Mr. Dunlap, with indiscriminating profusion. One might imagine, from the pages before us, that the artist in question was a condensation, as it were, of all the various and noblest attributes of the painters of ancient and modern times—a sort of focus to which all the brightest rays of art had been drawn, emitting a warmth and light such as never had been imparted before. The biography is a perfect glorification, as far, at least, as respects our author's share of it, which, to be sure, is not the largest. The whole, in fact, resembles a piece of Mosaic work, not very cunningly managed, much more than a harmonious portrait on canvass,—extracts without stint from other books, communications from individuals, and original observations, tumbling over one another in most delightful confusion.

The merits of West seem to us to be better calculated to attract the artist than the mere amateur. In the excellence of his composition and the correctness of his design, there is much that the former must love to contemplate, for purposes both of gratification and instruction; but admirable as those qualities are, they cannot be duly appreciated and enjoyed by the unscientific, when not befriended in just proportion by one or another of the two requisites most essential for communicating general delight, in which he was deficient—expression and colouring. He neither enthrals the mind, nor fascinates the eye. His is not the magic pencil around which the passions throng, nor that which is dipped in the hues of the rainbow. He rarely if ever “gloriously offends,” or snatches a grace which uninspired art may not reach. Soul is wanting there, and the most attractive quality, upon canvass, of body likewise. Take, for instance, his celebrated work belonging to the Hospital of Philadelphia, Christ

healing the sick, and what are the effects which it is fitted to produce? It is doubtless skilfully and judiciously composed, and the figures are well drawn, but is not your eye immediately repelled by the want of *morbidezza* in the tone, by the hardness of the outlines, exhibiting the work of the *pencil* as distinctly as that of the brush, and destroying all illusion by the evidence thus afforded, that the personages before you were born not of women, but of the artist's hand, and by the absence of that genial glow of complexion which seems to indicate the active current of the life-streams beneath? Is one inspiring idea excited in your mind, one powerful emotion awakened in your bosom, by the sublimity and pathos of the subject? Does the head of the Saviour prompt you to adoration, and gratitude, and love? do you commiserate the sufferings of the sick man, or rejoice in the release which he is about to obtain? do you sympathize with the distress of the mother, desiring yourself to wipe away that tear which seems not to have dropped from her eye, but to have been placed on her cheek for the occasion? do you second the father's prayer for his daughter's restoration to sight? or are you horrified by the malignant hatred and covert rage of the priests, or shocked by the contortions of the demoniac boy? Imagine the same scene depicted by Raphael. What dignity inspiring homage, what compassion inducing love, would have been blended in the person of the Redeemer—what strength and diversity of sentiment would have been imparted to the apostles, the disciples, the priests, and the gazing crowd—what depth of parental and filial love, illumined by hope and yet tempered by awe, would have been impressed upon the countenances of those soliciting his mercy for their afflicted kindred—what commingling of physical infirmity with moral elevation would have been portrayed in the expectants of divine bounty—how vividly would the whole spectacle have spoken of helpless humanity and celestial power and goodness! The group of which the demoniac boy is the chief figure, is a strong reminiscence of the one of the same nature in the Transfiguration; the woman looking at the Saviour and pointing to the possessed behind her, is almost a copy; but what a difference between her unmeaning, and we must say, rather vulgar physiognomy, and the striking countenance of Raphael's creation, so admirably contrasted with that heavenly face of the other female, who is looking upon the poor boy with such indescribable feeling!

In making these remarks, we must be understood as speaking relatively. We are far from asserting that the picture is altogether devoid of expression. It affords abundant evidence that the author *knew* what ought to be done. Every one of the figures indicates the right *intention*, but in none of them is the deed as good as the will. The impression which they are de-

signed to produce is true, as far as it goes, but it is weak at the moment of reception, and liable soon to be effaced.—It is but just also to acknowledge, that although the colouring of West is usually defective, instances could be shown in some of his works of an excellence in that respect, which might be deemed worthy of Titian.

“Death on the Pale Horse” is esteemed the loftiest effort of West, and it must indeed be a noble production, in which he has surpassed himself, if what is said of it be true. In it, according to Cunningham, he has more than approached the masters and princes of the calling. The Battle of La Hogue, and the Death of Wolfe, are the best of his historic pieces, and esteemed the best of that kind of the English school; which, however, they might easily be, without possessing half their merit.

In estimating the rank of West, it should be recollected, that although he is not the first in his department of the art, that department is the first; and that to attain the distinction in it which he did, a rarer combination of qualities was requisite, than is demanded for superiority in an inferior branch. The vast number of his compositions, also, almost all of which are at least respectable, should be taken into consideration, manifesting as they do, a wonderful fertility of invention and rapidity of execution. One circumstance should be recorded to his lasting honour, that he never prostituted his pencil to a subject on which the most delicate mind could not dwell, which could have been a source of the smallest regret upon his bed of death.

“Benjamin West was not, (as his biographer has asserted,) above the middle size. He was about five feet eight inches in height. Well made and athletic. His complexion was remarkably fair. His eye was piercing. Of his manners and disposition we have already spoken, but may be allowed to relate an anecdote from one of his pupils. He had frequently a levee of young artists asking advice on their productions, and it was given always with encouraging amenity. On one occasion a Camera Lucida, then a new thing, had been left with him for inspection: it was the first he had ever seen, and Stuart coming in, West showed it to him, and explained its use. Stuart’s hand was always tremulous. He took the delicate machine for examination, let it fall, and it was dashed to fragments on the hearth. Stuart stood with his back to West, looking at the wreck in despair. After a short silence, the benevolent man said, ‘Well, Stuart, you may as well pick up the pieces.’ This was of course in early life, but old age made no change in him. Mr. Leslie says, ‘Mr. West’s readiness to give advice and assistance to artists is well known. Every morning before he began to work he received all who wished to see him. A friend of mine called at his house the day after his death. His old and faithful servant, Robert, opened the door, and said, with a melancholy shake of the head, “Ah, sir! where will they go now?” And well might he say so; for although I can affirm with truth, that I know of no eminent artist in London, who is not ready to communicate instruction to any of his brethren who need it, yet at that time there was certainly no one so accessible as Mr. West, and I think I may say so admirably qualified to give advice in every branch of the art.’”

The year 1738, in which West first saw the light, was also distinguished by the birth of John Singleton Copley, the next eminent painter in succession on the American list. The follow-



ing short and sweet epistle from his son, Lord Lyndhurst, to Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse, in reply to a request for information respecting the artist, was communicated to our author by Mr. Morse.

“ ‘George-street, 27th December, 1827.

“ ‘Dear Sir:—I beg you will accept my best thanks for your discourse delivered before the National Academy at New York, which has been handed to me by Mr. Ward. The tenor of my father’s life was so uniform as to afford little materials for a biographer. He was entirely devoted to his art, which he pursued with unremitting assiduity to the last year of his life. The result is before the public in his works, which must speak for themselves; and considering that he was entirely self-taught, and never saw a decent picture, with the exception of his own, until he was nearly thirty years of age, the circumstance is, I think, worthy of admiration, and affords a striking proof of what natural genius, aided by determined perseverance can, under almost any circumstances, accomplish.

“ ‘I remain, dear sir,

“ ‘Your faithful servant,

“ ‘LYNDHURST.’ ”

Mr. Dunlap contravenes his Lordship’s assertions that Copley was self taught, and never saw a decent picture, except his own, until the age specified, on the ground that the works of Smybert and Blackburn, painted in Boston, his native place, were more than decent, and must have been seen by him, and have given him that instruction which is conveyed by studying the productions of others, even if he had not been a pupil of the authors themselves. Be this as it may, Copley when quite young obtained the greatest success as a portrait painter in Boston, where he continued to live until 1774, when he proceeded to England, and thence to Italy, to perfect himself in the art. Returning to England in 1775, he established himself in London, where he continued to pursue his profession until his death, in 1815, at the age of seventy-eight. He was principally devoted to portraits, they furnishing the most lucrative employment for his pencil; but he also achieved a high reputation in the historical department. His most celebrated works of this order, are “The Death of Chatham,” “The Youth rescued from a Shark,” “The Death of Major Pierson,” a young British officer, who was killed in a skirmish on the island of Jersey, “The repulse and defeat of the Spanish floating batteries at Gibraltar,” and “The Arrest of the Five Members of the Commons by Charles the First.” In them he followed the example set by West, of clothing his personages in the dress of their time, instead of the costume of antiquity.

“It is a curious fact, that three Americans in succession painted successfully in this style, and led the way to Europeans. West, the founder, the inventor, the original, the master; Copley, the second, his immediate follower; and Trumbull, painting under West’s eye, the third. West’s Wolfe is not only the first in point of time, but the first in excellence; Copley’s the second; and Trumbull’s ‘Bunker Hill’ the third. Copley, in the years 1786–7, painted another picture of this class, his Eliot at Gibraltar, (if his daughter is correct, as quoted above, this picture was not finished in 1790; I saw it in progress as early as 1787,) and Trumbull followed with a picture



on a similar subject, Eliot's triumph over the French and Spanish combined forces at Gibraltar. Of these three Americans, West painted the triumph of the colonists of Great Britain and her European soldiers over France, and the establishment thereby of the Protestant religion and the liberties of the colonies; he composed the first picture of the heroic class in which modern costume was introduced, and has all the merit of original daring with perfect success; Copley followed in his track, second in all, though displaying great talents: Trumbull followed, with both before him, in every sense."

Mr. Dunlap affirms, that Copley never adopted the severer style of historical painting, and that he was always a portrait painter. "His historical compositions were laboured, polished, and finished, from the ermine and feather to the glossy shoe and boot, or glittering star and buckle—the picture called the Death of Chatham, is a collection of portraits—it is a splendid picture, and the subject was well chosen for the advancement of the painter's interest."

"We have given our opinion of the merits of Mr. Copley as a painter, and will add that of a higher authority. In a note which we are permitted to copy, Mr. Thomas Sully says,—'Copley was in all respects but one equal to West; he had not so great dispatch: but then he was more correct, and did not so often repeat himself. His early portraits, which I saw at Boston, show the same style, only less finished, that he kept to the last. He had great force and breadth. He was crude in colouring, and used hard terminations.' Highly as we respect this authority, we must still think that Copley, as an historical painter, was inferior to West in very many points; in portraits he was his superior. It appears to us strange that any one who has seen the appropriate variation of style from the scripture subjects for Windsor, to the Roman pictures—the representations of English history from Edward III. to Cromwell—from the battles of the Boyne, La Hogue, and Quebec, to Telemachus, Mentor, and Calypso—can place Mr. Copley near his great countryman.

"We will give some anecdotes elucidating Copley's elaborate mode of working: and first, from Mr. Sargent:

"Stuart used to tell me, that no man ever knew how to *manage paint* better than Copley. I suppose he meant that *firm*, artist-like manner in which it was applied to the canvass; but he said he was very tedious in his practice. He once visited Copley in his painting-room, and being a good deal of a beau!! (by these notes of admiration we suppose Mr. Sargent to allude to Stuart's slovenly, snuffy appearance when he knew him,) 'Copley asked him to stand for him, that he might paint a bit of a ruffle-shirt that stuck out of his bosom. Not thinking that it would take more than a few minutes, he complied. But after standing a long time, and growing uneasy, Copley began to apologize. 'No consequence at all,' said Stuart, 'I beg you would finish—do all you can do to it now, for this is the last time you ever get me into such a scrape.'

"'Copley's manner,' continues Mr. Sargent, 'though his pictures have great merit, was very mechanical. He painted a very beautiful head of my mother, who told me that she sat to him fifteen or sixteen times! six hours at a time!! and that once she had been sitting to him for many hours, when he left the room for a few minutes, but requested that she would not move from her seat during his absence. She had the curiosity, however, to peep at the picture, and, to her astonishment, she found it all rubbed out.'"

"On this same subject we quote from letters in answer to our inquiries, addressed to that very distinguished artist, C. R. Leslie, Esq. R. A.

"'Of Copley I can tell you very little. I saw him once in Mr. West's gallery, but he died very soon after my arrival in London. Mr. West told me he was the most tedious of all painters. When painting a portrait, he used to match with his palette-knife a tint for every part of the face, whether in light, shadow, or reflection. This occupied himself and the sitter a long time before he touched the canvass. One of the most beautiful of his portrait compositions is at Windsor Castle, and represents a group of the royal children playing in a garden with dogs and parrots. It was

Painted at Windsor, and during the operation, the children, the dogs, and the parrots became equally wearied. The persons who were obliged to attend them while sitting complained to the queen; the queen complained to the king; and the king complained to Mr. West, who had obtained the commission for Copley. Mr. West satisfied his majesty that Copley must be allowed to proceed in his own way, and that any attempt to hurry him might be injurious to the picture, which would be a very fine one when done.' "

"The prediction of West was fully accomplished; and this graceful, splendid, and beautiful composition was seen by the writer at Somerset House, in the year 1786 or '7, and is remembered with pleasure to this day.

"On the subject of Copley, we must give our readers some further valuable and entertaining matter from the pen of Mr. Leslie. He says:

" 'As you ask my opinion of Copley, you shall have it, such as it is. His merits and defects resemble those of West. I know not that he was ever a regular pupil of the president, but he was certainly of his school. Correct in drawing, with a fine manner of composition, and a true eye for light and shadow, he was defective in colouring. With him it wants brilliancy and transparency. His *Death of Major Pier-son*, I think his finest historical work—you have perhaps seen it—at any rate you know the fine engraving of it, by James Heath. Copley's largest picture is in Guild-hall; the destruction of the floating batteries off Gibraltar, by General Eliot. The foreground figures are as large as life, but those in the middle distance, are either too small or deficient in aerial perspective. Instead of looking like men diminished by distance, they look less than life. With the exception of this defect the picture is a fine one. His *Death of Lord Chatham* is now in the National Gallery. It is the best coloured picture I have seen by him, but it has a defect frequent in large compositions made up of a number of portraits. There are too many *figures to let*. Too many unoccupied, and merely introduced to show the faces. His picture of Brooke Watson and the Shark, is in the large hall of the Blue Coat School. It is a good picture, but dry and bad in colour. He painted, I believe, a great many portraits, but I have seen none of any consequence excepting the group of the King's Children I described to you in my last. It is a beautiful picture. I have heard Allston say, he has seen very fine portraits, painted by Copley before he left America. I would advise you to write to Allston about it.' In another of Mr. Leslie's valuable letters we have the following:—'I know not if Allan Cunningham in his life of Copley, has told the following story of his tediousness as a painter. It is said, a gentleman employed him to paint his family in one large picture, but during its progress, the gentleman's wife died, and he married again. Copley was now obliged to obliterate all that was painted of the first wife, and place her in the clouds in the character of an angel, while her successor occupied her place on earth. But lo! she died also, and the picture proceeded so slowly as to allow the husband time enough to console himself with a third wife. When the picture was completed, therefore, the gentleman had two wives in heaven, and one on earth, with a sufficient quantity of children. The price, which was proportioned to the labour bestowed on the picture, was disputed by the employer, who alleged that the picture ought to have been completed before his domestic changes had rendered the alterations and additions necessary. Copley went to law with him; and his son, (now Lord Lyndhurst,) who was just admitted to the bar, gained his father's cause. The story was told me by a gentleman, who was old enough to remember Copley, but he did not give me his authority for it, and I fear it is too good to be true. I remember one or two of Copley's last pictures in the exhibition, but they were very poor; he had outlived his powers as an artist.' "

The obligations of art to West are almost as great on account of the instructions which he afforded to many of our distinguished painters, as in consequence of his original works. Peale, Stuart, Trumbull, Sully, Allston, Leslie, and others, were all indebted to him for the assistance which he gave them in every mode that lay in his power. The first named, Charles Wilson Peale, was a man of more versatility than strength of mind. He divided his

attention between too many objects to attain a remarkable eminence in any pursuit, verifying the phrase of the poet, that "one science only can one genius fit." He possessed considerable mechanical ingenuity, and was quite as fond of repairing broken articles, or contriving new ones, as of placing colours upon canvass. Our author sums up his "trades, employments, professions," and character, thus: "He was a saddler; harness-maker; clock and watch-maker; silversmith; painter in oil, crayons, and miniature; modeler in clay, wax, and plaster; he sawed his own ivory for his miniatures, moulded the glasses, and made the shagreen cases; he was a soldier; a legislator; a lecturer; a preserver of animals, whose deficiencies he supplied by means of glass eyes and artificial limbs; he was a dentist; and he was, as his biographer truly says, a mild, benevolent, and good man." As the founder of the Museum, and an active promoter of the Academy of Fine Arts, which adorn our city, he merits a large share of our grateful recollections. Several of his portraits, according to Mr. Dunlap, "deserve preservation and call forth admiration."

For his account of Gilbert Stuart, our author is chiefly indebted to a communication from the painter's early and intimate friend, Dr. Waterhouse. We could wish that it had been inserted without interruption, so as to present the full picture it is calculated to display. The manner in which it is obstructed by Mr. Dunlap's commentaries, or by information from other quarters, is a perpetual source of confusion. Without a vexatious attention to the quotation marks, the reader is half the time uncertain whose text it is that he is perusing. The *lucidus ordo*, as we have already intimated, is not one of the most prominent characteristics of these volumes, but no where so strikingly as in the biography in question, do they exhibit a contempt for the critic's remark—

"Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,  
Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici,  
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat."

Stuart's father was a Scotchman, who erected the first snuff-mill in New England, in that part of the then colony of Rhode Island, called by the Indian name of Narraganset. Here Gilbert was born, in 1754. He gave early manifestations of his pictorial talent, and received his first instruction in the art from an amateur painter, named Alexander, who took him to Scotland, whence, being soon left destitute by the death of his friend, he was obliged to make his way back to his native place as well as he could, by working, it is supposed, for his passage. Not long after his return, he resumed his pencil, commenced portrait painter in form, obtained business and reputation, and in 1775, went to London. There, after supporting himself for some time in a desultory manner, he made the acquaintance of West, who took him as his pupil, employed him in copying for him, and otherwise assisting

his labours, until it was deemed advisable for him to "set up for himself." No long time elapsed before he had his full share of the best business in London, and could demand prices for his portraits equal to those received by any of the profession, except Reynolds and Gainsborough. In 1786, he married the daughter of Dr. Coates, and in 1788, removed to Dublin, having involved himself so much by his extravagance and carelessness, as to be obliged to quit London. In 1793, he returned to America; "the love for his own country," according to his daughter, "and his admiration of General Washington, and the very great desire he had to paint his portrait, being his only inducements." He first set up his easel in New York, then in Philadelphia, then in Washington, and finally in Boston, where he continued to reside until his death, in July 1828, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

The following character of this great artist was drawn by one than whom none could be better qualified for the task, both from opportunities of knowledge and ability to turn them to account—we mean Mr. Allston.

"Gilbert Stuart was not only one of the first painters of his time, but must have been admitted by all who had an opportunity of knowing him, to have been, even out of his art, an extraordinary man; one who would have found distinction easy in any other profession or walk of life. His mind was of a strong and original cast, his perceptions as clear as they were just, and in the power of illustration he has rarely been equalled. On almost every subject, more especially on such as were connected with his art, his conversation was marked by wisdom and knowledge; while the uncommon precision and elegance of his language seemed ever to receive an additional grace from his manner, which was that of a well bred gentleman.

"The narrations and anecdotes with which his knowledge of men and of the world had stored his memory, and which he often gave with great beauty and dramatic effect, were not unfrequently employed by Mr. Stuart in a way, and with an address peculiar to himself. From this store it was his custom to draw largely while occupied with his sitters—apparently for their amusement; but his object was rather, by thus banishing all restraint, to call forth if possible some involuntary traits of the natural character. But these glimpses of character, mixed as they are in all men with so much that belongs to their age and associates, would have been of little use to an ordinary observer; for the faculty of distinguishing between the accidental and the permanent, in other words, between the conventional expression which arises from *manners*, and that more subtle indication of the individual mind, is indeed no common one: and by no one with whom we are acquainted, was this faculty possessed in so remarkable a degree. It was this which enabled him to animate his canvass—not with the appearance of mere general life—but with that peculiar, distinctive life which separates the humblest individual from his kind. He seemed to dive into the thoughts of men—for they were made to rise, and to speak on the surface. Were other evidences wanting, this talent alone were sufficient to establish his claims as a man of genius; since it is the privilege of genius alone to measure at once the highest and the lowest. In his happier efforts no one ever surpassed him in embodying (if we may so speak) these transient apparitions of the soul. Of this not the least admirable instance is his portrait (painted within the last four years) of the late President Adams; whose then bodily tenement seemed rather to present the image of some dilapidated castle, than that of the habitation of the 'unbroken mind:' but not such is the picture; called forth as from its crumbling recesses, the living tenant is there—still ennobling the ruin, and upholding it, as it were by the strength of his own life. In this venerable ruin will the unbending patriot and the gifted artist speak to posterity of the first glorious century of our Republic.

"In a word, Gilbert Stuart was, in its widest sense, a *philosopher* in his art; he

thoroughly understood its principles; as his works bear witness—whether as to the harmony of colours, or of lines, or of light and shadow—showing that exquisite sense of a *whole*, which only a man of genius can realize and embody.

“We cannot close this brief notice without a passing record of his generous bearing towards his professional brethren. He never suffered the manliness of his nature to darken with the least shadow of jealousy, but where praise was due, he gave it freely, and gave too with a grace which showed that, loving excellence for its own sake, he had a pleasure in praising. To the younger artists he was uniformly kind and indulgent, and most liberal of his advice; which no one ever properly asked but he received, and in a manner no less courteous than impressive.”

The master-piece of Stuart would seem to be not his most celebrated work, judging from this extract:—

“In corroboration of my opinion respecting the merit of Stuart’s works, after his removal to Boston, I here insert an anecdote related by Mr. Sully. Mr. Allston, at Sully’s request, accompanied him to the house of Mrs. Gibbs, where Allston’s fine picture of Elijah was to be seen. After looking at this, Miss Gibbs invited them into another room, to see a portrait of her father by Stuart. Sully says, he almost started at first sight of it: and after he had examined it Allston asked, ‘Well, what is your opinion?’ The reply was, ‘I may commit myself and expose my ignorance; but, in my opinion, I never saw a Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, or Titian, equal to it. What say you?’ ‘I say, that all combined could not have equalled it.’

“Mr. Neagle says, speaking of this same portrait, ‘There was a portrait, by Stuart, that Mr. Allston regretted that I could not see, ‘the house of the owner’ being at the time shut up. He spoke of it, not only as the best American portrait, but said, that ‘Vandyke, Reynolds, and Rubens, combined, could not have produced so admirable a work.’ Mr. Sully has described it as a portrait of a man of middle age, looking out. His hair was dark, but becoming silvery, and the grey and dark hairs were mingled. Mr. Sully told me, *it was a living man, looking directly at you.*’”

We presume that some allowance is to be made for the enthusiasm of the moment in the above panegyric. The immediate influence of present excellence is apt to be much more potent than the recollection of absent superiority, even upon the strongest intellects. Enthralled by the spell of the moment, the mind, as it were, becomes chained to the spot, and is incapable of reverting to its antecedent emotions, so as to bring them into a fair comparison with those by which it is enslaved. Admirable as the portrait in question must be, since it could produce such effects upon such men, as are indicated, we have our doubts, we must confess, whether, if a *capo d’opera* of either of the great masters specified, had been placed by its side, the eulogy bestowed upon it would have been of so overwhelming a kind. The picture, for instance, of the man in black, as it is called, by Titian, in the gallery of the Louvre, might have occasioned some qualification. We cannot, indeed, conceive it possible, that a piece of canvass could exhibit “a living man, looking directly at you,” more miraculously than that on which the lineaments of the old Venetian worthy are traced—where, it might even be asserted, that artificial existence “lives in the touches livelier than life,” as in the production of Timon’s parasite.

The work by which the renown of Stuart has been most widely spread, and which has linked his name with some of the

most cherished associations of the American heart, is his, we trust, immortal painting of Washington. As long as the remembrance of the Father of his Country survives, and survive it must "as long as there's an echo left to air," the faithful limner who has secured for posterity the advantage and happiness of gazing upon the countenance animated by the soul of our *real* hero, cannot be forgotten. He has conferred a benefit upon future generations, which they will repay in a manner that we may estimate by considering the feelings we should entertain towards the authors of similar portraiture of the great of old, to whom we are most anxious to render the tribute of admiration and reverence and homage—portraiture of Leonidas, of Epaminondas, of Cincinnatus, of Cicero, of Tell, of Wallace, of Bruce. Some curious and interesting circumstances, in relation to the picture, are detailed by our author, for which we must refer to his volume.

He also narrates several incidents in the life of the painter which are not of the most creditable kind; but, although we are no preachers upon the mawkish text, *nil de mortuis nisi bonum*, fitted as it is to do injury to both the dead and the living, by confounding the worthy and the unworthy of the former in one indiscriminate mass, and depriving the latter of a most potent incentive to excellence—the dread of the evil they have done living after them—it is no part of our duty to record them here. We much prefer transferring to our pages some of the specimens with which Mr. Dunlap has provided us of Stuart's disposition for jollity and sport. Few men have borne a stronger resemblance to the captivating lady, who, as Spenser tells us,

"In pleasant purpose did abound,  
And greatly joyed merry tales to feign,  
Of which a store-house did with her remain."

An exuberance of animal spirits, a fund of anecdote, a readiness and pointedness of wit, combined with the most social propensities, rendered him a very Yorick. It is unfortunately, however, too true, that narrations in print of what would keep the table in a roar, are like champagne from which all the fixed air has escaped.

"On one occasion," says Mr. Dunlap, "as I stood by his easel and admired the magic of his pencil, he amused me and my companion, whose portrait he was painting, by the following anecdote of himself and his old master:—

"Mr. West treated me very cavalierly on one occasion, but I had my revenge. It was the custom, whenever a new Governor-General was sent out to India, that he should be complimented by a present of his majesty's portrait, and Mr. West being the king's painter, was called upon on all such occasions. So, when Lord ——— was about to sail for his government, the usual order was received for his majesty's likeness. My old master, who was busily employed upon one of his *ten-acre* pictures, in company with prophets and apostles, thought he would turn over the king to me. He never could paint a portrait. 'Stuart,' said he, 'it is a pity to make his majesty sit again for his picture; there is the portrait of him that you painted, let me have



it for Lord ——: I will retouch it, and it will do well enough.' 'Well enough! very pretty,' thought I, 'you might be civil when you ask a favour.' So I *thought*, but I *said*, 'Very well, sir.' So the picture was carried down to his room, and at it he went. I saw he was puzzled. He worked at it all that day. The next morning, 'Stuart,' said he, 'have you got your palette set?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, you can soon set another, let me have the one you prepared for yourself; I can't satisfy myself with that head.' I gave him my palette, and he worked the greater part of that day. In the afternoon I went into his room, and he was hard at it. I saw that he had got up to the knees in mud. 'Stuart,' says he, 'I don't know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints unlike every body else,—here,—take the palette and finish the head.' 'I can't, sir.' 'You can't?' 'I can't indeed, sir, as it is, but let it stand till to-morrow morning and get dry, and I will go over it with all my heart.' The picture was to go away the day after the morrow, so he made me promise to do it early next morning. You know he never came down into the painting-room, at the bottom of the gallery, until about ten o'clock. I went into his room bright and early, and by half past nine I had finished the head. That done, *Rafe* and I began to fence; I with my maul-stick and he with his father's. I had just driven *Rafe* up to the wall, with his back to one of his father's best pictures, when the old gentleman, as neat as a lad of wax, with his hair powdered, his white silk stockings, and yellow morocco slippers, popped into the room, looking as if he had stepped out of a bandbox. We had made so much noise that we did not hear him come down the gallery or open the door. 'There you dog,' says I to *Rafe*, 'there I have you! and nothing but your background *relieves* you!' The old gentleman could not help smiling at my technical joke, but soon looking very stern, 'Mr. Stuart,' said he, 'is this the way you use me?' 'Why, what's the matter, sir? I have neither hurt the boy nor the background.' 'Sir, when you knew I had promised that the picture of his majesty should be finished to-day, ready to be sent away to-morrow, thus to be neglecting me and your promise! How can you answer it to me or to yourself?' 'Sir,' said I, 'do not condemn me without examining the *escl*. I have finished the picture, please to look at it.' He did so; complimented me highly; and I had ample revenge for his 'It will do well enough.'

"The following anecdote, told under nearly the same circumstances, refers to a later date, as Trumbull is made an actor in the scene:—

" 'I used very often to provoke my good old master, though heaven knows, without intending it. You remember the color closet at the bottom of his painting room. One day Trumbull and I came into his room, and little suspecting that he was within hearing, I began to lecture on his pictures, and particularly upon one then on his *escl*. I was a giddy foolish fellow then. He had begun a portrait of a child, and he had a way of making curly hair by a flourish of his brush, thus, like a figure of three. 'Here, Trumbull,' said I, 'do you want to learn how to paint hair? There it is, my boy! Our master figures out a head of hair like a sum in arithmetic. Let us see,—we may tell how many guineas he is to have for this head by simple addition,—three and three make six, and three are nine, and three are twelve—' How much the sum would have amounted to I can't tell, for just then in stalked the master, with palette-knife and palette, and put to flight my calculations. 'Very well, Mr. Stuart,' said he,—he always *mistered* me when he was angry, as a man's wife calls him *my dear* when she wishes him at the devil.—'Very well, Mr. Stuart! very well, indeed!' You may believe that I looked foolish enough, and he gave me a pretty sharp lecture without my making any reply. When the head was finished, there were no *figures of three in the hair*.' "

It required some courage and modest assurance to be the hero of the following anecdote:

" 'Dr. Johnson called one morning on Mr. West to converse with him on American affairs. After some time, Mr. West said that he had a young American living with him from whom he might derive some information, and introduced Stuart. The conversation continued, (Stuart being thus invited to take a part in it,)—when the doctor observed to Mr. West, that the young man spoke very good English—and turning to Stuart, rudely asked him where he had learned it. Stuart very promptly replied, 'Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it—it was not from your dictionary.' Johnson seemed aware of his own abruptness, and was not offended.' "



The reply of Dr. Ewing to the rude question of the great lexicographer, if books were read in America, "Yes, sir, we read the Rambler," was as much superior in point and wit, conveying as it did a merited rebuke, in the garb of a compliment, as in politeness and good taste. Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the same courtesy that polishes it, and nothing exposes and arrests impertinence so efficaciously as the contrast presented by amenity. Had Stuart told the Doctor that it *was* from his dictionary that he had acquired his knowledge of English, it strikes us that the retort would have been in all respects superior. Suavity, however, was by no means the constant companion of Stuart's wit, even in reference to those whom his interests, it might be supposed, would have shielded—his sitters.

"It is remembered by many that Stuart generally produced a likeness on the pannel or canvass, before *painting* in the eyes, his theory being, that on the nose, more than any other feature, likeness depended. On one occasion, when a pert coxcomb had been sitting to him, the painter gave notice that the sitting was ended, and the dandy exclaimed, on looking at the canvass, 'Why—it has no eyes!' Stuart replied, 'It is not nine days old yet.' We presume our readers need not be reminded that nine days must elapse from the birth of a puppy, before he opens his eyes."

"We all know that Mr. Stuart sometimes neglected the draperies of his pictures, leaving them in a most slovenly style of unfinish. 'I was with him one day,' said Mr. Trott, 'when he pointed to the portrait of a gentleman, saying, 'That picture has just been returned to me, with the grievous complaint that the muslin of the cravat is too coarse. Now, sir,' he continued with increasing indignation, 'I am determined to buy a piece of the finest texture, have it glued on the part that offends their exquisite judgment, and send it back again.'"

"A gentleman of an estimable character, and of no small consequence in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the public, employed our artist to paint his portrait, and that of his wife, who when he married her was a very rich widow, born the other side of the Atlantic. This worthy woman was very homely, while the husband was handsome, and of a noble figure. The painter, as usual, made the best of the lady, but could not make her so handsome as the husband wished, and preserve the likeness. He expressed in polite terms his dissatisfaction, and wished him to try over again. The painter did so, and sacrificed as much of the likeness to good looks, as he possibly could, or ought. Still the complaisant husband was uneasy, and the painter was teased from one month's end to another to alter it. At length he began to fret, and to pacify him Stuart told him that it was a common remark, that wives were very rarely, if ever, pleased with pictures of their husbands unless they were living ones. On the other side, husbands were as seldom pleased with the paintings of their beloved wives, and gave him a very plausible reason for it. Once they unluckily both got out of temper at the same time, and snapped out their frettings accordingly. At last the painter's patience, which had been some time threadbare, broke out, when he jumped up, laid down his palette, took a large pinch of snuff, and walking rapidly up and down the room, exclaimed, 'What a — business is this of a portrait-painter—you bring him a *potato*, and expect he will paint you a peach.'"

Stuart was passionately fond of music, and acquired considerable proficiency in it. His accomplishment in this respect served him a good turn upon one occasion. The circumstance is worth mentioning as an instance of the advantage of every species of knowledge—that nothing can be learnt which may not in some contingency, amid the numerous shifts and veerings of fortune,

furnish abundant compensation for whatever trouble it may have cost.

“ While destitute of the means whereby to support himself, or pay his landlord for board and lodging, already due, walking the streets without any definite object in view, he passed by a church in Foster-lane; he observed that the door was open, and several persons going in. At the same time, the sound of an organ struck his ear, ever alive to the ‘concord of sweet sounds,’ and he approached the door, at first only to gratify his sense of harmony. Before venturing to enter a temple devoted to the worship of the benevolent Giver of good to all, he had to consider the cost, as the pew-woman would expect her fee. He, therefore, after indulging himself with the sounds which issued from the door, as a hungry pauper snuffs the savours from a cook’s shop, asked of a person who was entering to the feast, if any thing particular was going on within; and was told that the vestry were sitting as judges of several candidates for the situation of organist, the former incumbent having recently died. The trial was then going on—Stuart entered the church, kept clear of the pew-woman, and placed himself near the judges, when being encouraged, as he said, by a look of good nature in one of the vestry-men’s jolly countenance, and by the consciousness, that he could produce better tones from the instrument than any he had heard that day, he addressed the man with the inviting face, and asked if he, a stranger, might try his skill and become a candidate for the vacant place. He was answered in the affirmative, and he had the pleasure to find that the time he had employed in making himself a musician, had not been thrown away, even in the most worldly acceptance of the words. His performance was preferred to that of his rivals, and after due inquiries and a reference, (doubtless to Mr. Grant, to whom alone he had brought letters,) by which his fitness for the station was ascertained, he was engaged as the organist of the church, at a salary of thirty pounds a year. He was thus relieved from his present necessities, and enabled to pursue his studies as a painter. ‘When,’ said Mr. Fraser, ‘Mr. Stuart related this anecdote to me, he was sitting in his parlour, and as if to prove that he did not neglect the talent that had been so friendly to him in his youth, and in the days of extreme necessity, he took his seat at a small organ in the room, and played several old fashioned tunes with much feeling and execution.’ Mr. Sully related this anecdote of Stuart’s early life nearly in the same words, and praised his execution on an organized piano-forte very highly. Mr. Sully’s taste and knowledge of music render his approbation high authority as to Stuart’s skill on this instrument.”

With an extract from an interesting communication from Mr. Neagle, we must take our leave of the great portrait-painter.

“ The following dialogue passed between us, as nearly as I can remember the phraseology: it was when my portrait of Mr. Stuart was in progress, in the summer of 1825. He had stepped out of the painting room, (it was at his own house,) and in the mean time, as a preparation for his sitting, I placed alongside of my unfinished portrait, one painted by him of Mr. Quincey, the mayor of Boston, with a view of aiding me somewhat in the colouring. When he returned and was seated before me, he pointed to the portrait of the mayor, and asked, ‘What is that?’ ‘One of your portraits.’ ‘Oh, my boy, you should not do that!’ said he. ‘I beg your pardon, Mr. Stuart, I should have obtained your permission before I made this use of it; but I have placed it so carefully that it cannot suffer the least injury.’ ‘It is not on that account,’ said he, ‘that I speak: I have every confidence in your care: but why do you place it there?’ ‘That I might devote my mind to a high standard of art,’ I replied, ‘in order the more successfully to understand the natural model before me.’ ‘But,’ said he, ‘does my face look like Mr. Quincey’s?’ ‘No, sir, not at all in the expression, nor can I say that the colouring is even like; but there is a certain air of truth in the colouring of your work which gives me an insight into the complexion and effect of nature; and I was in hopes of catching something from the work of the master without imitating it.’ ‘As you have heretofore,’ said Mr. Stuart, ‘had reasons at command for your practice, tell me what suggested this method.’ ‘Some parts of the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds,’ which I repeated to him. ‘I knew it,’ said he; and added, ‘Reynolds was a good painter, but he has

done incalculable mischief to the rising generation by many of his remarks, however excellent he was in other respects as a writer on art. 'You may elevate your mind as much as you can; but, while you have nature before you as a model, paint what you see, and look with your own eyes. However you may estimate my works,' continued the veteran, 'depend upon it they are very imperfect; and the works of the best artists have some striking faults.'

"He told me that he thought Titian's works were not by any means so well blended when they left the easel, as the moderns infer from their present effect. He considered that Rubens had a fair perception of colour, and had studied well the works of the great Venetian, and that he must have discovered more tinting, or *separate tints*, or distinctness, than others did, and that, as time mellowed and incorporated the tints, he (Rubens) resolved not only to keep his colours still more distinct against the ravages of time, but to follow his own impetuous disposition with spirited touches. Mr. Stuart condemned the practice of mixing a colour on a knife, and comparing it with whatever was to be imitated.—'Good flesh colouring,' he said, 'partook of all colours, not mixed, so as to be combined in one tint, but shining through each other, like the blood through the natural skin.' Vandyke he much admired, for the intelligence of his heads and his freedom. He spoke well of Gainsborough's flesh, and his *dragging* manner of tinting; but could not endure Copley's laboured flesh, which he compared to tanned leather."

Because Robert Fulton "was guilty of painting poor portraits in Philadelphia in the year 1782," our author, with that prodigal generosity which characterizes his pen, has favoured his readers with a detailed account of torpedoes, plunging machines, submarine guns, perpetual motion, steam-boats, and other well-known appurtenances of the artist's studio, for which he undoubtedly may challenge the gratitude of every lover of the arts. As, however, our limits constrain us to pay more attention to brevity than the purpose of concocting two reasonably sized octavo volumes obliged Mr. Dunlap to do, we must content ourselves with referring our readers to his pages for information upon those all-important subjects for a competent acquaintance with the "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States,"—that is to say, with the work so entitled.

With the name of Malbone, the list of our eminent painters who have finished their mortal career, is brought to a close. Malbone was the most admirable miniature painter of whom we can boast, and worthy of being ranked with the first professors of any country in his department. Correctness and spirit of drawing, acute discernment of character, and considerable power of expressing it, combined with taste and fancy and grace, and exquisite delicacy, harmony, and truth of colouring, are conspicuous in his works. His early death in 1807, when scarcely thirty years old, deprived the public of an accomplished artist, and his friends of an amiable and estimable man.

From the multitude of our living painters, in almost every branch of the art, a selection might be made, to which we should not fear to challenge the world to present a superior array. The oldest of them, if not in age, at least as regards the length of time since he began to labour in the vocation, is Mr. Dunlap himself.

The autobiography with which he favours us, is without question the most original part of the work, there being no one to whom he could apply for information respecting the subject of the memoir, whom he might suppose more conversant with it than he is. It is also one of the most interesting and instructive portions—not, to be sure, in reference particularly to the light which it sheds upon the theme of the work, but from the variety of scenes through which the author has passed, and the salutary lesson which it teaches. With great ingenuousness and candour, he contrasts his own deportment with that of some of his brethren in the profession whom he holds up as examples of industry and the success which is the consequence; and exhibits its unsatisfactory results as an admonitory evidence of the evil of dissipation of time in early life, and subsequent want of perseverance and method. It seems, however, to have been as much the misfortune as the fault of Mr. Dunlap, that his youth was mispent; and though he might have accomplished much more than he has, if the faculties which have been bestowed upon him had been adequately nurtured, yet has he not lived in vain, as his productions both of the pen and the pencil abundantly testify. We cordially wish that the remainder of his days may be cheered by an uninterrupted succession of sunshine. Our limits will only allow us to copy some of his reminiscences of Washington.

“ Before I left Princeton for Rocky-hill, I saw, for the first time, the man of whom all men spoke—whom all wished to see. It was accidental. It was a picture. No painter could have grouped a company of military horsemen better, or selected a back-ground better suited for effect. As I walked on the road leading from Princeton to Trenton, alone, for I ever loved solitary rambles, ascending a hill suddenly appeared a brilliant troop of cavaliers, mounting and gaining the summit in my front. The clear autumnal sky behind them equally relieved the dark blue uniforms, the buff facings, and glittering military appendages. All were gallantly mounted—all were tall and graceful, but one towered above the rest, and I doubted not an instant that I saw the beloved hero. I lifted my hat as I saw that his eye was turned to me, and instantly every hat was raised and every eye was fixed on me. They passed on, and I turned and gazed as at a passing vision. I had seen him. Although all my life used to the ‘pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war’—to the gay and gallant Englishman, the tartan’d Scot, and the embroidered German of every military grade; I still think the old blue and buff of Washington and his aids, their cocked hats worn side-long, with the union cockade, their whole equipment as seen at that moment, was the most martial of any thing I ever saw.

“ A few days after this incident I took up my abode at Mr. John Van Horne’s, by invitation, within a short distance of the head quarters of the commander-in-chief. He frequently called, when returning from his ride, and passed an hour with Mrs. Van Horne and the ladies of the family, or with the farmer, if at home. I was of course introduced to him. I had brought with me materials for crayon painting, and commenced the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Van Horne; these were admired far beyond their merits, and shown to all visitors. I had with me a flute and some music books. One morning as I copied notes and tried them, the general and his *suite* passed through the hall, and I heard him say, ‘The love of music and painting are frequently found united in the same person.’ The remark is common-place, but it was delightful to me at the time.

“ The assertion that this great man never laughed, must have arisen from his habitual, perhaps his natural reservedness. He had from early youth been conversant

with public men and employed in public affairs—in affairs of life and death. He was not an austere man either in appearance or manners, but was unaffectedly dignified and habitually polite. But I remember, during my opportunity of observing his deportment, two instances of unrestrained laughter. The first and most moderate was at a *bon mot*, or anecdote from Judge Peters, then a member of congress, and dining with the general; the second was on witnessing a scene in front of Mr. Van Horne's house, which was, as I recollect it, sufficiently laugh-provoking. Mr. John Van Horne was a man of uncommon size and strength, and bulky withal. His hospitable board required, that day, as it often did, a roasting pig in addition to the many other substantial dishes which a succession of guests, civil and military, put in requisition. A black boy had been ordered to catch the young porker, and was in full but unavailing chase, when the master and myself arrived from a walk. 'Pooh! you awkward cur,' said the good-natured yeoman, as he directed Cato or Plato (for all the slaves were heathen philosophers in those days) to exert his limbs—but all in vain—the pig did not choose to be cooked. 'Stand away,' said Van Horne, and throwing off his coat and hat he undertook the chase, determined to run down the pig. His guests and his negroes stood laughing at his exertions and the pig's manifold escapes. Shouts and laughter at length proclaimed the success of the *chasseur*, and while he held the pig up in triumph, the big drops coursing each other from forehead to chin, over his mahogany face, glowing with the effect of exercise, amidst the squealing of the victim, the stentorian voice of Van Horne was heard, 'I'll show ye how to run down a pig!' and, as he spoke, he looked up in the face of Washington, who, with his suite, had trotted their horses into the court-yard unheard amidst the din of the chase and the shouts of triumphant success. The ludicrous expression of surprise at being so caught, with his attempts to speak to his heroic visiter, while the pig redoubled his efforts to escape by kicking and squeaking, produced as hearty a burst of laughter from the dignified Washington as any that shook the sides of the most vulgar spectator of the scene."

Mr. Dunlap cannot be enrolled amongst our most distinguished artists. His two principal pictures, "Christ Rejected," and "Calvary," though not destitute of merit, are on the whole more remarkable for quantity than quality.

We do not like the manner in which the memoir of Colonel Trumbull is written. The tone of asperity and disparagement by which it is pervaded, wears the appearance of a feeling of personal rancour altogether at variance with the spirit which should actuate the historian. We would not affirm that Mr. Dunlap has set down any thing in malice, but he assuredly does not appear to have been as anxious upon that point, as about that of extenuating nothing, to which he has adhered with the most scrupulous strictness. Even supposing that Colonel Trumbull is really obnoxious to the imputations here cast upon him, the mode in which they are thrown is calculated, we think, to weaken their force in a material degree. It cannot be denied, however, that the employment of Trumbull to adorn the rotunda of the capitol may be considered a national misfortune; and it might be well if when another and abler hand is commissioned to illustrate the unoccupied compartments, Congress would imitate the example of Pope Julius, after he had witnessed the superiority of Raphael's "Theology" in the Vatican, over the works of preceding painters, with which the walls of his apartments were covered. He ordered them all to be effaced, and gave the charge of supplying their places to the master who had thus asserted

his pre-eminent qualification for the task. Let the heads of the Colonel's pictures be preserved, as valuable likenesses of the fathers of the republic, and other distinguished personages, but let the other portions be consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, or any where else, where they may rest in peace, and not disturb the repose of patriots and amateurs. His smaller works are beautiful, and have secured for him a permanent and distinguished fame.

Both Dunlap and Trumbull are principally known by their paintings upon historical subjects; but though first in point of time, they cannot claim a similar priority of rank. The name of Washington Allston is the one which claims the highest station upon the American scroll of historical painters. The narrative of his life in the volume before us, is mainly furnished by himself, and gives evidence that his pencil, great as are its pretensions, need not be ashamed of the fellowship of his pen. Had he not previously manifested a poetical spirit of a genuine character, by the publication of a volume of verse, we should have inferred his possession of that precious gift, from several passages of the prose in question. A more convincing proof, however, of the fact is, we confess, to be found in the productions of his pencil. The painter of "Jacob's Dream," of "Uriel in the Sun," of "Elijah in the Wilderness," requires no other demonstration than these afford of the existence of the "divine vein" in his soul.

Mr. Allston was born in South Carolina in 1779; was educated at Harvard College where he graduated in 1800; went to England in the following year; resided there three years; spent four years in Italy; returned to America in 1809, and married the sister of Dr. Channing, the accomplished divine and man of letters, of Boston; went back to London in 1811, where he continued to dwell until 1818, when a "home-sickness," to use his own phrase, "which he could not overcome, brought him back to his own country," notwithstanding the flattering success which he enjoyed in the British metropolis. Since that period he has lived in or near Boston, where he married a second time in 1830, having lost his first wife in England. It speaks well for the taste of our country, that such a man should have it in his power to say, that he has received here "the most liberal encouragement, for which he cannot be too grateful." The pictures which he has painted since his return, have been chiefly small, not affording scope for the full display of his powers; but the size of our mansions must be considerably increased, before the demand for extensive paintings can be sufficient to allow an artist to devote to them the principal labour of his pencil. One work, however, of greater dimensions than any which he has heretofore accomplished, has been long upon his easel, and its



completion anxiously expected by every lover of the arts; we allude to the Belshazzar's Feast. Circumstances of a private nature have hitherto retarded its progress; but we rejoice to learn that it is now almost finished. We have the authority of a judge every way competent to pronounce upon its merits, who has seen it, for asserting that it will more than sustain the renown of its author. Several pictures, also, on a smaller scale, will soon be in a condition to take leave of his painting-room, which are spoken of in the highest terms. Among them is one, the subject of which is "Gabriel setting the guard of the Heavenly Host."

The chief pictures of Mr. Allston, in addition to those already mentioned, are "The Dead Man restored to life by the bones of Elisha;" "The Angel liberating St. Peter from prison;" "Jeremiah dictating his prophecy to Baruch, the Scribe;" "Saul and the Witch of Endor;" "Gil Blas;" and "Spolatro's vision of the Bloody Hand." The list indicates a decided predilection for religious subjects; and it cannot be denied that they furnish the noblest sphere for the efforts of genius. They enable the artist to extend his imagination beyond the confines of mortality, and penetrate into the mysteries above and beneath the earth, at the same time that they come home most impressively to the bosom of every beholder, blended as they are with his earliest recollections, and entwined with his dearest interests; but in the execution of them the purest taste and the most exquisite judgment are especially requisite. With mediocrity they are incompatible; if they are not sublime, they can scarcely avoid being ridiculous. Even some of the most admirable achievements of Italian genius with themes of this nature, are almost deprived of their effect by incongruities which destroy their unity—the introduction of living persons, in particular, who have no connexion whatever with the scene portrayed, and fetter the mind of the spectator to the earth, when it would otherwise be elevated into the most inspiring regions of sentiment, and soar beyond the flaming bounds of space and time. In several of the splendid productions, for instance, which adorn the Ducal palace at Venice, the manner in which angels and saints, and Doges, and nobles, are huddled together, is absolutely ludicrous. Nothing but the marvellous skill they display could save them from the fate due to all descriptions of works,

"Cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
Fingentur species; ut nec pes, nec caput uni  
Reddatur formæ."

And whatever allegorical truth some astute critics may discover in the introduction of Pope Julius and the surrounding group, into Raphael's fresco of Heliodorus, who can witness the anachronism without distraction of feeling, without being dragged

down from heaven to earth? The fault, to be sure, is not to be imputed so much to the artists as to their employers, or *patrons*—to use a word which seems to discompose the nerves of Mr. Dunlap in a woful degree—who had no objection to contemplate themselves linked to the car of immortality, and would thrust their effigies, where they had not the slightest business. These absurdities an American artist will not be likely to commit, as it is not probable that his genius will be cramped by the dictates of vanity and ignorance.

Two of these pictures of Mr. Allston, the *Dead Man Revived*, and *Uriel in the Sun*, obtained the prizes at the exhibitions of the British Gallery, the directors of which presented him with two hundred guineas as a testimony of their approbation of the first, and a hundred and fifty as the premium of the second. *The Dead Man Revived* is in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and though we cannot help thinking that the effect is not commensurate with the effort it exhibits, it yet speaks of the author's ability in language which it would be difficult to gainsay. Comparing Allston with West, our author says that if the first is inferior to the other in facility of composition, he is superior in colour and equal in drawing. That he also possesses finer powers of invention and expression than his eminent predecessor, can hardly be questioned. "So coldly sweet, so deadly fair," is not the line that could ever furnish an illustration of his pictorial offspring. As to his inferiority in facility of composition, Mr. Dunlap draws his inference from the circumstance of the comparative fewness of his *finished* pictures; but his port-folio, it is said, is filled with valuable compositions. It should also be remarked, that in Allston's works there is much more thought and exactness throughout than in those of West.

The names of Vanderlyn and Rembrandt Peale are likewise chiefly known by pictures belonging to the department of which we are writing. The *Ariadne* of the first, is undoubtedly a beautiful work, though with too much redness in the tints, and a distinctness of outline which arrests the eye in its passage, as it were, around the body, so that the figure does not appear to be lying upon her back, but her side, with rather an uncomfortable twist of the head. *Corregiesque* relief and softness of contour, and Titian's flesh and blood are wanting to give it perfection. The landscape is admirable, of a rich tone of colour, and great excellence of perspective. In general arrangement, the work bears a considerable resemblance to Titian's "*Jupiter and Antiope*," in the Gallery of the Louvre, the ladies in both instances reposing amid an umbrageous wood, in apparently very hot weather, to judge from the slight covering with which they have deemed it necessary to invest their persons. As far as de-

cency, however, of subject is concerned, the American picture is as superior to the Venitian, as it is inferior, we are afraid, in some other respects. The engraving of the *Ariadne*, by Mr. Durand, deserves all praise. Peale's "*Roman Daughter*," says Mr. Dunlap, possesses great merit, and elicited just encomiums when exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1812; and his "*Court of Death*" was so successful, that its exhibition in the principal cities, during little more than a year, produced the sum of \$8,886. "He represents the causes and victims of Death, who is shrouded in mysterious obscurity; war and its effects are represented by the principal group; the figure of pleasure is beautiful; Intemperance was well conceived; and many of the figures, in half-tint, well executed." Both these artists have, moreover, inscribed their names upon lofty places, by portraits of Washington, hung up in the two Houses of Congress. That of Vanderlyn, a full-length, is in the Hall of the Representatives—Peale's, a half-length, is in the Senate Chamber. Mr. Dunlap is very wroth against the latter, and makes some remarks which have called forth a reply in one of the newspapers of New York, from Mr. P., but we may not meddle with the matter, any farther than to hint that our author is rather too uncompromising in his censure. The vehemence with which he repels any thing like an interference with the superiority of Stuart's portrait of Washington over every other, reminds one of the determined spirit of battle manifested by the parent hen when danger assails or menaces her offspring.

In scenes of a domestic and fancy character, the pencils of Charles R. Leslie, and Gilbert Stuart Newton have raised them to an eminence to which no other artist of the present day, devoted to the same branch, except Wilkie, has attained. The former was born in London of American parents, in October 1794, and brought over to this country when five years old. The following outline of his life was communicated by himself.

"In 1799 my father returned to America with his family, consisting of himself, his wife and sister, and five children. We lived for a short time in the state of New Jersey, close to the Delaware, and directly opposite Philadelphia; and there I remember that, on being sent to school for the first time, a condition was made with the schoolmaster that I should be permitted to amuse myself with drawing on a slate, when not engaged in saying my lessons. My father, whose health had been long declining, died in 1804, in Philadelphia, where we then resided. Before this event, I had been sent to the University of Pennsylvania, where, under Dr. Rogers, professor of English grammar, history, &c., and Mr. Patterson, professor of mathematics, I received all the school education I ever had. Here, as well as at the little country school in Jersey, I was more attentive to drawing than to my other studies, though now obliged to practise it by stealth. In the year 1808, I was bound apprentice for seven years to Messrs. Bradford and Inskip, booksellers, my mother being unable to give me the education of an artist. I had served nearly three years of my time, when Mr. Bradford, who had acted more like a father than a master to me, became of opinion that I might succeed as a painter. He informed me, that if I wished to devote myself to that art, he would cancel my indenture; and as some

theatrical sketches that I had made had been shown, by him and another excellent friend, (Mr. Joshua Clibborn,) to some of the principal gentlemen of Philadelphia, he had no doubt of raising a fund, by means of a subscription, that would enable me to study two years in England. As I had secretly resolved to commence artist that moment I should become my own master, it may be readily imagined how overjoyed I felt at this most kind and unexpected proposal.

"I know you object (and I think very properly) to the application of the title of *patron of the arts*"—still more to that of *patron of the artist*—"to the *mere* buyers of pictures; but I think you will allow that Mr. Bradford and the other friends who enabled me to become a painter, were *patrons* to me. I believe the following is a correct list of their names: S. F. Bradford, Mrs. Eliza Powell, J. Clibborn, J. Head, Jos. Hopkinson, J. S. Lewis, N. Baker, G. Clymer, E. Penington, W. Kneass, A. Wilson, the ornithologist, G. Murray, engraver, and one hundred dollars was also voted by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. I went to England in 1811 with Mr. John Inskeep, Mr. Bradford's partner, who visited London on business; and after the sum subscribed was exhausted, Mr. Bradford continued to supply me with money until I could support myself. Just before my departure, Mr. Sully, with his characteristic kindness, gave me my first lesson in oil-painting. He copied a small picture in my presence to instruct me in the process, and lent me his memorandum books, filled with valuable remarks, the result of his practice. He also gave me letters to Mr. West, Sir William Beechy, Mr. King, (Charles B.) and other artists in London. My earliest friends in England were Messrs. King, Allston, and Morse. With the latter gentleman I shared a common room for the first year, and we lived under the same roof, until his return to America deprived me of the pleasure of his society. From Mr. West, Mr. Allston, and Mr. King" (all Americans) "I received the most valuable advice and assistance; and I had the advantage of studying for several years at the Royal Academy under Fuseli, who was keeper. I attempted original compositions, but received no money for any thing, excepting portraits and copies of pictures, for several years. My employers at that time were almost entirely Americans, who visited or resided in London; among whom I may mention Mr. James Brown, the brother of Charles Brockden Brown."

"The first original composition that made me known was 'Sir Roger de Coverly going to church,' painted for James Dunlop Esq., my warm and steady friend from that time to this. In the year 1821, I was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1826 an academician. In 1825 I married Miss Harriet Stone, of London, and in 1833 my brother, without my knowledge, asked and obtained for me the situation of teacher of drawing at the Military Academy of West Point. This induced me to remove to America with my wife and children, and we arrived here in the autumn of 1833.

"Having given you an account of the patronage I met with before I left America, I feel it due to the country, where for twenty-two years I enjoyed the greatest advantages the world has now to offer to an artist, to mention one among many instances I could relate of the liberality of Englishmen. In the year 1823 I received a commission from the Earl of Egremont to paint him a picture, leaving the subject and price to my determination. I painted for him a scene between Sancho Panza and the Dutchess, from Don Quixote. While it was in the exhibition, he called and asked me, if I had received any commission for a similar picture? I told him I had not. He then said, you may, if you please, paint me a companion to it, and if any body should take a fancy to it, let them have it, and paint me another. *I wish to keep you employed on such subjects instead of portraits.* Soon after I received other commissions, and Lord Egremont desired me to execute them, and reserve the one he had given me until I should be in want of employment. An offer was made to me before the picture of Sancho and the Dutchess was sent to him, from an engraver, with great prospect of pecuniary advantage to me. I asked Lord Egremont if he would permit an engraving to be made? He wished to know how long the picture would be required. I wrote to him (he was then at Petworth) to say two years, and immediately received the following reply. 'It is a long time, and I am afraid, at seventy-three, that I shall not live to see the picture in my possession; but however you shall have it.' The engraver, however, changed his mind, and begged I would release him from his engagement, which I was not sorry to do, and the picture went directly to Petworth. When Lord Egremont

heard of my intended departure from England, he wrote to me in the kindest manner upon the subject, and expressed his fears that I had not met with sufficient encouragement. He concluded his letter with these words: 'For my own part, I can only say, that I will gladly give a thousand guineas for a companion picture to Sancho and the Dutchess.' As this was more than double the price I had received for that picture, I replied that I should consider it a robbery to receive it for one of the same size, but that I should be most happy to paint him a picture in America, if he would allow me, on condition that the price should not exceed five hundred guineas; and this picture I am now to paint for him. I have mentioned this last circumstance, because a statement of it has appeared in some of the newspapers, in which it is erroneously said I refused the commission. Next to Sir George Beaumont, the Earl of Egremont was the first to appreciate Mr. Allston's merit. Sir George employed Mr. Allston to paint a large picture of the Angel delivering Saint Peter from prison, which he presented to the church of Ashby de la Zouch; and Lord Egremont purchased his 'Jacob's Dream,' and a smaller picture of a female reading. Lord Egremont remarked to me that the figures in 'Jacob's Dream' reminded him more of Raphael than any thing else he had seen by any modern artist.

"I omitted to mention in its proper place, that in 1817 I visited Paris, with Messrs. Allston and Collins. I spent three months there, making studies from pictures in the Louvre, and then returned to England through the Netherlands, in company with Mr. Stuart Newton, whom I met in Paris on his way to London from Italy."

Mr. Leslie remained but a short time in this country. He had been induced to believe that the teachership of drawing at West Point would be converted into a professorship, with additional advantages corresponding with those of the other professorships, and that he would be provided with a painting-room; but the difficulties which seemed to stand in the way of the measure, caused him to resign his situation and return to London. We may lament, that such a man was allowed to depart without every effort being made to retain him.

"Leslie," says a critic, quoted by Mr. Dunlap, "is all nature, not common, but select—all life, not muscular, but mental. He delights in delineating the social affections, in lending lineament and hue to the graceful duties of the fireside. No one sees with a truer eye the exact form which a subject should take, and no one surpasses him in the rare art of inspiring it with sentiment and life. He is always easy, elegant and impressive; he studies all his pictures with great care, and, perhaps, never puts a pencil to the canvass till he has painted the matter mentally, and can see it before him shaped out of air. He is full of quiet vigour; he approaches Wilkie in humour, Stothard in the delicacy of female loveliness, and has a tenderness and pathos altogether his own. His action is easy; there is no straining; his men are strong in mind without seeming to know it, and his women have sometimes an alluring *naivete*, and unconscious loveliness of look, such as no other painter rivals."

"The pictures of Leslie are a proof of the fancy and poetry which lie hidden in ordinary things, till a man of genius finds them out. With much of a Burns-like spirit, he seeks subjects in scenes where they would never be seen by ordinary men. His judgment is equal to his genius. His colouring is lucid and harmonious; and the character which he impresses is stronger still than his colouring. He tells his story without many figures; there are no mobs in his composition; he inserts nothing for the sake of effect; all seems as natural to the scene as the leaf is to the tree. His pictures from Washington Irving are excellent. 'Ichabod Crane' haunts us; 'Dutch Courtship' is ever present to our fancy; 'Anthony Van Corlear, leaving his mistresses for the wars,' is both ludicrous and affecting; 'The Dutch Fireside,' with the negro telling a ghost-story, is capital; and 'Philip, the Indian Chief, deliberating,' is a figure worthy of Lysippus."

The same critic is inclined to look upon some of Leslie's English pictures as superior even to those which the remem-

brance of his native land has awakened. "Sir Roger de Coverly going to church amid his parishioners—Uncle Toby looking into the dangerous eye of the pretty Widow Wadman—and sundry others, are all marked with the same nature and truth, and exquisite delicacy of feeling."

The "Murder of Clifford," in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, painted soon after his first visit to London, is far from being one of Leslie's happiest efforts, and gives but little idea of his excellence. The subject indeed is not one congenial to his pencil. The most admirable specimen of his style, in this country, is perhaps his "Ann Page and Master Slender," in the collection of Philip Hone, Esq. of New York.

With regard to Mr. Newton, we cannot resist the temptation of copying a letter from one whose name alone would ensure its perusal.

"New York, March 9th, 1834.

"My dear sir,

"I know nothing clear and definite about Mr. Newton's early life and his connexions. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his father held a post, I think in the commissariat of the British army. I am not certain whether his father was not a native of Boston, but feel sure that his mother was, and that she was sister to Stuart the painter, after whom Newton is named. On the death of his father, which happened when Newton was a boy, his mother returned to her relations in Boston. Here Newton was reared; and being intended for commercial life, was placed with a merchant. While yet a stripling, however, he showed a talent and inclination for drawing and painting, and used to take likenesses of his friends. These were shown about and applauded, sufficiently to gratify his pride and confirm his propensity; and in a little while it became apparent that he would never become a merchant. His friends were determined to indulge him in his taste and wishes, and hoped that he might one day rise to the eminence of his distinguished uncle. One of his elder brothers, who was engaged in commerce, being about to make a voyage to Italy, took Stuart Newton with him, and placed him at Florence, to improve himself in his art. Newton was never very assiduous in his academical studies, and could not be prevailed upon to devote himself to that close and patient drawing after the living models, so necessary to make an accomplished draughtsman; but he almost immediately attracted the attention of the oldest artists by his talent for colour. They saw, in his juvenile and unskilful sketchings, beautiful effects of colour, such as are to be met with in the works of the old masters, gifted in that respect. Several of the painters would notice with attention the way in which he prepared his palette and mixed his colours; and would seek, by inquiry of him, to discover the principles upon which he proceeded. He could give none.—It was his eye that governed him. An eye for colouring, in painting, is like an ear for harmony in music, and a feeling for style in writing—a natural gift, that produces its exquisite result almost without effort or design in the possessor.

"Newton remained but about a year in Italy, and then repaired to Paris, from whence he soon passed to England—arriving in London about the year 1817. Here he was fortunate enough to find his countrymen, Washington Allston and Charles R. Leslie, both sedulously devoted to the study and practice of the art, and both endowed with the highest qualifications. Allston soon returned to the United States, but Leslie remained: and from an intimate companionship for years with that exquisite artist and most estimable man, Newton derived more sound principles, elegant ideas, and pure excitement in his art, than ever he acquired at the Academy.—Indeed the fraternal career of these two young artists, and their advancement in skill and reputation, ever counselling, cheering, and honouring each other, until they rose to their present distinguished eminence, has something in it peculiarly generous and praiseworthy. Newton has, for some years past, been one of the most







William E. West, also residing in London, is another artist who has done honour to our country by his productions in this department. Born in Baltimore, he studied with Mr. Sully in Philadelphia, exercised his talents for some time in the city of Natchez, and went to Europe in 1822, where he soon afterwards made himself known by his portrait of Lord Byron, painted at Leghorn, of which Moore makes mention in his life of the poet. Having spent some years in Italy, he went to London, and there fixed his abode. Mr. Leslie says of him,—“his best pictures are ‘The Pride of the Village,’ and ‘Annette de l’Arbre,’ the pathos and expression of the last of which attracted the admiration of Mr. Stothard and Mr. Rogers, two men whose good opinion is well worth having. His pictures have a merit not the most common in the art—the principal figures are much the best.”

We have been struck in reading these memoirs with the manner in which many of the subjects of them have absolutely fought their way, it might be said, to reputation and fortune, furnishing evidence the most conclusive of the folly of the doctrine, that the mental tree inclines according as the twig is bent. In spite of early impressions and education even repugnant to the spirit of art, did the men to whom we refer devote themselves heart and soul to its worship; and nothing but the indomitable energy of a *vocation*, the propensity that was breathed into their bosoms with the breath of life, could ever have given them strength to overcome the obstacles in their way. “The *common* mind” may be formed by the hand of instruction and habit, just as the lowly bush may be trained in its growth, but as easily might the pride of the forest be forced to creep along the earth instead of aspiring to the skies, as the intellect, vivified by the inspiration of genius, be diverted from its predestined course. The sap, in both cases, is too vigorous for repression. A mute inglorious Milton we hold to be an impossibility, notwithstanding the high authority in support of the idea. Faculties capable of producing the *Paradise Lost* might indeed be prevented by circumstances from such an achievement, but they could not fail to manifest in some mode their existence. The bold condensation by a recent poet, of the stanzas of Gray—“the world knows nothing of its greatest men”—might be adduced, we think, as a proof that their truth does not correspond with their beauty.

Among the memoirs alluded to, that of the distinguished portrait painter who has made Philadelphia his home, is particularly interesting. We regret that we can give but an outline little calculated to convey a just idea of the history narrated by Mr. Dunlap.—*Thomas Sully* was born in June, 1783, in Horncastle, Lincolnshire, and was brought to this country by his parents in

1792, when a child of nine years of age. His unconquerable predilection for the pencil caused his father to remove him from a broker's office in Charleston, where he had been placed in 1795—the gentleman complaining that although he was very industrious in multiplying figures, they were figures of men and women, and that if he took up a piece of paper in the office, he was sure to see a face staring at him. The youth was then consigned to the instruction of M. Belzons, a French artist, who had married his sister; and he remained with him until 1799, when the irritable disposition of his preceptor occasioned a quarrel, which induced him to leave his house. His parents were then dead, but his elder brother, Lawrence, was settled at Richmond as a miniature and device painter, and thither he repaired. The proficiency he had already made enabled him to contribute materially towards the support of the large family of his brother, whose death in 1804 threw them entirely upon his hands. After faithfully acting, says Mr. Dunlap, as the brother and the uncle for more than a year after Lawrence's decease, he became the husband of the widow and the legal father of the children, a step approved of by all who knew him and his circumstances, and never repented by himself. Not long afterwards, Mr. Cooper, the distinguished tragedian, in one of his professional visits to Richmond, sat to Sully for his portrait, and contracted a friendship for him, which, when he became lessee and manager of the New York Theatre, prompted him to invite the artist to that city, with the pledge to secure him business to the amount of one thousand dollars. Accordingly, Mr. S. removed there with his family, and thus the impulse was given "which has ultimately carried merit to its deserved goal, fame and fortune." The generous manager immediately gave him a credit for the sum mentioned, and the gratuitous use of a painting-room in the front of the theatre.

In 1807, Mr. Sully visited Boston for the purpose of improving by the advice of Stuart and the study of his works. In 1808, he again set up his easel in New York, but the commercial embarrassments of the time were not favourable to the arts, and Jarvis was then monopolizing almost all the business that was to be had. In consequence, in February 1809, he removed to Philadelphia. In the ensuing month of June he embarked for England, having obtained the necessary funds by commissions for copies to be made in that country of seven pictures of the great masters. No better evidence could be desired of the ardent thirst of Mr. Sully after excellence, and his indefatigable assiduity and zeal, than the history of his visit to London. The scantiness of the sum upon which he undertook to support himself, the privations he consented to endure, the fidelity with which he fulfilled his engagements, the improvement that he

•

made, the knowledge that he obtained, form a remarkable page in the annals of energy and perseverance. He returned to Philadelphia in March, 1810, and has continued to reside there ever since, an object of honour and esteem no less for his qualities as a gentleman and member of society, than for his professional merits.

“Many are the vicissitudes which a portrait painter has to undergo even after he has attained eminence. How necessary is it for him to catch and hold fast a portion of the product of the flood tide, that when the ebb comes he may not be left stranded and destitute like a shipwrecked mariner. Perhaps no painter of Mr. Sully's acknowledged merit has experienced the fluctuations of fashion, or the caprices of the public, in so great a degree. At one time overwhelmed with applications for portraits, at another literally deserted, not because he deteriorated, as some have done, for all acknowledge progressive improvement to the present hour. In 1824 Mr. Sully's business had decreased fearfully, and his embarrassments increasing in proportion, had become so onerous that he had determined to leave America. He had pressing invitations to come to Edinburgh, and there take up his permanent residence. While he hesitated, a plan was proposed by some of his friends for a second visit to England, instead of a removal of his family. It was thought he might leave his family at home while he went to London and painted the portraits of eminent men, originals, and copies from good pictures by artists of known talents, of deceased worthies, the Lockes, the Newtons, the Miltons, the Cromwells, the Hampdens, and others that we claim as our countrymen, and revere as our benefactors. He was to be supported by sums subscribed for the purpose by those who wished such pictures, and who wished to encourage the art and the artist.

“This plan was so far matured that the painter carried it in the form of a subscription paper to a wealthy and professing friend for his signature. He was coldly received, and time asked for deliberation. Sully took his leave with his subscription paper in his hand; and if the patron looked from his window upon the man whose expectations he had raised but to disappoint, whose manly spirit rose as his hopes were crushed, he might have seen the heart-stricken husband and father tear the paper to pieces, and dash it in the kennel before his door.

“He now thought of accepting invitations from Boston promising him employment, and having made known his intentions, packed up and made all ready for the journey, he was waited upon by Messrs. Fairman, Fox, and Childs, engravers, who were determined to prevent what they justly considered a loss to the city. ‘You must not leave us,’ they said. ‘I have no employment here.’ ‘If you had gone to England, you would have returned. If you go to Boston, and take your family, you will stay there. Will you paint our portraits?’ ‘Certainly.’ It was agreed upon. The painter unpacked his materials, and from that time to this he has had uninterrupted success—full employment, increased prices, increased reputation, and increasing skill.

“Mr. Sully is, as we believe and sincerely hope, anchored safely in port for life. He has portraits engaged in succession for years to come at liberal prices. His fellow-citizens of Philadelphia justly appreciate him as an artist and a man. The late wealthy, eccentric, benevolent, and munificent Stephen Girard caused to be built in addition to one of his houses, purposely for the artist, an exhibition and painting room, and in that house he resides surrounded by his numerous family, and by all those conveniences which are so dear and necessary to a painter.

“With a frame apparently slight, but in reality strong, muscular, athletic, and uncommonly active, Mr. Sully does not stand over five feet eight inches in height, but he walks with the stride of a man of six feet. His complexion is pale, hair brown, eyes grey, approaching to blue, and ornamented with uncommonly long eyelashes, and his whole physiognomy marked with the wish to make others happy. At the age of fifty-one, he enjoys the cheerfulness and activity of youth. Two of his daughters are married, one to Mr. John Neagle, a first rate portrait painter, another, herself a painter, to Mr. Darley. The oldest son of the artist has followed the example of his father in rejecting the counting-house for the painter's atelier, and we doubt not will follow his example in industry and virtue.”

The grace and delicacy of Mr. Sully's pencil render his portraits, of females particularly, equal if not superior to those of any of the most distinguished of his contemporaries, either in the old world or the new. But that his vigour and strength are of corresponding excellence, is abundantly manifested by his male heads, and especially by some of the full lengths of men which have come from his hands. That he might also have contended with success for the historical palm is evinced by his fine picture of Washington crossing the Delaware—a work executed “in many respects in the most perfect style of art,” but which was painted under an evil star, as far as the artist's reward is concerned, whose malign influence has defrauded him in great measure of his due. “If it was an old instead of a modern picture, the winter landscape would alone stamp it as a jewel; but in the old pictures one good part redeems—in the modern, one part faulty condemns.”

There are other painters mentioned in these volumes besides those we have indicated, who are entitled to particular commemoration—Jarvis, King, Ingham, Morse, Inman, Neagle, Harding, Alexander, Chapman, in portrait and other branches, and Birch, Cole, Doughty, Weir, in landscape. But the length to which this article has already run, will not allow us to do more than record their names. The lives of Cole, Alexander, and Weir, are especially replete with interest, and furnish admirable instances of the truth of the poet's phrase,

“*Che sempre 'l bravo, e' l saggio, e' l forte  
Fabbro à se stesso è di beata sorte.*”

Had we space we should like also to extract some parts of their communications to our author, and likewise an interesting letter concerning Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, written by Dr. J. W. Francis, the eminent physician of New York.

Neither can we do more than refer to the portions of Mr. Dunlap's work respecting the other arts of design, great as would be our pleasure in paying an humble tribute to the genius of one who has engraved the name of America in lofty characters upon imperishable marble—the sculptor Greenough. His *Medora* is worthy of the age which has produced a Canova, a Thorwaldsen, a Chantrey. We shall not easily forget the first time we beheld it in the studio of the gifted author at Florence, soon after it was finished. Closing the windows to exclude the day, and placing a light near the chiselled form, he created almost an illusion that we were in a room where a spirit had just escaped from its mortal bonds, bending “o'er the dead,”

“*Ere the first day of death had fled.*”

The mild angelic air, the rapture of repose, and the sad, clouded eye, that “*fires not, weeps not, wins not now,*” were there pre-



sented with a pathos and a truth equal to those of the exquisite picture which the pen of the poet has painted. It is indeed a perfect personification of the Greece, but living Greece no more, that Byron has illustrated by his most beautiful simile; and we cannot help thinking the sculptor had this passage in his mind as vividly during his labours, as the lines in which the hapless fate of the corsair's wife is told.

Mr. Dunlap's volumes furnish abundant evidence that painting is the pursuit to which the genius of our land, as far as the fine arts are concerned, has the strongest affinity, and in which it is destined to obtain its most splendid triumphs. We might even go farther, and affirm, that it would be impossible to collect as great a number of names of persons who illustrate our annals in any other imaginative department, as is here displayed. In music we have as yet produced no composer of eminence—in sculpture the list of celebrities is inconsiderable—and in architecture it is not much larger. In poetry, although there is a goodly multitude of gentlemen, it seems, whose palates “are parch'd with Pierian thirst,” few of them, we fear, have been able to moisten their lips with even a taste of the harmonious spring, and still fewer have drunk deep of its waters. In prose fiction we possess indeed some glorious pens, whose effusions are at least equal to any efforts of our pencil, but they are comparatively rare.

It is true that as yet the great proportion of our paintings is in the branch which is not esteemed the most elevated of the art—that of portraits—but this circumstance is not owing to any want of ability to produce what is loftiest. Those who live to please, must please to live; supply depends upon demand; and had the taste and the pockets of the community been of the highest order, many of our portrait painters have given proofs that they could have risen to their level. The seeds have been liberally sown; nothing has been required but the genial heat of the sun to warm them into animation and fruitfulness. This we have sanguine hopes will not long be denied. The encouragement of portrait painting paves the way for that of history, and there is every reason to believe that the patronage of the latter will not lag far behind the increase of wealth, now that a fondness for the art has been roused. That this fondness exists and is increasing is manifest from the number of academies that have been formed within a few years in the different states, and of valuable pictures, of both modern and ancient masters, which they have purchased—and from the attention which is paid to drawing in most of our private schools, and the likelihood that similar instruction will soon be afforded in our public seminaries. The lustre which has already been reflected upon the country by our artists, while it will serve to stimulate other aspirants to the most strenuous efforts, must also foster a spirit of national pride

for the source of the distinction eminently conducive to its benefit, so that inducement sufficient may be provided to retain native talent at home, and thus prevent other nations from reaping the advantage, and in some respects the glory, of its labours, as has hitherto in a great degree been the case. Could the general government be influenced to bestow some care upon the subject—and a small sum, if judiciously invested, would do much—an additional impulse of a potent character would be given.

As to the power of judging of works of art which exists in this country, Stuart used to complain that it was too nice and exacted too much. Speaking upon this point to a friend, he observed, "In England my efforts were compared to those of Vandyke, Titian, and other great painters—but, here! they compare them to the works of the Almighty!" And these are the works to which they ought to be compared, for these are the only standard of true perfection. Nature is but the consummation of art, the work of an infallible artist, and they who can most assimilate their productions to its unerring excellence, are most entitled to that name. Where, too, may such comparison more properly be made than in a region where the Omnipotent hand has lavished his grandest as well as his loveliest works—whose mountains and whose valleys, whose forests and whose streams, in varied sublimity and beauty, are unrivalled upon the globe? where forms may be witnessed to which it is the richest praise of the ultimate effort of Grecian art—the statue of "the God of life, and majesty, and light"—to display a resemblance? and where the full development of the immortal energies which distinguish man from the brute, may be contemplated in its most inspiring, most ennobling shapes? These are strong considerations for believing that amateurs as well as artists should be of a high order in America.

---

ART. VII.—*A Winter in the West.* BY A NEW-YORKER.  
In two vols. New York: Harper & Brothers: 1835.

THE flood of human life, which, springing from a thousand sources, but gathering immensely in volume from the "old settlements" of our own country, is continually pouring in upon the exuberant plains and valleys of "The West," has created a necessary interest in the bosoms of those who are left behind, as to its condition, and civil and physical improvement. We say *necessary*; for what family is there in the Atlantic states, but has been called upon to yield up some one, at least, of its members, as an offering to the anthropocal requirements of this

still unsettled region? Mayhap a daughter, or a son, "the favourite and the flower" of this fond parent, has left "home," to find an abode beside some sylvan lake, some bounteous stream, or in the very depth of some untraversed forest, wrapped in primeval silence, save the fluttering of the gay paroquet or rustling of the bounding deer; or that father with his snow-white locks, but re-juvenated step, has gathered together his effects, turned his face from the tombs of his ancestors, and has located himself in this land of promise, to build up anew his fortune. How shall those dreams of individual advancement be realized?—how shall the happiness of that child or parent be secured?—how extensive are the advantages there offered to the hardy adventurer?—how do those arts advance there, which improve and adorn our short-lived existence? Such an interest as this does exist,—must exist: and, while it binds a continent in an alliance, nay, a brotherhood—closer than any political institution, has an unceasing claim upon the observation of intelligent travellers.

But indeed who that has read of the adventurous deeds of the pioneers,—of their perils,—victories,—romantic excursions, but has desired to know more of the scene of those exploits? Or, who that has heard of the magnificence of its natural scenery; of the prodigal fertility of its soil; of its rivers, immeasurable in length, supplying the oceans with its waters, and bearing to the whole world the means of subsistence; of its prairies extending before the eye, and stretching out on every side, till the distance is lost in the union of earth and sky, and exhibiting to the beholder the undulations of a luxuriant vegetation, heaving like the sea; of its forests, where each tree stands like a huge Titan, bearing the heavens upon its shoulders, and each shrub and flowret bursts forth, arrayed by nature's hand in her most glorious vesture; of its cataracts and its caverns; of the bright and varied plumage of its feathered tribes; and of its zoological richness,—who that has heard of these, but must burn to increase his knowledge of them? Or, who that has cast his eye over any statistical tables of this portion of our land, of the last twenty years, and has observed its populousness, growing like the productions of its soil, rapidly and monstrously; its capability of sustaining a people as numerous as the hordes of Asia; and its future destiny, as the arbiter of power in this republic; but feels its importance and acknowledges its claims to his attention?

"The West," however, is a vague designation of any place in North America. Although there be a distinct meaning in the phrase, well understood by the person using it, yet paradoxical as this is, it points to no locality. Twenty years ago the Alleghany range might, by most people, be considered in these new coun-

tries. Ten years ago, the Mississippi was the *ne plus ultra* for five-sixths of Americans. The imaginary line which limited the bounds of the West, has thus been continually changing, till at length it has found a natural correspondence in the "woods where rolls the Oregon," and on the shore laved by the Pacific. Still the phrase has a local meaning. The mind of a citizen of Philadelphia referring to the West, does not now reach beyond the Mississippi. When an inhabitant of Ohio speaks of the West, he means beyond that river; and when one of Missouri talks of this still receding land, he fixes himself, as he geographically is, in the centre of the Union, and locates the West far beyond his Pawnee or Comanche neighbours, along the distant peaks that give rise to the Oregon and Missouri.

A work professing to furnish an account of the West, should, in order to give satisfaction to these different classes of readers, be of much more ample scope than is generally taken by writers who assume the task. Such an attempt could be successfully made only by those who have spent years in examining the natural features and productions of this immense tract of country. We may appeal to the feelings of those who have made books relating to this subject a part of their reading, for the correctness of our position. Each work seems to expose more the gap which is to be supplied. Does one purport to make us acquainted with the customs, peculiarities of thought and opinion, and language of the Indian tribes—it may describe those of one, two, or three of those petty nations, but it informs us that there are others to the north, or west, or south, of which nothing definite is known, except that their character and habits are dissimilar to those described. Does another delight us with exhibitions of the wonderful power or variety displayed by nature in her creations—still the mind is unsatisfied, for those are within circumscribed territorial limits. Each one leaves our craving curiosity more eager than before; while all only serve to teach us the boundless extent which is open for research.

The work before us does not assume to fulfil the condition which we have laid down as necessary to satisfy all inquirers. Its unpretending title sufficiently explains its character and object; the one indicating that it is a rapid sketch of the author's experience and travels; the other that it is intended to interest the reader rather by the writer's impressions than by his convictions from long study. Its great merit in our eyes, is its vivid pictures of western life and manners, and of winter scenery, described as they struck the mind of our observant wanderer.

The season in which his journeyings were performed, could not afford an opportunity for the most advantageous exercise of his descriptive powers. The heavens, it is true, displayed that pellucid azure hue, which is exhibited in those regions in both

winter and summer, and which is not surpassed by that of the tritely-admired sky of Southern Europe: the stars by night walked the empyrean, enthroned in full-orbed splendour: the earth beneath presented the same general features, in her forests, plains and water courses: and the lakes still appeared in their changeless, measureless grandeur. But how much more calculated are these works of nature to inspire the pen of the poet—and our author is one—when the south winds have chased away the chilling cold, and have quickened every thing into life; when the swelling waters are rushing to their *embouchement*, as they are released from the icy grasp of winter; when the prairie has doffed its mantle of white, and comes forth decorated in the gorgeous garniture of summer, there a field of nodding grass,—here one of the dazzling heliotrope, or an islet of verdant wood whose green affords an agreeable relief to the eye wandering from the plain of sunflower; when, in a word, all around seems to breathe, vivified and vivifying, arousing the imagination and unloosing the tongue.

What, however, is lost in this respect, is abundantly made up by the delineations of frontier life and society, which the writer had a better opportunity to observe, not only on account of his own leisure, but also that of the people among whom he travelled. The fireside picture, made up frequently of the hardy backwoodsman and his thriving family, of an Indian straggler or two, and of the weary traveller; the bar-room exhibition—that microcosm of the West, where each district of the great valley has its representative, met together, not to gratify a morbid appetite for maudlin frolic, but to satisfy the social demands of our nature; and the Indian camp,—where the warrior and the hunter, forced by the inhospitable weather without to repose in idleness within his matted cabin, are seen *at home*, supply us with much that may amuse the curious, and inform the philosophical inquirer.

The first part of the route of our traveller was through a tract of the West, which has of late years engrossed a very considerable degree of public attention. Arriving at Detroit from New York, by the way of Pennsylvania and Ohio, he directed his course through the peninsula of Michigan,—his observations on which are opportune, considering not only the influx of population on its lands, but its claim to the rights and privileges of a constituent sovereignty of this confederacy. Advancing westward, he traversed the northern parts of Indiana and Illinois, over the ground which was the scene of the Indian murders of 1832, and of the military operations which ensued. From the Illinois he proceeded to the mining country; and from Galena, where he arrived about the first of February, to Prairie du Chien,

on the Upper Mississippi. This was the limit of his tour, north and west.

His journey homeward, though in a different route, was through a part of our country, which has ever presented an attractive interest to the eastern man. Arriving at St. Louis, where he sojourned some days, he descended the Mississippi to the Ohio, and made his way up the latter river to Cincinnati. From this growing city, the queen of the west, he diverged south-eastwardly through Kentucky, as far as the mountainous parts of Tennessee, from which state he entered Virginia, having examined many of the great natural curiosities in which the country abounds, and finally directed his course to the north, along the eastern base of the Alleghanies.

From this *coup d'œil* of the circuit of his travels, it will be observed, that his tour was devised with great judgment, embracing, as it did, the least traversed regions of the Union this side of the Mississippi, and combining two opposite views of western life and manners—as they were exhibited in the wild prairies and among the hostile bands of Indians along our northern frontier, and as they appeared in the settled plains and hills, and among the hospitable and ingenuous inhabitants of the southwest. We have had, moreover, a particular object in aim, in presenting this rapid outline to our readers—that of enabling us, in our brief notice of the contents of these volumes, to obey rather our own caprice as to method, than to follow the author continuously in each novel scene or new adventure; for the reason, that, if we should attempt the latter, we should certainly be beguiled into a prolixity incompatible with the purposes of our work; though we should doubtless consult our own ease, and do more ample justice to him. We therefore exercise at once the right which we have thus reserved to ourselves, and commence with the ancient city of Detroit.

The city of the strait did not realize his expectations as to its appearance. Instead of the moss-covered habitations of a frontier town, he found new and freshly painted buildings and towering piles of brick: instead of the fortifications, “the strong stockade made of round piles fixed firmly in the ground, and lined with palisades,” the only thing of the kind discoverable, was a small stone arsenal, with a tall picket fence around it. But, although there was little in the city itself to remind him of its comparatively ancient date, there was not the same absence of the *antique* in its environs, especially on the Canada side. The country and primitive habits of the people of this part of William IV.’s dominions, as also of the descendants of the original settlers in Detroit, are described as follows. Declaring that every thing appears dead on the east side of the strait, after leaving the American town, the writer continues:



“ The French there insist upon holding on to their acres, and being unwilling to improve their property, its value remains stationary. These French tenures have had their effect, too, in retarding the growth of Detroit, and they still check in no slight degree its advances in prosperity. The French farms are laid out along the river on both sides, with a front of only two or three acres on its bank, while they extend back into the country for half a dozen miles; a disposition of property very unfavourable to agriculture, and only adopted originally to bring the colonists as near together as possible, for the sake of mutual protection against the Indians. Many of these farms now cross the main street of Detroit at right angles at the upper end of the town, and, of course, offer on either side a dozen building lots of great value. The original owners, however, persist in occupying them with their frail wooden tenements and almost valueless improvements, notwithstanding large sums are continually offered for the merest slice in the world off the end of their long-tailed patrimonies. They are a singular race of beings altogether. Mild and amiable, with all that politeness of manner which distinguishes every class of the courteous nation from which they derived their origin—they are still said to be profoundly ignorant. They call Detroit ‘the Fort’ to this day, and yet few of them know any thing of the country whose soldiers first held it. They are good gardeners, but very indifferent farmers; and their highest ambition is to turn out the fastest trotting pony when the carriage races commence on the ice at mid-winter. Some of them will own a hundred of these ponies, which, in defiance of snow and sun, run in the woods from one end of the year to the other. The fastest of the herd, which is generally a three-minute horse, the owner will keep for himself, or, if he parts with him, asks the purchaser two or three hundred dollars for the animal, while from the rest, for twenty-five or thirty, he may select at pleasure. They are very easy-gaited animals, carrying astonishing weights with ease; but their shoulders are so low it is difficult to keep an ordinary saddle on their backs with any comfort. But though generally rough mis-shapen looking creatures, some are very elegantly formed, and remind me often—while neither resembling the Arabian nor the English horse—of some French drawings I have seen of the spirited steeds of the Balkan, or the rushing coursers of the Ukraine. I am informed that they are known to perform journeys under the saddle of sixty miles a day for ten days in succession, without being at all injured by it. They are thought to have a different origin from the Canadian horse, to which the best of them bears no particular resemblance except in size.”

There is a striking feature in the face of the country of Michigan—one that attracts the early attention of the traveller. This is what are there called its oak openings, consisting of oaks of the largest size, covering a considerable extent of territory, and the trees being unconnected by underwood, showing a grassy surface below, while the branches of the oaks are intertwined frequently above. These openings present the appearance of a cultivated country to the wanderer through them; though in fact they are evidences of its wild and neglected condition—being caused by those devastating fires so frequent in the uncultivated west, and which sweeping over the prairies, communicate with the woods and consume all except the hardest of the trees in them. The effect of a chain of these oak clusters over the whole of this peninsula may be imagined, when it is recollected that it is an entire dead level, or nearly so—no part of it rising to an elevation of two hundred feet above the waters that surround it. The burr-oak opening seems especially to have won the admiration of our traveller for its novel beauty. Of the first one that he struck, he says, “it looked more like a pear orchard than any thing else to which I can assimilate it—the trees being somewhat

of the shape and size of full grown pear trees, and standing at regular intervals apart from each other on the firm level soil, as if planted by some gardener." Deer in herds are found in these groves, sweeping over them in Eden-like innocence.

Although now almost entirely deserted by the aboriginal inhabitants, and unoccupied, save here and there a solitary settler, southern Michigan abounds with monuments of the former race. Their graves remain as reminiscences to the emigrant, of those whom he has superseded; while, even now, in obedience to that mysterious law of our common nature which prompts the offspring to cherish the remembrance and relics of his ancestor, the Indian returns and performs an annual pilgrimage to them after the white man has encompassed the spot as his own. Such feelings should be respected, and it speaks for the intelligence and humanity of the inhabitants of Michigan that they do respect them. "There are several Indian graves immediately before the door of the shantee," says our traveller, writing from Spring Arbour, "where I am stopping for the night, which I am told are regularly visited and weeded by the surviving relatives of those here buried. My host has had the good taste to put a fence around them, to keep his cattle from the spot—a piece of attention with which the Indians appeared to be much gratified at their last visit." Carver informs us, that upon these occasions they bemoan the fate of the deceased, recapitulating the actions he had performed; or if he were young when he died, those that he would have done had he lived, and the fame that would have attended him—how he would have overtaken the flying elk, and have kept pace on the mountain's brow with the fleetest deer. The rapid increase of civilized population in Michigan will not leave even this custom long to be performed by its natives. As a reverse to the picture, above given, of Indian sensibility, we may extract one from these letters, descriptive of a scene which occurred not far from the spot above alluded to, and which, though equally ridiculous and painful, is also illustrative of the strength of the passion of the Indian for rum. The writer stopping at a farm house, found that a couple of Ottawas had just arrived there for the purpose of disposing of some peltry; which was accordingly traded away for a cask of liquor.

"They were," he says, "well made men, though slightly built, and with aquiline noses and finely-shaped heads; and each, when I first saw them, had the freest and most graceful step I ever saw, whether on the sod or in the ball-room. How complete was the metamorphosis when I overtook them half an hour afterward in the woods! The eldest, who could not have been more than five-and-thirty, was barely sober enough to guide his horse, and sitting with both arms around the barrel of whiskey on the pommel before him, he reminded me of an engraving of Bacchus, in a very vulgar and not very witty book, called *Homer Travestied*, which had before been preserved amid all the nervousness of the operation, had now thoroughly deserted him, and toddling from

muttered a sort of recitative, which combined all the excellences of the singing and spouting of a civilized toper. His companion, a youth of but seventeen, seemed perfectly sober, and stopping only occasionally to pick up the whip of the fumbling rider, he stepped so lightly by his horse's side that the leaves scarcely rustled beneath his moccasin. I was somewhat pained, of course, at the exhibition, though I confess I was not a little diverted, while riding along for miles in the silent woods, with such grotesque company. The pedestrian continued as reserved and respectful as ever; but my fellow-cavalier, after talking a quantity of gibberish to me, which was, of course, perfectly unintelligible, seemed to be at last quite angry because I could not understand him; then, after again becoming pacified, he found a new source of vehemence in urging me to '*schwap* (swap?) *pasischegun*' (exchange my gun, to which he took a great fancy) for his '*papooshe pascocachee*' (child of a horse), as he called a colt that followed the forlorn pony on which he rode. I could not help blaming myself, however, for having been so long diverted with the frailties of this hospitable Silenus, when at parting, about nightfall, where he struck into the forest, he gave me an invitation to his wigwam, twenty miles off, signifying the distance by raising all his fingers twice, at the same time using the words, '*Horah! kees marchee neen wigwam*' (come to my wigwam). How strangely are we constituted, that one should derive amusement in the woods from an exhibition which, in a city, would only excite pain and disgust! I have never seen a half-intoxicated Indian before without the deepest feelings of commiseration. As for the alleged crime of selling Indians whiskey, it is impossible to prevent it. The love of spirituous liquors is a natural craving of the red man, which is irrepressible, and as such I have heard the most humane and intelligent persons speak of it,—people who have passed their lives among the Indians, and have done their best to snatch them from this perdition. The haughtiest chief will travel a hundred miles for a pint of whiskey, and get drunk the moment he receives it, wheresoever he may be."

The settlers in Michigan are represented as a well informed body of men, and much superior in this respect to those of most newly settled countries. Our author attributes this circumstance to the extraordinary facility and ease of obtaining there the means of subsistence, tempting individuals of all classes—those of the professions and others, to turn their attention to agriculture. This continues to be more and more the case, we may remark, in regard to western United States generally, as the means of education are more widely extended in the Atlantic States, and as the increase of population in the latter compels the ambitious student to turn his steps towards the more open fields beyond the mountains, rather than to press upon the limited one at home. As might be inferred from their intelligence, the citizens of Michigan are turning their attention to the subject of rail roads and canals, for which, indeed, the land seems to be admirably adapted. A rail road from Detroit to the mouth of the river St. Joseph, passing through the counties of Wayne, Washtenaw, Jackson, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Van Buren, and Berrien, appears to be a favourite project; though the want of capital is an almost insuperable barrier to its completion. A suggestion has been offered of a mode in which it might be accomplished, sufficiently tempting, we should think, to induce capitalists to undertake it; and that is by purchasing first the land in the vicinity of the route at government prices, and afterward disposing of it when its value should be enhanced as the work

was completed. Still, we doubt whether a rail road would be sufficient to meet all the wants of the people of Michigan, in respect of transportation. Experience has fully shown, that in relation to a great amount of carrying trade inland, canals are preferable; and wherever a head of water large enough can be secured throughout the season, they are more to be desired. There is no limit to the amount of tonnage which may be transported on a well regulated canal. In relation to the construction of one through the peninsula of Michigan, it is uncertain which would be most expedient, whether to take the route from Detroit to the falls of Grand River, or that from the navigable waters of the St. Joseph's to Monroe. If to this canal we add the contemplated one from Chicago, or some other point on the western shore of Lake Michigan, to the head of steam navigation on the Illinois river, embracing a distance of about ninety miles, which has already been surveyed, and which would require but slight fall in the whole route, we will have the most magnificent course of inland water communication in the world. In the event of any difficulty which might prevent a free intercourse between the Atlantic cities and New Orleans by the ocean, goods might be transported from the latter city up the Mississippi, through these canals and the Erie canal to the city of New York, the whole distance by water, and the reverse. St. Louis would then be looked upon as intermediate, and about equidistant from those great commercial marts, instead of being, as it now is, more remote from the eastern states than London or Paris. The Illinois canal would "pass for the whole distance through a prairie country, where every production of the field and the garden can be raised with scarcely any toil, and where the most prolific soil in the world requires no other preparation for planting than passing the plough over its bosom." That of Michigan, which is not a necessary part of the proposed water communication, would pass through a country not less fertile—in some part of which, as in the region of the Kekalamazoo, the soil or loam is four feet deep, and inexhaustible for generations to come. It does not require a very astute calculator to discover the immense trade that would be carried on through this channel, and which sooner or later must be.

On the banks of the Kekalamazoo our traveller came upon a rude cottage, inhabited only by two young men, lawyers, and furnished with articles of their own handicraft. With one of these as a companion, he made a visit to the camp of Warpkesick, a Pottawattamie chieftain in the neighbourhood. He has given us an animated description of his excursion, as the conclusion which follows will show. We merely premise, that the personage, Meg Merrilies, was a "tall virago of fifty, whose erect

stature, elf locks, and scarlet blanket, would entitle her to" the borrowed appellation.

"Pipes were now lit, and Ten-Garters, who was too unwell to smoke, himself, politely, after a few whiffs, tendered me his, while my companion, who could partially speak the language, was supplied from another quarter: we were soon perfectly at home. I had picked up from the floor of the lodge, on entering, a rude musical instrument—a species of flute, of imperfect tones, but having a rich mellow sound—when, as I was trying to squeeze a tune from the gamutless pipe, Warpkesick rose abruptly, and stating that he had to start at once on a trapping expedition, signified that we should take our departure. An Indian pony stood at the door, and leaping at one bound into the wooden saddle, an immense bundle of steel-traps was handed to the chief by a by-stander; and accompanied by an Indian on foot, almost as sorry-looking as the miserable beast he rode, our abrupt host disappeared at once into the woods. I was lingering behind to purchase the flute, and had conciliated the squaws wonderfully by tearing out the silk lining of my frock-coat, and giving it in shreds to their children, when my friend, being already mounted, told me we had better move off. I had barely time to cross the saddle, when a whoop rang through the woods, which, while it made my horse spring almost from beneath me, would have wakened Rip Vanwinkle from his twenty years' doze. The piercing cry from the forest was echoed with an exulting shout from every wigwam. A dozen dusky figures leaped through their flimsy porches, with as many rifles gleaming in their hands. He of the heron feather was the first that caught my eye, and as his gun pointed in the direction whence the first whoop came, immediately behind me, I could not help, in spite of the undesirable propinquity of its muzzle, admiring the eagle-eye and superb attitude of the young warrior. Not a soul advanced three paces from the covert whence he sprung. There was a dead silence. The children held their breath, and 'Meg Merrilies,' who had stepped on a fallen tree at the first outcry, now stood so still that her eldritch form, were it not for the elf locks streaming over her scarlet blanket in the breeze, might have been mistaken for a figure of stone. Another whoop, and the cause of all the commotion at once appeared. A noble buck, roused from his lair by Warpkesick, comes bounding by the camp, and buries his proud antlers in the dust in a moment. A dozen scalping-knives pierce his leathern coat, and the poor creature is stripped of his skin almost before he has time to pant out his expiring breath."

Our author has a keen relish for the social. At Prairie Ronde he meets with that "sort of salad of society," which gives zest to travelling in the west. "There was a long haired hooshier from Indiana, a couple of smart looking suckers from the southern part of Illinois, a keen eyed leather belted badger from the mines of Ouisconsin, and a sturdy yeomanlike fellow, whose white capote, Indian moccasins, and red sash, proclaimed, while he boasted a three years' residence, the genuine wolverine or naturalized Michiganian." Add to this list the red horse of Kentucky and the buckeye from Ohio, and we have a catalogue of western *soubriquets*, which will vie in ingenuity and expressiveness with those of any country, civilized or uncivilized, on the face of the earth. With the exception of the latter, such was the convivial party at Prairie Ronde, among whom the "stranger" soon became an associate. The warm glass is in his fingers. "It is touched smartly by the rim of the red horse—it is brushed by the hooshier—it rings against the badger—comes in companionable contact with the wolverine—my respects to you, gentlemen, and luck to all of us."

In the same racy vein we have a description of a ball-room assemblage at Chicago, where were to be found, as well the representatives of the tribes dispersed at Babel, as those of every age, rank, and profession—a medley, made up of inhabitants of the place, with whom a residence of three months was considered one of long standing. So wonderfully rapid, indeed, is the growth of population in many places in this section of the Union, that they seem to realize the oriental fiction in which desert sands are converted into palaces and paved cities in one night. Chicago had quintupled its population during the summer of 1833. Of course, where all were new comers, all were sociable. No claim to long residence could be advanced, and of consequence no jealousy or suspicion existed, to mar the freedom which strangers in a strange land take with each other. Man appears in this situation in a novel view ; and habituating himself to a mode of deportment which becomes necessary, acquires characteristics both striking and peculiar. These characteristics are those of the whole western country.

Chicago is situated on the western shore of Lake Michigan, in the state of Illinois, in a bleak and naked spot, having the whole expanse of that lake before it, and the broad plain, known as the Grand Prairie, on the opposite side. The winds of winter have a most searching effect. While our author was there, for several days the thermometer ranged at 28° below zero. Persons have been frost bitten in passing from door to door, and an ox perished in the streets from the cold at noonday—wolves left their covert to seek shelter among the abodes of men. The place, however, is destined to become a flourishing place of business, if we may judge from its location, at the westernmost point of lake navigation, and at the head of the proposed canal to connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi. But we must leave Chicago—its pacing matches and wolf hunts.

The journey over the Grand Prairie is not varied by any incident save the usual vexations at an inclement season. At Ottawa, opposite Fox river, our traveller first struck the Illinois, whose rocky bluffs rising to a height of seventy or eighty feet, and tinged with the mellow light of a setting sun, presented to him an agreeable and varied scenery. It was in the vicinity of this place that the worst of the Indian horrors was perpetrated by the Sacs and Foxes two summers since. Crossing the Vermillion, Indian trails, made manifest by the rain which had washed away the snow, became frequent. They were “generally as straight as the flight of an arrow,” and worn as deep as if they “had been trod for centuries.” Tales of Indian barbarity, fresh in the remembrance even of the children of the settlers, were rife ; and bring to our own recollection the perils and dangers of our pilgrim fathers. The following picture of domestic border



life is graphically sketched, at the same time that it exhibits the manners of the pioneer. The writer was on his way to Galena.

"A single room, miserably built of logs,—the interstices of which were so unskilfully filled up with mud that I could hear the night-wind whistling through them as we drove up to the door,—was to be our lodging for the night. A couple of rifles, with a powder-horn and a pair of Indian blankets, lay without, and two painted Potawattamies were crouched on the hearth, as I entered the cabin. One of them, a slight but elegantly formed youth of twenty, sprang at once to his feet; while the other, a dark ill-looking negro-faced fellow, retained his squatting posture. They were dressed in complete suits of buckskin; both having their ears bored in several places, with long drops of silver pendent in thick bunches therefrom; while broad plates suspended over their chests, with armlets of the same metal, made quite a rich display. Their dress was, however, the only point in which they resembled each other; and the aquiline nose, keen eyes, and beautifully arched brows of the one, contrasted as strongly with the heavy inexpressive look and thick lips of the other, as did the closely-fitting hunting-frock of the first, which a black belt, sown thick with studs of brass, secured to his erect form, with the loose shirt that crumpled around the crouching person of the other. A hard-featured borderer, with long sandy hair flowing from under a cap of wolf skin, and dressed in a bright green capote with an orange-coloured sash, sat smoking a pipe on the other side of the fireplace; while one foot dangled from the bed on which he had placed himself, and another rested on a Spanish saddle, whose holsters were brought so near to the fire, as it lay thus carelessly thrown in a corner, that the brazen butts of a pair of heavy pistols were continually exposed to view by the flickering light. A pale, sickly-looking woman, with an infant in her arms, and two small children clinging around her lap, sat in the centre, and completed the group. Her husband and another, a hanger-on of the establishment, had stepped out to look after our horses, as we drove up to the door. The apartment, which was not more than twenty feet square, was cumbered up with four beds; and when I thought how many there were to occupy them, and observed a thin cotton curtain flapping against a wide unglazed opening, which formed the only window of this forlorn chamber, I thought that the prospect of comfortable accommodation for the night was any thing but promising. Presently, however, the landlord entered, with an armful of burr-oak and split hickory, which crackled and sputtered at a rate that made the Indians withdraw from the ashes. The good woman placed her child in a rude cradle, and bestirred herself with activity and good humour in getting supper; while the frontiers-man, knocking the ashes from his tomahawk-pipe, passed me a flask of Ohio whiskey, which, after my cold ride, had all the virtue of Monongahela. Some coarse fried pork, with a bowl of stewed hominy, hot rolls, and wild honey, did not then come amiss, especially when backed by a cup of capital coffee from the lower country; though the right goodwill with which we all bent to this important business of eating, did not prevent me from noticing the Frenchman-like particularity with which the Indians ate from but one dish at a time, though tasting every thing upon the table.

"The best looking of the two, though daubed with paint to a degree that made him look perfectly savage, was almost the only Indian I had yet found who could talk English at all; and he seemed both amused and interested while I read over to him a slight vocabulary of words in his own language, as I had taken down the terms occasionally in my pocket-book, and was evidently gratified when I added to their number from his lips. He spoke the language, indeed, with a clearness and distinctness of enunciation such as I have only heard before from a female tongue; and the words thus pronounced had a delicacy and music in their sound entirely wanting in the usual slovenly utterance of Indians. You would have been struck, too, in the midst of our philological task, to see the grim-looking savage bend over and rock the cradle, as the shivering infant would commence crying behind us. In this way the evening passed rapidly enough; and then the good dame with her husband and children taking one bed, the green rider and I took each another, while the stage-driver and remaining white man shared the fourth together. The Indians brought in their guns and blankets from without, and making a mattress of my buffalo skin, they placed their feet to the fire, and after a chirping conversation of a few minutes beneath their woollen toggery, sunk to slumber."

The traveller, as may be inferred from this extract, employed himself, as opportunities offered, in studying the Indian languages. At Prairie du Chien, where he spent some time in company with the officers of Fort Crawford, he embraced the chance that presented itself of increasing his knowledge by frequent visits to the straggling lodges near the garrison. He furnishes us with a collection of Indian phrases, which, with the license due to poets, he has also turned into the following polished verses:—

#### INDIAN SERENADE.

- “ Fairest of Flowers, by fountain or lake,  
Listen, my Fawn-eyed-one, wake, oh! awake.  
Pride of the prairies, one look from thy bower  
Will gladden my spirit, like dew-drop the flower.
- “ Thy glances to music my soul can attune,  
As sweet as the murmur of young leaves in June:  
Then breathe but a whisper, from lips that disclose  
A balm like the morning, or autumn’s last rose.
- “ My pulses leap toward thee, like fountains when first  
Through their ice-chains in April toward Heaven they burst.  
Then, fairest of flowers, by forest or lake,  
Listen, my Fawn-eyed-one, wake, oh! awake!
- “ Like this star-paven water when clouds o’er it lower,  
If thou frownest, belov’d, is my soul in that hour;  
But when Heaven and Thou, love, your smiles will unfold,  
If their current be ruffled, its ripples are gold.
- “ Awake, love! all Nature is smiling, yet I—  
I cannot smile, dearest, when Thou art not by.  
Look from thy bower, then—here on the lake,  
Pulse-of-my-beating-heart—Wake, oh! awake!”

Prairie du Chien, situated four or five miles above the Ouisconsin, was formerly a considerable place, containing in 1766, about three hundred houses. It was the great mart for all the adjacent tribes. Carver says of it;—“that whatever Indians happen to meet there, though the nations to which they belong are at war with each other, yet they are obliged to restrain their enmity, and to forbear all their hostile acts during their stay there. This regulation has long been established among them for their mutual conveniences, as without it no trade could be carried on.” Since that time it has gone to decay; and now contains some twenty or thirty tottering buildings. The attraction to the modern traveller consists in the remains of ancient works, which run along the bluffs around Prairie du Chien, and which are supposed to have been constructed for military purposes. Major Long has given a particular account of them. They certainly present a prolific subject for speculation. Taken in connexion with those which are found in various parts of the west; and with the assertion so often repeated of the discovery

of human skeletons of a gigantic size in various parts of the Great Valley of the Mississippi, some plausibility attaches to the opinion, that this continent was formerly inhabited by a race, entirely dissimilar to any that are now to be found upon it, who built them. On the other hand, if we reject the declarations of those who assert the existence of such human remains, as not sufficiently authenticated, and suppose the fancied fortifications to be the result of accidental physical operations, (and for ourselves, we confess, we incline to this opinion) we have a theory quite as satisfactory. At all events, from the enormous magnitude of these works, whether of nature or art, beyond the power and means of the present race of men, it would seem that one or other of these solutions must be admitted.

We cannot leave this part of our author's tour, without extracting his account of the manner in which they get up the lead ore in the mining district, through which he again passed on his return from Prairie du Chien. Many of the miners are represented as being well educated men, graduates of our colleges and members of the learned professions, who find a greater certainty of accumulating wealth in searching after and striking the ore, than even in taking a lead at the bar, or among the medical faculty.

"Following my conductor along a mile or two farther of pretty rough road, we came at last to a spot where a huge mound of earth, with piles of lead-ore scattered here and there on the adjacent ground, showed that a mine was very successfully worked beneath; and giving our horses to an accommodating fellow that stood by, we threw off our overcoats and prepared to descend into it. The orifice on the top of the mound, over which a windlass was placed, was about three feet square, being lined with split logs crossing each other at the angles down to the original surface of the soil, below which point the adhesiveness of the earth seemed to be all that kept the sides of the pit together. It was so dark, however, at this part of the passage down, that other precautions may have escaped me. Taking the rope from above in my hands, and placing my foot in a wooden hook attached to the end of it, I swung myself from the top, and in a few moments descended some seventy or eighty feet below the surface. The narrow chamber was of course excessively dark to one just coming from the light of day; and landing upon the edge of a tub immediately beneath the aperture through which I had descended, I lost my foothold, and pitched head over heels in the water with which the bottom of the mine was flooded. 'Any one hurt?' cried a voice behind me; and looking round as I sprang to my feet, I found myself in a long horizontal passage or narrow gallery, with a grim-looking miner approaching me with a lantern in one hand and a pickaxe in the other. The next moment the form of my companion darkened the opening above, and then, after landing by my side, he introduced me to the miner, who proceeded to show us about these subterranean premises. They consisted of three or four galleries, generally terminating in a common centre, though one or two short ones, just commenced, appeared to run off at right angles to the rest; and the lead-ore, which glitters like frosted silver in its native bed, appeared to lie in thick horizontal strata along their side. The masses were readily separated by the pickaxe from the neighbouring clay, and we remained long enough to see several tubful hauled up by the conveyance which had admitted us into these dusky regions. The labour and exposure of these miners is very great; but the life, to those who have an interest in the work, is said to be so exciting, that the most indolent man, when he has once fairly burrowed under ground, and got a scent of what is called '*a lead*,' will vie in devotion to his toil with the most industrious of those who labour in the light

of heaven. His stimulus, indeed, resembles that of the gold-hunter; for the lead, when delivered at Galena, is as good as coin in his pocket; while, if he chances to strike a rich *lead* of mineral, he at once becomes independent,—as, if he does not choose to work it on his own account, there are houses in Galena which will purchase him out for a handsome sum, for the sake of speculation.”

While at St. Louis, the writer made an excursion to Jefferson barracks, where he spent several days highly pleased with the hospitality, urbanity and attentiveness of the general in command at that post and its other officers. His observations made there, derive a peculiar interest from the fact that many of those he found there, afterward accompanied Colonel Dodge in his expedition from Fort Gibson to the Pawnee Piet village, never to return. The dragoons are represented as being very intelligent and observant, all being native-born Americans, and recruited entirely from among the respectable, and in some instances highly educated classes of society. They were not however inured to the climate, or otherwise prepared in discipline and experience to endure the hardships of that expedition. The appearance of the horses equally attracted admiration. “The officer,” we learn, “who superintended their purchase, has been happy in matching them, and keeping the colour of each company distinct; and you can readily imagine the fine appearance of fifty white-tailed duns, or spirited iron-greys, any two of which would make a perfect match,—a squadron of glossy chesnuts, or troop of blacks, as dark as night.” This taste is not altogether capricious; for it serves not only to give effect to the general appearance of the company, but also to infuse a portion of that spirit, which, although factitious, it has ever been the study of military commanders to create in those under them. From the published journal of Colonel Dodge it appears, that both men and horses suffered greatly during the expedition referred to. He reached the Toyash, a Pawnee village, with one hundred and eighty-three out of five hundred men; the rest having been left on the route sick, and in charge of the sick. The journal states, that at the close of the march, the mules of the command looked better than when they started on the campaign, while it would have been difficult to select ten horses in good order. The want of good water and wholesome food, and the oppression of a burning sun, seem to have hurried many of those accidental acquaintances of our author to their graves.

We must now shift the scene; and leaving the reader to learn from these volumes himself, or to imagine the passage down the Mississippi and up the Ohio to Cincinnati,—the bluffs and bottoms along the one, and its grim boatmen; and the limpid waters and jutting promontories of *la belle Riviere*, transport him to the still wild regions of south-eastern Kentucky. This part of the state, indeed, is not comparable with the rich and fertile

lands about Lexington and Frankfort. In population it is much behind other sections; though in all parts of the state, as well among the poor dwellers among the "Knobs" of the south-east, as among the wealthy planters in more settled districts, there is found the same generosity of mind and unstinted hospitality, which has given a noble fame to Kentucky. After travelling for some days with a boon companion through a country where there is little or no accommodation for the stranger, fording rivers and traversing hills, our author reached the first frame dwelling that had met his eye. Its primitive inhabitants are pleasantly described.

"Approaching the dwelling, which was a one-story building in the shape of an L, we saw a fat old woman in cap and spectacles knitting in the doorway, while a tall gawky-looking female of about five-and-twenty was engaged in spinning by her side. The old lady said that the good man was out, but she supposed we might stay for the night; while the daughter ushered us into a large waincoted apartment, the beams of which were almost covered with bunches of yarn, hanks of coarse thread, and other similar products of domestic industry suspended from them; while a quantity of bed and table-linen, and homespun frocks and long stockings enough to have fitted out half a dozen rustic wardrobes, filled the shelves and hooks in two recesses on one side of the apartment, and faced a couple of bedsteads with neat dimity curtains, which occupied the corresponding recesses on the other side. Add an oaken table or two, half a dozen rush-bottomed chairs, and a couple of long rifles with powder-horn and bullet-pouch, suspended upon a buck's antlers over the large fireplace, and I believe you have the full physiognomy of the great room of the house: which, with the addition of a few strings of dried peaches over the mantelpiece, a rag-carpet on the floor, and the substitution of a long ducking-gun, or old tower-musket, in place of the Kentucky rifle, would correspond in feature with the sitting-room of a substantial Long Island farmer. But the owners of these hoards of homespun wealth could never have been mistaken for New Yorkers. The group displayed around the fire, after the head of the household had made his appearance, was such as the masters of the Medici's time loved to paint; nor would the slightest alteration of costume be required for them to figure in the pictures of Raphael or Rembrandt. The females already described were indeed decidedly of the Flemish school; but the thin and sinewy figure of the bald-headed old man, with his long silvery beard depending from a countenance which L. admitted was of as perfect a Roman mould as he had ever beheld in his travels, and flowing almost down to the girdle which kept the faded hunting-shirt to his person, was such as the pencils of Italy alone have preserved on the canvass.

"The hour of bed-time soon arrived, and the old man, kneeling before the Bible he was unable to read, the whole family united with him in a prayer, which was not the less fervid and impressive because he had been denied those advantages of education which in the Northern States are far more generally diffused than here.

"The unwonted luxury of clean sheets and a separate bed for each kept L. and myself exchanging congratulations from opposite sides of our apartment long after we had retired; while, weary as we were, we could not help lying awake for some time, comparing our observations upon the primitive circle into which we had fallen. But at last the wooden clock, which through Yankee enterprise had found its way to this remote glen, struck the hour of ten, and the whole household being long since asleep, we suppressed the murmur of our voices, and were soon dreaming with the rest."

The good people of the village of Manchester, a secluded spot about the sources of Kentucky river, owing its existence to the establishment of salt-works in its neighbourhood many years since, are humorously hit off. Their town is their own, and

perhaps their manners too; but their prejudices are by no means peculiar to them. After describing the buildings as having remained for more than a generation in statu quo, the writer continues:—

“It is now about ten o'clock, and looking out of the window, in front of which I am writing, I can see a dozen of these industrious burghers dawdling about a bar-room opposite. No sound of riot or obstreperous mirth comes thence; and were it not for the guttural chuckle that gurgles now and then from the burly person of my landlord, you would hardly know that they were talking. They are just now changing their position, to study the points of that sorry-looking nag, whose gummy lips, green with half-chewed grass, seem sagging to the sand as his hollow neck droops to the full length of his bridle. An hour hence the steed will still stand where he is, but the group around him will have advanced with the shadows some five yards beyond the eaves: you may then see them curiously grouped upon the clump of logs which form a primitive kind of stile to the fence before the door, and the morning mist, which still hangs upon the hills around, having by that time disappeared, they will be in less doubt about the weather.

“The appearance of two well-mounted and thoroughly-equipped travellers has caused quite a sensation in the village. The idea of persons travelling from motives of liberal curiosity cannot enter into the brains of the inhabitants: they insist upon setting down my companion and myself as Yankee pedlers; and as the familiarity of the people has already afforded us a good deal of quiet diversion, we are at no pains to dispel the illusion. A villager asked me yesterday, while looking at my fowling-piece, if I had ‘no more of them left;’ while another inquired what price I ‘set upon the remaining one:’ the first question implying, I suppose, that we had been driving a trade in guns through the country; and the last presuming, as a matter of course, that a Yankee had no use for firearms. ‘Are there any gentlemen, sir, among the Yankees?’ asked quite a decent-looking man of me this morning. I *looked* at the fellow—‘I hope no offence, sir,’ he added; ‘I mean by gentlemen, planters and such-like, that live as gentlemen do here.’—‘If you ask for information, my friend, I have never lived among the Yankees, but’—‘To be sure there are,’ interrupted an old Irishman, sitting by; ‘and two gentlemen to one to what there is here.’—‘Well, you see, stranger, I thought they were all pedlers; but how comes you to deny your country, if it isn’t after all among the leavings of Nature’s work?’ I answered that I was from the State of New York. ‘And what now do you call that but a part of Yankee-land?’ replied this intelligent yeoman.”

This part of the work before us is enlivened by anecdote and personal incident, illustrative of the manners of the people and history of the country. The idiosyncrasy of Kentuckians is marked; and their manners, as well as their language, striking,—bearing the impress of their peculiarity of mind. He who delights in studying their anomalies of character in the familiar incidents of domestic life and intercourse, will be interested in these pages on this account, rather than for any additional information as to the resources of the country, furnished in them. We mistake much if a perusal of them will not serve to dispel the errors into which many of our own people, especially in the Atlantic states, have been led, by the gross exhibitions, not to say caricatures, which it has been the labour and seeming pleasure of many tourists of late years to make, of this portion of western character. The exaggeration and buffoonery of these writers have no more resemblance to the open hearted and confiding manners, or to the startling, and sometimes extravagant,



but expressive phraseology of the true son of the west, than the pompous and studied forms of Euphuism to the terse and simple periods of Dryden. They have mixed up much that is true with more that is false, and have thus contrived to give a supremely ridiculous character to the whole. Yet as absurd as it is, these exhibitions have become as current coin, and form the basis of the popular idea of western life. Perhaps our own author may be considered as not altogether free from the charge which we lay at the door of others, especially in some pictures of drunken profanity and uncouthness, which might advantageously be left out in future editions of the work: still he has presented, in just aspects, the unpretending nobility of mind of the great mass of the people.

The peculiarities of western character and language are the natural result, as we have before hinted, of intelligence and enterprise thrown into new situations, and directed to new purposes. The Caffrarian, placed on the banks of the Mississippi, would be in nowise different from what he is in his native land; and, on the other hand, a Parisian *savant* would pursue the same course of study in London as at home; but the well-informed Frenchman or Englishman, transported from his boulevards and from his docks, to the prairies of Illinois, or cane brakes of Kentucky, and left to his own resources, would in a little while develop new points, both in modes of action and thought. Those developments would gradually enlarge, until they became certain and distinctive traits of character. Such is the natural operation of an active mind, working in a different sphere from that in which it has been accustomed.

At Cumberland Gap, the point of osculation of the lines of Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, and the only defile by which the Cumberland range is passed, our traveller visited the celebrated limestone cavern. Accompanied with four guides, he proceeded to the entrance to the cave,—“a ragged aperture, about six feet in diameter, sloping downward from the brink internally about fifteen feet,” and in the face of a precipitous rock, “overhung by drooping weeds and wild flowers.” Descending with lighted torches, and taking a few steps in the shallow water at the bottom, they came to a sudden turn which shut them out from the light of day. Their way now led through a deep pool, breast-high, over a floor of rock and sand, and at length terminated in a lofty and dry chamber, some fifteen feet in diameter, where they prepared a fire. The floor of this chamber shelved upward, leading to a narrow hole, called The Blast, barely large enough for the admission of a man’s body, and through which the wind rushed with great force. This passage also ran upward, and introduced them, after crawling through it on their hands and knees, to a large apartment, with dome-like roof, and at least

forty-five feet in diameter. Kindling their torches from a brand of the fire, which was their only means of light through the Blast, they clambered to the top of a rocky ridge, seeming from the numerous rises and descents along their route, "to be traversing the broken summit of a mountain, with merely the roof of a cave, instead of the canopy of heaven," above them. Passing through a long narrow apartment, called The Saloon, with a "high square ceiling and firm floor of clay," they were ushered into another, which, with the rest of their exploration, is thus described.

" 'The Gallery of Pillars' realized all that I had ever read of those sparry halls, that lift their glistening columns and sport their fairy tracery within the bowels of the earth. The form of the grotto was so irregular that it was nearly impossible to make an estimate of its dimensions. The innumerable stalactites, sometimes pendent from the roof, and sometimes raising themselves in single columns from the floor, were so clustered together and intermingled, that the actual walls of the subterranean chamber were excluded from view; while the light of our torches, as we waved them aloft, would at one moment be reflected back from a thousand fretted points, and be lost the next in some upward crevice, that led away, the bats alone knew where. But the most striking object in this fairy cell is yet to be mentioned. It was a formation of spar resembling a frozen waterfall, that reared itself to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and ran completely across one end of the chamber. The ceiling of the grotto was about ten feet higher, but the petrifying water, which was now dripping from the hanging stalactites above, had united them here and there with the top of this marble cascade, so as to form a Gothic screen of sparry points and pillars along its otherwise smooth round summit. One of the guides succeeded with the aid of his companions in scaling the slippery elevation, and drawing his body with difficulty between the dropping pillars that knit the top of the congealed cascade to the roof of the grotto, he disappeared in perfect darkness behind the screen. A moment after it seemed as if a hundred lamps were dancing in that part of the cavern. He had merely lighted a couple of candles with which he was supplied, and placed them so as to be reflected from the minute and interlacing fret-work above.

" There was yet another chamber to be explored; and being now about half a mile from the mouth of the cave, it behooved us, if we wished to derive any benefit from our lights in returning, to expedite our movements. Passing, then, from the grotto, the uneven floor of which was partly paved with truncated columns of spar, and partly strewn with broken pillars that some barbarous hands had wrenched from their places, we crawled over huge rocks, where the roof of the cavern descended to within three or four feet of the broken floor, and came to a rugged declivity, seamed by deep and dark chasms, which rendered the descent difficult and perilous. When we had gained the bottom of this precipice and looked up, the top of the cavern was scarcely discernible by the light of our torches. A limpid brook, about a foot in depth, had here channelled its way in the smooth limestone; following it up for a few yards, a sudden turn brought us to a long semicircular gallery, about five feet in height, and hardly more in breadth. This, from the singular echoes it produced, was called 'The Music-room;' and no whispering gallery could supply a more remarkable phenomenon of sound. The lowest tone of voice produced a murmur that trembled through the apartment, like the humming sound created by striking upon the wood-work of a guitar,—or rather, I may assimilate the effect produced by some tones, the bass ones particularly, to the low notes which a harp will send forth when the keys of a piano are touched near it. I was very sorry that we had not a musical instrument of some kind with us, to experiment more particularly upon these delicate and not unmelodious echoes. This room was nearly in the form of a crescent, and its smooth ceiling sloped gradually at the farther end till it touched the surface of the winding rivulet. At that point the stream became both broader and deeper; and the cavern not having been yet explored beyond this chamber, I proposed diving into the brook where it disappeared beneath the descending roof, and ascertaining whether it were not possible to rise in an open space beyond. The principal guide,

however, declared that he had already tried the experiment, and had nearly been suffocated by getting his head above water in a crevice of the dropping vault, from which it was difficult to extricate himself. We prepared, therefore, to retrace our steps; and our lights being nearly exhausted, we reduced their number to two while winding again through the devious labyrinth. After once or twice slightly missing the way, I emerged at last from this nether world, highly gratified with my subterranean wanderings."

Near Tazewell in Tennessee, he explored another of these caverns, which, from their number and seclusion, afford, it is said, work-shops for a gang of counterfeiters, who mix among the people and palm off their spurious money among the unsuspecting, and upon the unwary traveller. So impudently and cunningly do they pursue their avocation, that the very individual who communicated this information to our author, gave evidence of its correctness by subsequently passing off to him a copper dollar. By means of fleet horses, and the cavernous recesses, they manage effectually to elude apprehension.

The natural tunnel in Scott county, Virginia, a curiosity hardly less interesting than the celebrated natural bridge in Rockbridge county, and which is probably new to many of our readers, affords us the last extract which we have room to make from these volumes.

"It is a vaulted passage of two hundred yards, through a mountainous ridge, some five or six hundred feet high. The ridge lies like a connecting mound between two parallel hills, of about the same elevation as itself; and a brook, that winds through the wooded gorge between these hills, appears to have worn its way through the limestone rib that binds the two together. The cavernous passage is nearly in the form of an S. The entrance, at the upper side, is through a tangled swamp; where, in following down the stream, you come in front of a rude arch, whose great height, from the irregular face of the cliff being covered with vines and bushes, it is difficult to estimate, until you attempt to throw a stone to the top of the vault. The ceiling drops a few yards from the entrance, till, at the point where, from the peculiar shape of the cavern, the shadows from either end meet in the midst, it is not more than twenty feet high. The vault then suddenly rises, and becomes loftier and more perfect in form as you emerge from the lower end. Finally, it *flares* upward, so that the edges of the arch lose themselves in the projecting face of the cliff, which here rises from a gravelly soil to the height of four hundred feet; smooth as if chiselled by an artist, and naked as death. At this point, the sides of the gorge are of perpendicular rock, and for sixty or eighty yards, from the outlet of the tunnel, they slope away so gradually from its mouth as to describe a perfect semicircular wall, having the cavernous opening at the extreme end of the arc. On the left this mural precipice curves off to your rear, and sloping inwardly, impends at last immediately above your head. On the right the wall becomes suddenly broken, while a beetling crag shoots abruptly from the ruin to the height of three hundred feet above the stream that washes its base. The embouchure of the tunnel is immediately in front. Behind, the narrow dell is bounded by broken steeps hung with birch and cedar, and shaded with every tint of green, from the deep verdure of the hemlock to the paler foliage of the paw-paw and fringe-tree. A more lovely and impressive spot the light of day never shone into. The sun was in the centre of the heavens as I stood beneath that stupendous arch, watching the swallows wheeling around the airy vault above me, and yet more than half the glen was in deep shadow. I had been told, whether jestingly or not, that the place was a favourite retreat for bears and panthers; and while following down the brook a few yards, I was somewhat startled, upon casting a glance into a recess in the rocky bank above me, to meet a pair of bright eyes glaring from the bushes which sheltered the nook. But the sudden movement of drawing a pistol frightened the wild animal from its covert, and it

proved to be only an opossum, that glided along the trunk of a fallen tree and disappeared in the thickets above. I paused again and again, in retracing my steps through the sinuous vault, to admire its gloomy grandeur; and then mounted my horse, which was tethered in the swamp at its entrance. My road led immediately over the tunnel; but the thick forest on either side precluded a view from the top of the precipice, unless by approaching its edge. This it was necessary to do on foot. The glen thus viewed presents the appearance of a mere fissure in the mountain-side; but the chasm is so sudden and deep that the first glance is startling when your foot presses the edge; and your eye swims when it would pierce the shadowy gorge below."

We dismiss the "*Winter in the West*," with warm feelings towards the author, produced in our examination of his work. Unlike the Grub street mendicants who visit our shores to gather materials for a book, which, under the pretence of giving information in relation to the operation of our political institutions upon our social system, is filled with patriotic abuse of our country and people; he seems to have travelled from motives of liberal curiosity, and with a generous determination to set down naught in malice and nothing to extenuate. He is both a scholar and a gentleman; and while he evinces a nice taste and discriminating powers, he makes both subservient to the rules of propriety. He is, too, an agreeable companion—a man who takes the "good the gods provide him"—who

" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing;"

and who entertains us wherever we accompany him. He might have interested us in topographical details, but then we should have lost his glowing pictures, his familiar anecdote, and his critical observation of personal character. Or he might have made his work more suited than it will be found to be to the views of those, who look at a book of travel as a magazine of wonders, embodying new subjects of faith for the credulous; but this must have been done at the expense of truth and character.

It is, moreover, a source of gratulation to us, that one so well qualified as our author, has undertaken to present his countrymen with observations upon the social condition of that portion of the west in which he travelled—surveying it through the medium of American sympathies, and with a perfect knowledge of the nature of our government. However desirable it may be, to have the external developments of our national system portrayed by some indifferent master-hand—one alike uninterested in the result, whether from partiality in our favour, or from prejudice against us, or from attachment to some peculiar and different state of society—such a requirement can never be fulfilled in practice. An approximation to this result is however more nearly to be attained by a republican than a monarchical writer. The one is more likely to be acquainted with our springs of action than the other. He is imbued with the spirit whose workings he exhibits; and is less likely to be mistaken in his conclusions.

ART. VIII.—*The United States and Canada, in 1832, 1833, and 1834.* By C. D. ARFWEDSON, Esq. Two vols. London: 1834.

THE author of this new book on America is a Swede, who it seems travelled two years in the United States, and who has written and published his travels in our own language. An edition of the work has also been published in Swedish at Stockholm, where the political institutions of this country are daily a subject of discussion.

The circumstances which caused the rise of Marshal Bernadotte are now almost forgotten. Four years after he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, the peace concluded with Denmark at Kiel was established by the cession of Norway; and upon the death of Charles XIII, February 5, 1818, Bernadotte became the sovereign of two proud and free-spirited nations. In Sweden, the aristocracy has always been predominant; but in Norway there is no hereditary nobility, and the democracy has its full share of influence. In both kingdoms the peasantry and citizens form distinct estates. The different constitutions of these two countries, with their different manner of representation and government, presented many serious difficulties to the new king. But Bernadotte overcame them all, and he is now the only sovereign in Europe who has kept possession of a throne, acquired during the wars of Napoleon. He has assumed for his motto, "the people's love is my reward." And upon the discovery of a conspiracy against him a few years ago, he is said to have addressed the following language to a deputation of his subjects: "I came among you with no other credentials than my sword and my actions. These claims have been augmented by the adoption of the King, and the unanimous choice of a free people. On this I found my rights, and as long as honour and justice are not banished from the earth, these rights will be more legitimate and sacred than if I were descended from Odin. I have not opened a way by arms to the throne of Sweden; I have been called by the free choice of the nation, and on this right I rely." The frequent expression of such popular sentiments, without any flagrant violation of the constitutional rights of either kingdom, and his great ability and deep policy, have fixed this soldier of fortune firmly upon the throne, to which he thus boasts that he has been called by the free choice of the nation.

The policy of Charles XIV is well known. Although separated in a great measure by natural situation, and commercial interests from the rest of Europe, Sweden, in a time of profound peace, is burdened with a standing army of 50,000 men, a per-

manently fortified camp, and a large and well appointed navy. The king is therefore at the head of an armed force, which derives its existence from him. The aristocracy, whose allegiance is natural, are profusely decorated with titles and orders; and patents of nobility are frequently granted to eminent merchants and bankers, whose wealth and influence thenceforth uphold the crown. The liberty of the press is established by law; but it is at the same time subjected to so many restrictions, that its existence is merely nominal. Political and common debating societies cannot be formed without the permission of the government, and even the literary and scientific institutions, for which Stockholm is deservedly celebrated, are principally directed by men of rank and official dignity.

The democracy of Norway, and the republican party in Sweden, have been long united in determined efforts to counteract the tendency of this political system. They cannot hope, and perhaps do not wish to change the form of the government, but they, without doubt, interpose a strong check upon the royal influence. These northern patriots seem to be more disinterested than patriots usually are. They can gain nothing by their opposition to the measures of a monarch who is too well established to be overthrown, and who moreover has always carefully abstained from any arbitrary stretch of power, that might afford a pretext for exciting turbulence among the people; while like all who are openly disaffected to the government under which they live, they must often be thwarted in their endeavours to advance their own private views and interests. It is true, they can persuade themselves that they preserve their country from the evils of despotism; but such a persuasion would badly compensate the generality of men for continued efforts without the chance of ultimate success—for vain ambition and disappointed hopes.

It is soon apparent to which of these parties Mr. Arfwedson belongs. He thus speaks of the anniversary of the 4th July at sea—

“No comparison can be drawn between a beautiful day at sea and one on shore: there is something so delightful and reviving in the former, that its influence is irresistible. The 4th of July was just one of this description. Who is the American that does not rejoice at the recollection of what occurred on that day, 1776? Who is ignorant of the memorable act then signed by the boldest men in the colonies? Who has forgotten the determined step adopted by these patriots to declare themselves free and independent, in defiance of the power and fleets of the mother country? An American is justly proud of the result of this revolution, when comparing the past with the present.”

The Hall of Independence at Philadelphia excites more reflections.

“Historical recollections moreover, attach to this building so much interest, that it is next to impossible to approach it without reverence. It was within its precincts that America shook off her fetters. Here it was also that the first impulse



was given to the extraordinary revolution, which ended in the total emancipation of the colonies. It was here, in short, that a handful of bold patriots risked the chance of an ignominious death, as rebels, or the immortal glory of heroes of Liberty. It was here that the signatures were affixed to an act, which has already had, and will for ages to come, have an immense influence on the destinies of the world."

The cholera was raging in New York when this Republican Traveller landed there, and gave him occasion for some strange assertions as to the inhumanity and selfishness of the Americans.

"If a miserable object was lying in the street, suffering under the double calamity of poverty and disease, instead of lending him assistance, people would run away and leave him to his fate. Why? *Because he had got the cholera.* If the driver of a simple and unattended hearse was seen accelerating the speed of his horses, the question was asked, Why does he go so fast? *Because the hearse contains a number of the dead, victims to the cholera; they must immediately go to the burying ground, without ceremony and without friends.*"

The whole may be a traveller's exaggeration; but the most revolting selfishness characterizes every where the panic of pestilence. New York is properly called a town "that could not boast of any particular cleanliness," and some of the customs there are honestly criticized. Mr. Arfwedson then sets out upon the Northern tour, and visits and describes nearly all the places on that well known route. Upon one of the North River steamboats he first discovers that women are treated with civility in America.

"A young American, with whom I had been in company a few days before, in one of the first houses in New York, was seated at the long table between two females of humble condition in life. I saw him, with perfect attention, serve both his neighbours, before he thought of himself, and during the whole repast, continue his civilities with so much grace, that the example might serve as a salutary lesson to many a European coxcomb, who certainly will not put himself to inconvenience for the sake of being attentive to females of so mediocre a station in life, and to whom nature has besides refused the advantage of beauty. A young Frenchman, who came to America about the same time I did, could not help remarking to the American, that he was surprised to see a man of birth, of *blood*, condescend so far, as to enter into conversation with a couple of vulgar women. The American answered, that it appeared to him equally extraordinary how a man of birth could ever forget the respect due to every female by a person of education, let her rank be what it will in society."

The following must be inserted for the advantage of future travellers in the United States.

"Our slow progress was not to be attributed either to the badness of the roads, or to the horses, which had an appearance of strength, but entirely to the drivers. They were changed several times in the course of the day, but to the regret of all present, little was gained by the alteration. One in particular, was excessively slow in his motions, and rather abusive. I do not know if I was the unfortunate cause of it; my companions pretended I was, for having inadvertently, and certainly without intending, or even supposing it would give offence, addressed him by the disreputable title of *coachman*, always used in England, and which I thought was also applicable here. Enough; I discontinued the word from that hour, as long as I remained in America, and never forgot, upon subsequent occasions, to call republican coachmen *drivers*."

In the course of this tour, there are many excellent observations about the prosperity and happiness of the poorer classes in

America. The story of "The Locksmith of Springfield" is well written and highly interesting, and the traveller's general conclusion on this subject is the fair result of a careful and unprejudiced examination.

"A European, travelling in this direction, cannot help admiring the general appearance of comfort and prosperity so singularly striking. To an inhabitant of the Scandinavian Peninsula, accustomed to different scenes, it is peculiarly gratifying to witness, instead of gorgeous palaces by the side of poor huts, a row of neat country houses, inhabited by independent farmers. A Swedish servant, lately arrived in America, on looking around and perceiving the happy state so generally diffused, exclaimed with surprise, and characteristic simplicity, Sir, have the goodness to inform me where the peasantry live in this country?"

Boston is very much admired, and occupies many pages. Its general appearance, literary institutions, and hospitable inhabitants are all praised. A curious custom, however, is noticed, which exists in several of the American cities.

"I had often heard that married men in America are in the habit of attending market themselves, in the morning, to provide the necessary articles for their families; a custom which, with us on the other side of the Atlantic, exclusively belongs to the department of the cook. Mrs. Trollope mentioned the same in her history of 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' but on that very account, I considered the statement an exaggeration, and rather inclined to the contrary opinion. During my stay in Boston, however, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the prevalence of this custom, and found that almost all the married men performed this morning walk. At first it appeared strange to me, how they could so correctly know the exact market prices of the most trifling article; but it was soon explained. At a dinner, at which I happened to be present, the lady of the house showed perfect ignorance of the cost of the vegetables and fruit, and was obliged to apply to the husband for information, which she did in these words—*My dear, what is the price of sweet potatoes? Grapes and peaches, what are they worth?* But each country has its customs; I shall therefore abstain from all comment, merely mentioning the circumstance."

Mr. Arfwedson next gives the history of the sect of religious fanatics, called Shakers, who make dancing a part of their worship, like many of the early religious. He fills thirty pages with their uninteresting superstitions, and then sets about enumerating the different denominations of Christians that exist in the United States, with the main articles of their faith. A Table is annexed, which is very long, but far from complete. He thinks the distinctions between these multitudinous sects may be classed as follows:

1st. Differences of opinion with regard to the Redeemer.

2d. Difference of opinion of the clemency of God.

3d. Difference of opinion as to the forms of worship.

This part of the book is able, and exhibits a calm, philosophic mind. The information collected here, required a great deal of labour and research. It is valuable, and authentic, and may be safely referred to, as authority upon the subject. There are some sensible observations about the alleged want of an established religion in the United States.

"America, it is well known, has no established religion. Fugitive pilgrims, persecuted in England for their religious opinions, sought in the New World that liberty of conscience which was denied them in the Old. Every opinion of the Deity was here unshackled. Religion was considered the exclusive property of conscience and God, and exempt from all other restraint. The State was distinct from the Church: neither had a right to interfere with the other, except to protect individuals in the quiet exercise of the creed which they conceived to be the only true one. Even the clergy was in most of the Constitutions of the States, by particular clauses, excluded from all participation in public affairs. Thus, one of the most important and eventful experiments, ever attempted upon so extensive a scale, was made, namely: whether religion may be sustained in a country without the protection or support of the government. The period elapsed since the creation of the republic, certainly speaks in favour of its practicability: how far the experience of future times will justify it, I do not venture to anticipate. This freedom of religion has, however, been the means of forming a great many sects, the names of which, and their varied professions, as I have already stated, it is no easy matter to enumerate. The difference in many is but trifling, and only perceptible in exterior forms. A great number are solely distinguished by insignificant modifications of the same creed. When a young clergyman, for instance, commences his career, to gain importance and make proselytes, he generally pretends to deviate from the other followers in the observance of some unmeaning exterior form, without however rejecting the fundamental principles upon which the sect is founded. His friends then lose no time in building a church for him. The adherents now meet to listen to the new preacher, and in a short time his congregation becomes so considerable that he obtains a comfortable livelihood by it."

After the first four books of the *Science of Legislation*, by Filangieri, were published at Naples, towards the close of the last century, a general anxiety was manifested in Europe for the appearance of the fifth book, which was to treat of the laws that concern religion. The untimely death of Filangieri was considered a misfortune, for the eminent ability he had shown in the discussion of a subject from which theorists had been excluded by common consent, persuaded many that he was destined to work a change in the principles of modern legislation. The state of Europe, too, at that time, seemed to threaten convulsion and anarchy, and the selfish fears of men disposed them to listen to the voice which so opportunely pointed out a way of escape from the evils they had brought upon themselves. Although Filangieri did not live to finish the fifth book of his treatise, he went far enough with it to show what were his sentiments as to legislation upon religious faith, and ecclesiastical establishments. His work is probably little read or cared for in this country—the only country, perhaps, where it can now be of any use.

"Religion, which precedes, prepares, produces, accompanies, and follows the origin, the progress, and the development of civil society; religion, which in the savage is a timid worship offered to the unknown cause of his terror and his fears; which, in the rude and barbarous societies, is the beginning of civil authority, which, although yet unable to endure in the hands of their fellow men, they place willingly in those of their Deities; which, in civilized societies, can so well assist the public authority in extending the sanction of the laws, and in obtaining that which those laws cannot prescribe, as well as in avoiding that which they cannot prohibit; religion, finally, which, while it may be productive of so much good, may also degenerate into a source of lamentable evil, such as has been so often seen to proceed from enthusiasm and fanaticism; religion, I repeat, so inherent in the nature of man, so necessary to the formation, perfection, and preservation of society, and so formida-

ble in its degeneration, should it not be considered one of the most important objects of the legislative science?

"Regulated by the legislator, when the civil body has reached perfection, it should not contain any of those provisions which are only necessary in the infancy of a people, in order to uphold the feebleness of the public authority with succours borrowed from superstition. Its temples should afford a shelter for the needy, and not be an asylum for the unworthy. The priesthood should form one of the most elevated parts of the social body, but not be a separate body; it should be the model of the citizens, and not the object of privileges; it should teach the people to bear cheerfully the public burdens, and not be itself exempt from them; it should inculcate subordination to the legitimate authority, and not be itself independent of it; finally, it is evident, that such a religion, with such characteristics, can never have any natural connexion with those two extremes, equally pernicious—fanaticism and impiety.

"But in what religion, considered in its original formation, and simple principles, can all these characteristics be found?"\*

The hand of Filangieri, which was tracing these characters of light for the benefit of mankind, was here suddenly arrested by death, and none other has yet been found to take up the pen that had fallen from his grasp, and answer his weighty question.

After the cholera had subsided, our traveller returned to New York. He devotes much space to a description of several of the public institutions of that town, and he also gives a good account of the system of general education adopted throughout the state. Towards the end of October, he sets out on a long intended journey to the south. Philadelphia is taken in the route, and, as may be supposed, is carefully examined.

"Philadelphia, if I may be allowed the expression, is a coquettish city. Like a young and agreeable lady, she takes peculiar care of her exterior appearance, endeavouring to please all. The exterior walls of the houses are washed and scoured; as to the streets, they are proverbially clean. Every thing announces wealth and comfort. There is certainly nothing extraordinarily grand; but, on the other hand, nothing mean. No palaces are observed, but again no wretched dwellings. Here the real and true republicanism is exemplified. It is as distant from democracy as from aristocracy."

Mr. Arfwedson says his stay at Philadelphia was very short, but he found time to collect materials for more than fifty pages, in which he faithfully enumerates and eulogizes all the literary, scientific, charitable, religious, criminal, and various other useful institutions of that thrifty and sober city.

Baltimore is his next stopping place. As soon as he gets fairly into the southern country, there seems to be some cause that excites his Swedish gravity to a great deal of hyperbole and fancy. A strange account is given of the indecorous conduct of the Americans who assisted at the obsequies of the late Mr. Carroll. His body laid in state, which afforded many vulgar people the chance of getting into his house, where they behaved as they would have done at any other show; and Mr. Arfwedson, who was present, and noted every thing, has coloured their conduct highly, and set it down against the inhabitants of Baltimore. The subject was hardly a suitable one for a display of the imagination.

\* *Scienza della Legislazione. Volume quinto. Firenze, 1821.*

Washington is next hurried through, and our traveller gets safely to Richmond, Virginia. His account of the road over which he passed, is exaggerated. The road is bad enough, but if as bad as he represents it, he would never have got to Richmond.

The slave question is now taken up, and handled with ability. This traveller deserves the rare praise of having carefully examined all the important subjects upon which he pretends to write. He is therefore fairly entitled to adduce his own conclusions, in which, however, he generally agrees with other Europeans.

"The first rule which every owner of slaves has prescribed to himself, with a view to treat the negroes properly, has been: *Let the light of education never dawn upon them: Keep them always in a state of complete ignorance: Let them never know aught of a happier existence than the slave life they now lead.* This maxim, so unworthy of enlightened minds, and so irreconcilable with the liberal principles of a free country, is nevertheless still prevalent in all the slave states. It invariably guides the conduct of the planters, whose conviction seems to be irrevocable that a spark of light disseminated among slaves, would be equivalent to a supply of arms, which they would immediately turn against the white population. This belief has entailed the most disastrous consequences, and been highly detrimental to the moral condition of the unfortunate negroes. Born of parents, as raw and ignorant as savages, from whom they learn nothing but vice, they live days and years without being able to understand any of those manifold natural wonders with which they are surrounded, without knowing for what purpose they are brought into the world, often without suspecting the existence of God."

Without any comment upon the spirit of this paragraph, let the slave question be here fairly stated.

There exists in some parts of the United States a body of men, descendants of negroes brought from Africa, who are slaves during life, and whose issue also are slaves. They are said to be personal property, not appendant to land, and consequently not transferable with it, unless by the agreement of their owners.

This state of things has excited an outcry, not only in England and Europe, but also in most of the northern states of the Federal Union; where so much interest is taken in the condition of the slaves, that societies have been formed which expend large funds in systematic measures to promote the entire abolition of negro slavery. Their efforts have thus far failed to produce any important effect. The increase of the slave population is progressive and rapid, and there are many forebodings as to the evils that must eventually spring from such an increase. As these evils, whatever they may be, will mainly fall upon the southern states, the citizens of those states claim an exclusive right, at the present time, to act and legislate upon the subject. They protest against any further interference in the management of their private property, which they say has already caused much mischief and jealousy, and cannot fail before long to endanger the harmony of the whole Union.

The philanthropists of the north do not pretend that slavery

is new in the world, or that it is an anomaly in a free government; for they know that many of the laws of the southern states relating to their slaves, have been copied from those of the ancient republics. They admit, moreover, that the negroes are generally well fed, well clothed, and well treated, and their extraordinary fruitfulness is the best proof that they are healthy and contented. The question, however, is put upon general grounds which cannot be disputed. It is unjust and inhuman to make slaves of our fellow beings, and to withhold from them the light of education and the hopes of religion.

There are few of the actions of men that can bear the application of any general rule of morality like this. Indeed, the whole history of our race is but the history of violence and of crime, and from its first appearance upon the earth, one incessant struggle has been kept up between the strong and the weak, between the oppressor and the oppressed. There is consequently no need of any appeal to the past, and to the uncertain annals of nations which no longer exist, in order to find things as contrary to justice and right as negro slavery. The present condition of the famished peasantry of England and Europe is far worse than that of the slaves in the southern states, and the bondage of the serfs of the Russian empire has no parallel in modern times.

Until the character of man be changed, his passions restrained, and his selfishness subdued, the measures of philanthropists that oppose his interests will be regarded with the same feelings as a direct attack upon his legal rights. The hope that there ever will be a change for the better gains no strength with the lapse of time. The world was early divided into two classes, and so it will long remain:

"Du musst steigen, oder sinken,  
Du musst herrschen und gewinnen,  
Oder dienen und verlieren,  
Leiden oder triumphiren,  
Amboss, oder Hammer seyn."

Upon Mr. Arfwedson's arrival at Charleston, he is naturally led to give a history of nullification, and here he is accurate and impartial; it is preceded by a merited compliment to the character and abilities of Mr. Hayne. The route southward is continued across the country through Georgia and Alabama, to Mobile and New Orleans. A great deal is said about the badness of the roads, and the savage character of the people in general, and a considerable space is devoted to "a number of dissolute people, who had founded a village, for which their lawless pursuits and atrocious misdeeds had procured the name of Sodom!" A part of the Indian country is also passed through, and Mr. Arfwedson was for some time a guest of one of the chiefs of the Creek nation. The account of his adventures there is very interesting.



"The principal occupation of Indians consists in hunting stags and deer. Anxious to attend one of these hunts, I availed myself of the opportunity of accompanying, on the following day, the chief and four other Indians, who went upon one of these excursions. We all mounted horses, and provided ourselves with rifles; some of them had also a kind of spear or lance, which they handled with a dexterity that would have astonished even a Hetman of the Cossacks. The horses were small, but full of fire, not unlike northern ponies and the Canadian breed; and could hardly be checked when once put in motion. Indians generally ride without a saddle: but the old man had furnished himself and me with something bearing a resemblance to this convenient appendage: it was a saddle-tree, which was stuffed with hay, and fastened on the back of the horse with two strong cords. We had scarcely mounted before the horses showed symptoms of wild restlessness. The chief led the way, and pushed his steed into the thickest part of the wood: I followed him, and then came the other Indians, one by one. Neither swamps, bushes, prostrate trees, nor rivulets arrested our progress."

In another place:—

"Where are now those unhappy heathens, who were butchered by the Christians without commiseration? Where shall we find a trace of these valiant and patriotic men, who fell in defence of country and liberty? Not a solitary ruin of their huts has been left behind by the inhuman strangers—all has been levelled to the ground—every vestige is obliterated from civilized America. No canoe is seen on the majestic rivers—no fires kindled on the tops of mountains, as a rallying post for the warriors: nothing remains of all this, except perhaps the fragments of some blanchèd bones, sometimes brought to light by the plough of the whites!"

From this extract, Mr. Arfwedson would seem to regret that the influence of civilization had ever been felt in the American continent: for, if the rights of its original proprietors had been fairly respected, as he evidently thinks they ought to have been, our country would now be covered with forests and inhabited by savages. Although philanthropists have never been at a loss for proper subjects upon which to exercise their benevolent feelings, they have seldom been reasonable or fortunate in their actual measures. The well known story of Las Casas and the Indians may be cited as one of the examples of the evil consequences of mistaken zeal in the cause of humanity. To save the gentle Indians of Haiti from utter extermination, negro slaves were brought from Africa, who were stronger and better able to endure the incessant labour required by the avarice of the Spaniards. But the Indians were, notwithstanding, soon exterminated, and an oppressive burden was thus laid upon the western world, from which it may never be delivered.

In all ages, the different nations of the earth have preyed upon each other. The Britons were destroyed by the Saxons, who, in their turn, perished under the tyranny of the Normans. The Goths and the Vandals overthrew the Roman Empire, and before long, were compelled to yield up their place to others. The Moors wrested from them the dominion of Spain, and after having occupied it for several centuries, those children of poetry and song were driven out from their home, which they had made so beautiful, to perish in the African deserts.

But the war of the Whites with the Indians of North America,

was not between nations. It was between civilized and savage men. There may be a question, in which state man is more moral; but enthusiasts alone should declaim against the injustice and cruelty of measures which have fertilized the earth they enjoy. This continent, so recently a wilderness, is now covered in all its extent with images of peace and human happiness. The Indians struggled long and fiercely to prevent this amelioration, and at last drew back, with the beasts of prey, before the gradual advance of agriculture. Their existence has become connected with that of the forests, which alone they will inhabit, and with those forests they must disappear—sad consummation, but inevitable destiny.

The journey from New Orleans is now commenced, up the Mississippi, in one of the large steam boats which ply upon that river. The remark made on our traveller's entrance into the southern country, as to his indulgence in hyperbole, should here be repeated, for with a fair allowance for actual scenes and dangers, the greater part of his adventures after he leaves New Orleans, until he gets back to Washington, must be considered as not far removed from fable. The following extract, however, is graphic:—

“ I was repeatedly told in America that none can form a correct idea of the Mississippi, who has only visited it once. I doubted the truth of this assertion, until I had an opportunity of personally surveying this immense river. A few weeks' acquaintance with it, soon convinced me that its appearance in spring, when the banks overflow, is very different from what it is in autumn. Trees, which in summer and autumn raise their aged heads far above the surface of the water, are hardly visible during the rest of the year, and resemble immense forests growing at the bottom of an extensive lake. One is even led to believe that it requires a man's life time to examine and to become thoroughly acquainted with the character of this river. Individuals who inhabit its shores, are often struck with amazement at the sudden changes produced in a single night, in the course of the Mississippi, by its increased width and extraordinary ravages: how then is it possible for a traveller, who only sees it once, to come to any correct conclusion? He may be astonished at its length—judge by the depth of tributary streams, of its immense mass of water—tremble at the violence of the waves—contemplate with surprise the turbid water which follows him, when land is out of sight—still he knows nothing of the Mississippi, till the evening of a long life, commenced, passed, and concluded on its shores.”

During his second visit to Washington, a great deal of time is devoted to the state of political parties, the general measures of the American government, and the debates in Congress. Another journey is then undertaken northward, as far as Canada. On the route several new things are noticed, and thirty or forty pages are devoted to an examination and discussion of the merits of the different systems of prison discipline adopted in this country, which have excited so much attention in Europe. There is also a history of the measures of General Jackson against the Bank of the United States, and Mr. Arfwedson, like most foreigners, sides with the bank.

In the second volume, the late European travellers in the United States are thus noticed:

"To obtain a proper knowledge of the United States, it is necessary to remain a long time in the country; to visit various parts of the Union; to make acquaintance with all classes of men; to compare their ideas with results daily occurring, and to lay aside all partiality. Of late travellers, Stuart is the only one who has seen the necessity of pursuing this line of conduct, in order to form a correct judgment of the country; and his 'Three Years in America,' is a work abounding in interesting facts, and composed after a long residence, which enabled him to consider every object coolly and impartially. Of other descriptions of North America, it can only be said, that Hall's book was a political confession, Mrs. Trollope's a mercantile speculation, Hamilton's a criticism on a republican form of government, and Fidler's an effusion of disappointed hopes."

Mr. Arfwedson's book is unquestionably one of the best that have yet appeared on this country, and he peculiarly deserves the praise he has himself bestowed upon Mr. Stuart. The work moreover should interest Americans, since it is written by a republican Swede, who seems to have few national prejudices, and who could have no private views, either in the disparagement or the praise, of our customs and institutions. There are every where marks of a man who closely observes, and calmly reasons, and who is evidently a scholar and a gentleman. It is also greatly to his credit, that he should have been able, in his travels through this country, to converse fluently with the people in their own language, and afterwards write his book in that language. His style is sometimes stiff, but it is never obscure, and on the whole is agreeable and unaffected.

He thus speaks of the duration of the present form of the Constitution of the United States:

"I am not a candidate for the honour of predicting the destiny of North America, still less do I believe it in human power to anticipate the future effect of so liberal a Constitution as the American, tested only by a few half scores of years; but I venture to affirm, that, without being perfect, it is of all Constitutions, ancient and modern, the one which has approached nearest to the object in view. North America is happy and free under the form of government which it now possesses, and may with calmness look forward to the future."

They who look forward to the future should also look back to the past. Its dim records present but one picture of change, of decay, and of overthrow. The advantages of a free government, where the laws are equitable, and the people contented, have often been enjoyed, but have never been appreciated. Political liberty has always degenerated into political license, and the means that were best contrived to promote human happiness, have been a fruitful source of human misery.

"Infelici gli uomini! Senza principj chiari ed immobili che li guidino, errano smarriti e fluttuanti nel vasto mare delle opinioni; passano il momento presente sempre amareggiato dalla incertezza del futuro; privi dei durevoli piaceri della tranquillità e sicurezza, appena alcuni pochi di essi, sparsi qua e là nella trista loro vita, con fretta e con disordine divorati, li consolano di esser vissuti."

---

## ART. IX.—MOB LAW.

- 1.—*Report of the Committee relating to the Destruction of the Ursuline Convent. August 11, 1834.*
- 2.—*Trial of John R. Buzzell, before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, for Arson and Burglary in the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown. Reported by C. PICKERING Esq., the Reporter of the Court.*
- 3.—*Trial of William Mason, Marvin Marcy Jr., and Sargent Blaisdell, charged with being concerned in burning the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the night of the 11th of August, 1834.*
- 4.—*Argument of James T. Austin, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, before the Supreme Judicial Court in Middlesex, on the case of John R. Buzzell, one of the twelve individuals charged with being concerned in destroying the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown. Reported verbatim by the Stenographer of the Atlas.*

THE years 1833 and 1834 will be remarkable in the annals of our country for disregard of the laws, and illegal violence to persons and property. A tendency to substitute *popular will* for *public law* has discovered itself in the highest and the humblest classes of the community; and the example of the former will not escape the censure of having seduced the latter.

In no country should the supremacy of the law, and its administration through the regularly constituted organs, be so earnestly cherished, as in this: for the law is the sovereign of the country—the great, efficient, and only safe representative of the people. The laws rule, and the people are parties to the laws; and in these principles lies the only practicable state of civil liberty. If the laws cease to rule, or the people undertake to administer them by any other than legitimately constituted means, the barriers to anarchy and subsequent despotism are removed. Whilst the laws are respected, and the citizen is zealous to enforce obedience to them, the enjoyment of personal security and of property is absolute and uninterrupted; the civil power, strong in that respect and zeal, restrains our evil passions and performs the office of armed cohorts, which are indispensable to maintain the order of society, where despotic power prevails. But remove the efficient force which respect and zeal for the law produce—suffer the people in primary and irresponsible and local assemblies, to judge offences and to become the executors of their own decrees, and at once the bonds of society are loosened, the wants and the passions of the moment will seek the speediest means of gratification and prescribe the forms of execution. In such a state there

is no security for property or life; and from this worst of uncertainties, military despotism, however stern, is a peaceful asylum. To this state we have said there is a tendency.

Portions of the people deem themselves truly sovereign within their respective localities, and proceed to enact laws, which they proclaim only in their execution, but which they do not deign to define either as to the extent of prohibition, or the nature of punishment.

Thus, when the philanthropists of New York, in the universality of their benevolence, essay to break simultaneously the chains of all the negro slaves in the Union, and to elevate the gentlemen and ladies of colour to an equality with the whites, at bed and board, the sovereign mob, at their primary assemblies at the "Five Points," and at other equally dignified places, proclaim such essay an offence, alike enormous in the agent and the patients, worthy to be punished by the razing of their houses and their churches to the ground, the destruction, or confiscation to the use of the lawgivers, of their goods and chattels, and the infliction of violence upon their persons; and in the plenitude of their power, extend their infliction to the whole city, for having tolerated the offenders, causing for some days two hundred thousand persons to feel apprehension for their properties and their lives.

Thus, a pious divine of Newark, N. J., having proclaimed his intention to preach against the sin of slavery, in the fourth Presbyterian Church of that city, the sovereign people assembled in their primary meeting around the church, to the number of one thousand or more, decreed the sermon an offence *contra bonos mores*; and, emulous of the same of their brethren of New York, proceed with praiseworthy discrimination and admirable justice, to the infliction of punishment; first by seeking to injure a wretched black, the only one in the congregation; secondly, by expelling the congregation from the church; thirdly, by demolishing the edifice; and fourthly, by the pursuit of the reverend doctor, who fortunately escaped until he could propitiate the sovereign by a public declaration, that since God, of the blacks and whites respectively, male and female created he them, he, the doctor, deemed it "a duty to keep the colours separate, and not to allow intermarriages among them."

Thus, the sovereign people of the city of Brotherly Love, not to be surpassed in the exercise of sovereign power, by the sovereigns of neighbouring cities, resolved, not only to emulate but to excel them in the nice discriminations of justice. Not having in the city any organized congregations of universal abolitionists, or if there be any, not knowing where to find them, and having no experimenters for human improvement by an amalgamation of all the grades and colours of humanity, they deemed them-

selves righteously employed, for any cause or no cause at all, to assail the free blacks, to burn and pull down their houses and their churches, to rob them of their dearly purchased earnings, and to beat them to death. The like spirit of justice, as wisely displayed, also exhibited itself in the interior of Pennsylvania; and the borough of Columbia, on the Susquehanna, enrolled itself among the dispensators of popular laws, by the persecution of the wretched blacks.

So, portions of the sovereign people in the cities of Philadelphia and New York, undertake to maintain the purity and universality of popular suffrage, by expelling, with force of arms, all who differ from them in opinion, from the polls, destroying lives, and burning the dwellings not only of their opponents, but also of citizens who are not engaged in the contest.

So, at Natchez, a wretch charged with the murder of his wife, having been *acquitted*, after a formal trial, by the court, was seized, upon his discharge from prison, by *a mob composed of the most respectable citizens of Natchez* and the surrounding country, taken to the edge of the town, and there stripped and scourged with one hundred and fifty lashes; inflicted, however, by none but *gentlemen of good standing*, and afterwards tarred and feathered, and driven through the city with beat of drum, followed by a crowd of one thousand citizens, who poured curses upon his head.

So, in a remote county of Missouri, upon the verge of civilization, whither the ignorant and fanatic Mormonites had fled from the gibes and jeers of their better instructed neighbours, the sovereign freemen, assuming the power to proscribe such articles of religious faith as suit not their taste, attempt, by force of arms, to reform the creed, or to expel the new comers from the lands, which, in reliance upon natural rights, the constitution and the laws, they had honourably purchased and improved. But the Mormonite does not reject the use of arms, and is as ready to prove the divine origin of his faith as was St. Stephen, Bartholomew, Servetus, the adorer of Juggernaut, or any other zealot, who has sought the crown of martyrdom. Resistance produced civil war—the obvious and immediate consequence of the illegal assumption of power of one portion of the people over another; and after much destruction of property and life, the whole people, the truly sovereign people, through their rightful organ the legislature, are prayed to repair the injuries which illegal and presumptuous violence had inflicted.

Whilst we write, another instance of the workings of this spirit, so destructive of all the ends of political and civil association, is presented to our pen. A justice of the peace at Albany, having married an Irish girl to a Negro, but without knowing, as he asserts, that the girl was white, a mob seized the Justice, and



blackened his face in token of their displeasure. The act of the Justice, even in its worst light, was not unlawful, and however his aiding in the unseemly and revolting amalgamation of colours, may be reprehended, it is not by acts of personal violence inflicted by excited and lawless mobs, that the morals of the country, major or minor, are to be preserved. There are other and better modes by which such aberrations may be corrected. The censure of the press, and of orderly and respectable citizens, who frown indignantly upon the offenders, is all sufficient for the correction of the offenders. If it be not, let the offence be proscribed by law, and the offender duly punished after a fair trial and conviction.

But Charlestown, Massachusetts, has offered the most memorable instance of the disposition of the people to take into their own hands the direct regulation of the affairs of the country, to dispense with the cumbrous and expensive intermediates of legislators and judges, and to attempt to preserve the purity of their religious faith, by an act of intolerance which would have added new trophies to the reign of a Mary, or to the zeal of the overheated disciples of Calvin. To an account and discussion of this last subject, we purpose to appropriate the remainder of this article.

The Order of Ursuline Nuns was first established in the year 1536, for the purposes of administering relief to the sick and afflicted, and of superintending the education of female youth. It takes its name from the foundress St. Ursula. So exemplary have been the character and deportment of its members, and so beneficial its services in the cause of education and Christian charity, that when other religious orders of females were abolished by many of the European governments, this was not only permitted, but sustained.

Unlike other religious orders, whose members, renouncing the pleasures with the duties of the world, devote themselves to seclusion avowedly religious, the Ursulines, by the rules of the order and their vows, are engaged in the service of humanity, which subjects them to public observation, and exposes their personal deportment and the character of their institution to the strictest scrutiny. Whatever jealousy or suspicion, therefore, might be generated towards religious orders shrouded in the obscurity which they cast about them and which separates them from the occupations, enjoyments, and sympathies of society, and removes them from the observation of civil officers and responsibility to the civil law, there could be no rational cause of enmity towards an institution whose members were openly engaged in the offices of charity, in the presence of the world; who might abandon their order at pleasure, and whose dwellings, generally filled with those who are not members of the community, are acces-

sible, at all times, to the relatives and friends of the numerous inmates.

An institution of this order was established at Boston in the year 1820, by Doctors Matignon and Cheverus, with funds given by a native citizen of that town. It consisted at first of four ladies, who emigrated to this country on the invitation of these highly respected clergymen. In the year 1826, they removed to Charlestown, and occupied a farm-house at the foot of Mount Benedict, until they had reared upon its summit a more suitable edifice, for the purposes of education, in which they were employed ; and this edifice was completed in the year 1827. The reputation of their seminary became widely extended, and the number of their pupils, from New England, from the southern states, and from the British provinces, so rapidly increased, that, in the year 1829, it became necessary to add two large wings to the building, for their accommodation.

Thus, on a piece of land before rude and uncultivated, a large and ornamental pile was erected. The grounds surrounding it were laid out with surpassing regularity and beauty, in lawns and gardens, enriched with various fruits and redolent with flowers, amid which, in a remote corner, affection and piety had consecrated the last sad mansion of the hallowed dead.

The number of nuns dwelling in the institution varied at times from four to ten, each of whom held a distinct part in the economy of the household, or in the instruction of the pupils. A candidate for admission to this community, after a fixed period of probation, assumes the white veil, and enters upon a novitiate of two years, to obtain full experience of the discipline, duties, and principles of the order, and thence to determine on the propriety of joining it for life. During this period, no vows bind her to the order, and she is at liberty to withdraw at pleasure. But if she persevere, the black veil is taken, with the religious promise, which devotes her to the institution for life. Should she afterwards repent, and desire to return to the world, she would be restrained by no forcible means, and her right so to do is protected by the laws and is so understood by every member.

No penance or punishment is enforced or inflicted. Penance, must be voluntarily performed, and always with the permission of the Superior, which can be obtained only when the applicant is in health.

The number of pupils in the convent has varied, during the last five years, from forty to sixty. They were for the most part children of reputable families in the country, of various religious denominations, (the number of Catholics never exceeding ten at one time,) and were wholly unrestrained in their communications with their friends.

No means were employed to influence their religious opinions.

Attendance upon the service of the chapel was voluntary. The only religious duties, forming part of the system, were morning and evening prayers, common to all Christians, and discourses by the bishop, on Sundays, upon the practical truths and religious observances which are peculiar to no sect. So prudent and reserved has been the conduct of the ladies and clergymen connected with this institution, that no pupil, placed under their charge for instruction, is known to have been converted from any other to the Catholic faith, or to have become a member of the community.

The discipline of the house toward the children was wholly parental, and produced the appropriate return of filial affection; and pupils and their parents have invariably united in testifying their confidence and respect towards the ladies of the establishment.

As the convent buildings were extensive, commodious, and remarkable for their architectural neatness, so they were furnished in a highly useful and ornamental style. The buildings were estimated to be worth from twenty to thirty thousand dollars, and the personal property which they contained, including that of the pupils, at about the same sum.

The annals of New England are stained with excesses of religious intolerance. But the spirit of persecution had been subjected, and it was supposed annihilated, by the influence of liberal philosophy and Christianity. The cradle of civil liberty had become the nursery of religious freedom. The strict orthodoxy of puritanism had long given way, and the sons of most intolerant trinitarian fathers had become the most liberal supporters of the most liberal systems of Christianity. In a Christian country public opinion could scarce be more tolerant; and the constitution and the laws made no distinction whatever in regard to religious sects. The city of Boston was the chosen seat of the virtues, the sciences, and the arts which embellish humanity. She had extended her benevolent hospitality to distinguished teachers of the Roman Catholic faith, and the communicants of the Catholic church might justly rely upon protection in their religious exercises.

If such were the just expectations of all who professed this faith, what ought to have been the hopes of its disciples, who were engaged in fulfilling the highest duties of humanity, whose lives were exclusively devoted to the instruction of youth and to the comfort of sick and distressed? They had come, not only to diffuse the blessings of liberal education and of Christian charity, but to improve the soil and embellish the country of their adoption. Surrounded by their good works, and cheered by the feelings which such works always inspire, they had all that confidence in continued prosperity which wise laws, impartially ad-

ministered, every where produce. But female malignity, male gossiping, fierce intolerance, and the love of rapine, were even in this enlightened community preparing for them the most unexpected reverses.

In the exercise of their charity the Ursuline nuns had received into their house a young female, who had expressed a desire to join their community. They had kindly undertaken to qualify her for the duties of the seminary, by six months' gratuitous tuition. Her novitiate was then to commence, should her inclination continue and the sisterhood deem her qualified. Before the expiration of that term, however, she was induced to depart from the convent, secretly, as she alleged, from having overheard a conversation between the bishop and the superior, in which it was proposed that she should be sent to the British provinces, and from the cruelties which she said had been inflicted in the form of penance upon a member of the community in her last illness, by which her life was shortened.

To this female were ascribed many reports deeply injurious to the reputation of the convent. But when examined, in relation to these rumours, she utterly disclaimed most of them; and, particularly, *all* affecting the moral purity of the members of the institution, or the ill treatment of the pupils under their care; confining her accusations to the severe penance prescribed to the nuns and noviciates, and to the cruelties which she alleged had been inflicted upon the sick sister above mentioned. Except in the last allegation, supposing that to be true, there existed no cause for public indignation. The other evils, if subsisting, were confined to those who voluntarily endured them, affecting neither the property nor happiness of other individuals, nor violating public morals nor the law.

But the Superior and Bishop Fenwick deny the conversation asserted to have been held between them, and aver that it was notorious to all in the house, that this young woman was not esteemed qualified to become a member of the community, but was to be dismissed, at the end of her probation; and the averment was corroborated by the testimony of the pupils. The allegation of cruelty towards the deceased nun, was disproved; not only by all the members of the community, including her two sisters by blood, who were with her during her sickness and at her death, but by Dr. Thompson, an eminent physician of Charlestown, who attended her. His written statement of the origin, nature, and progress of the disease, and manner of treatment under his direction, demonstrates that the tenderest care and solicitude were manifested for her comfort, and that the pains of sickness and death had all the alleviation which religious duty and sisterly affection could bestow.

Many of the representations made by this scandal-loving female

of the nature of the penances and restraints imposed in the convent, were also disproved by the testimony of all its present members, of former residents, novices or domestics, during the time when these abuses are alleged to have taken place.

These tales might have died away innoxious, even among the inquisitive and wondering minds of Charlestown, had not a singular incident given grounds and means for new misrepresentations, analogous to those which already prevailed.

A Miss Harrison, a native of Philadelphia, entered upon her noviciate in the convent in the year 1822, and became a member, in full communion, in 1824, after ample knowledge and experience of the principles and rules of the association, and the manners and dispositions of its members; and with the assent of some near male and female relatives, who resided in Boston, and who visited her at their pleasure.

She was the teacher of music in the seminary, and had, for some time before the 2d day of July, been engaged in giving fourteen lessons per day, of at least forty-five minutes each. By confinement and these arduous efforts, she had impaired her health and brought on nervous fever, which, on that day, increased to delirium. Under the influence of disease, and unconsciously to herself, she left the convent and proceeded to the house of a Mr. Edward Cutter, adjacent to the convent grounds, whence, at her request, she was carried to the residence of a Mr. Cutling in West Cambridge.

On the morning after her departure, her brother found her, restored to recollection, but greatly distressed and surprised at the step she had taken. He visited her again in the afternoon, bringing with him, at her request, Bishop Fenwick; and with them she gladly returned to the convent, where she was welcomed by her anxious friends, and remained until expelled in the manner we are about to describe, receiving from them every kindness and attention which her situation required.

The public mind, already much prejudiced against the institution, was further excited by the false rumours circulated relatively to this transaction. The flight of Miss Harrison was said to have been caused by ill treatment, her return to have been compulsory, and, it was even asserted, that she had died or been removed by violent means. The caterer, the reporter for the *Mercantile Journal*, with a disregard for consequences which cannot be too severely reprehended, fabricated, from these rumours, an alarming article relative to the convent and the lady, that spread wider and deeper the misapprehensions which already prevailed; which now became so current, and were so generally believed in Charlestown and the neighbouring places, that the selectmen of the former deemed it their duty to investigate the affair. Upon application to the Lady Superior, a time

of their own appointment was fixed by the Board, to visit the convent. On the 11th of August, at three o'clock in the afternoon, they, in a body, repaired thither, and were received by Miss Harrison, and by her alone were conducted throughout the establishment, from the cellars to the cupola which surmounted the main edifice, and were fully informed upon every subject into which they thought proper to inquire.

This examination was made with the most curious minuteness; doubtless in the expectation of finding secret dungeons, cords, whips, and racks, said to be used in the Inquisition, and supposed by the vulgar to be ordinary agents of Catholic power. But the result of the examination was entirely satisfactory to the selectmen. They were convinced "that every thing was right;" and they prepared a certificate to that effect, to be published in the papers of the following day.

But the sovereign people had already taken this matter into their own hands; not that people who are devoted to good order and the reign of the law, but that class who believe that their *will* is the paramount and the rightful substitute for all law, and whose indiscriminating justice punishes the suspected as if convicted of crime, by the mild reclaimants, devastation, rapine, and murder. With these wise legislators and learned judges, the events we have narrated were deemed proofs strong as holy writ, that the Ursuline community had committed crimes of the deepest dye; and they decreed, that the proper punishment was the forcible expulsion of the members from their dwelling, at the hazard of their lives; the razing of their habitation to the ground, and the waste of their beautiful plantations; that the proper season for execution was midnight, when the teachers and their nearly fifty infant pupils were wrapt in slumber, and that the proper executioner was the active and unsparing agent, fire.

For some time previous to the 11th of August, the destruction of the convent was the subject of frequent conversation and threats among the people; and on the day preceding, inflammatory bills, threatening the destruction of the convent, were posted in Charlestown and Boston. A conspiracy was formed, extending into the neighbouring towns, and embracing, there is but too much reason to believe, many persons who had so much regard for character as to conceal their participation, whilst they instigated the shameless populace to the grossest violations of law, justice, and humanity. Two weeks prior to the consummation of their crime, these subordinate agents met, at a school-house near the convent, to mature their plans and increase the number of the conspirators; they were probably induced to an earlier accomplishment of their purpose by the publication in the Journal to which we have alluded; by the knowledge that the selectmen had made their investigation; and the apprehension



that a publication of its result might, by allaying the public excitement, prevent its execution.

So openly was the purpose avowed and pursued, that highly respectable gentlemen, a counsellor at law, Mr. Thaxter, and a judge of probate, Mr. Fay, who had daughters at the institution, became alarmed for their safety, and proceeded on the evening of the 11th to the vicinity of the convent, to inquire further into the subject. Their fears were in a great measure allayed, by the information they obtained of the visit and design of the selectmen, and by the assurance from a neighbour, that no danger was then to be apprehended. Yet, at this moment, they saw and conversed with a portion of the conspirators from Boston and Charlestown, who had assembled in front of the convent, in prosecution of their fell purpose; and who, in no equivocal terms, avowed their design. But these gentlemen, observing their number then to be few, and confiding in the long established peaceful character of the general population, disregarded the public notice given by the handbills, the special personal notice which one of them had received, and the declarations of the conspirators, and returned home, without visiting the convent, and, of course, without taking their children from it.

The course pursued by these gentlemen having caused some surprise and comment, and produced doubts of the prudence or propriety of their proceedings—all which is to be ascribed to the imperfect reports of the evidence as given at the trials of the rioters—Judge Fay has made the following statement of the circumstances in the public journals.

“ When I went with Mr. Thaxter to the Convent, on the evening of its destruction, I had heard nothing of any intended attack on it. Although, as I afterwards learned, such an intention was extensively known and talked of in my neighbourhood and elsewhere, yet the rumor had not reached me, until Mr. T. brought it from Watertown. I very naturally regarded it as an idle rumor, and as I, living in the vicinity, had not heard of it, Mr. T. very naturally fell into the same conclusion. We, however, determined to go over and inquire into the matter. On our way we stopped at Mr. Runey's, whose house is near the Convent. Mrs. R. informed us that her husband was with the Selectmen making up a report of the visit made by them that afternoon, which was perfectly satisfactory, and that he was expected back with it immediately. We then called on Mr. Edward Cutter, who gave us a history of his visit to the Convent of the Saturday previous, of the visit by himself, the Selectmen and other neighbours of that afternoon, and that all the suggestions and surmises against the Ursuline Community, growing out of Mrs. Mary John's leaving it, were fully cleared up—that they were all satisfied, and that reports to this effect were to be immediately published. I had learned, the week before, from Mr. Runey, and that day, by a paragraph in the Courier, headed ‘*mysterious*’ (a favourite title it seems!) that there was some popular excitement arising from a supposed restraint upon the liberty of that lady; but as I knew from Mr. Runey and others, as well as from the character of the community, that there was not the slightest foundation for it—and as this was well known to all the pupils at the Convent, to her own relations and friends, to visitors, to Dr. Thompson and many others, I could not for a moment suspect that this excitement could lead to any disturbance. However that might be, the measures taken by the Selectmen and Mr. Cutter, seemed to leave not the slightest ground of complaint, even to the most determined enemies of the institution.

We could perceive no foundation to build a mob upon. Mr. Cutter also assured me, there was no danger to our children, and to our last inquiries, said, in the most positive manner, that he would guarantee their safety, and that we might go home and leave them, with the utmost confidence. Relieved by this information and these assurances, we left him on our return. I suggested, however, to Mr. T., that we had better return by Charlestown neck, which would carry us down the road by the Convent, to see if there were any indications of a mob. This was about half past eight o'clock. We saw nothing to attract attention until opposite the great gate of the avenue, where we saw four or five persons standing just within the gate-way, the gate being open. We stopped, I got out and went up to them. They appeared to be young men, or boys, standing there as if waiting for something. I made several inquiries of them individually, as to the purpose of their being there, to which one answered that he came along with the rest, another that he came to see what was going on, and two or three others that they came out in consequence of what they saw in the newspaper, alluding, as I understood, to the paragraph in the *Mercantile Journal and Courier*, headed 'Mysterious.' I then informed them that the statements in that paragraph were untrue, and that they had been fully inquired into by the Selectmen and others, and were found to be entirely groundless. I then remonstrated with them for being there, in pretty severe terms. At first they seemed shy and silent, but at length, being apparently irritated by the severity of my rebuke, two or three of them dropped some expressions of hostility against Catholics, against the Convent, and the Irish. One spoke of the Convent as a secret society, for which there was no law in this country. Many other things were said, but nothing indicating an intended attack on the Convent that night. On the contrary, 'Thursday night was mentioned as the time when 'they guessed the Convent would come down.' During this conversation, which was pretty loud on my part, a considerable number of persons had collected round, as if attracted by it. They appeared like people recently from work, and I supposed them to be brickmakers and others from the neighbouring houses. They appeared to be listeners merely, with the exception of J. R. Buzzell, who was rather boisterous, and in a special humor to fight an Irishman, if he could find one. He, however, had little to say of the Convent, except that 'he had whipped their Irishman;—that they knew him well there, and would know more of him yet.' With respect to the rest, they seemed to me to have assembled chiefly from curiosity, and although not friendly towards the Convent, were not there with any settled designs. They were neither disorderly nor riotous, during the ten or fifteen minutes while we remained there; nor were there probably more than fifteen or twenty persons when we came away. We had understood from Mr. Cutter, that there had been a small collection of people near there, an evening or two previous, who were easily induced by him to go away, and we supposed this collection was of the same sort, and would as easily be dispersed. As we were strangers, and too well dressed to be respected by this sort of persons, we thought it best to go back to Mr. Cutter and let him know the state of things, not doubting that he, being well known in the neighbourhood, and a man of influence, would be able to satisfy them that there was no ground of complaint, or hostility against the Nunnery, and would prevail on them to go home. Mr. Cutter, at our request, promptly undertook to go and disperse them; nor did he express the slightest doubt of the result, but renewed his assurances that there was no danger to the inhabitants of Mount Benedict. We also knew that Mr. Runey, one of the Selectmen, was momentarily expected back with the report of that body; and that his information and influence, joined to Mr. Cutter's, could leave no pretence for any movements against the Convent, if any such were meditated. We also took it for granted, that the Selectmen, as they had deemed it necessary to examine into the causes of the public excitement, that very day, would take all such measures to protect the public peace, as well as private rights, as circumstances might require. As far then as we could discern, there was no ground to apprehend any disturbance from the people we saw there; and went home with the fullest persuasion that our children would be safe for that night. With the knowledge we then had, and under the circumstances thus detailed, I would ask any reasonable man, if we ought to have apprehended, or to have believed it possible, that such a violation of law, such an outrage on defenceless and unoffending females as disgraced that night, could have taken place in the midst of a population of eighty thousand inhabitants, having the reputation of a civilized, orderly,

and religious people? Let the case be considered as it was then presented to our view, without permitting the judgment to be biassed by the subsequent events, and I think no person, not unusually timid, would have seen any cause of alarm. Such is the explanation of the '*mysterious*' conduct of Mr. Thaxter and myself on that occasion!"

Thus, it appears, that soon after sunset, several persons assembled at the gate of the avenue leading from the road to the convent, and on being questioned as to the cause of their assemblage, gave evasive and impertinent answers. Immediate information of these circumstances was communicated to one or more of the selectmen, who replied, with the assurance that no danger could possibly be anticipated. These selectmen, one of the mob asserted, had been as violent as any one, but had been won over; and another of the mob undertook to declaim against secret societies, and the danger to which the country would be subjected should the Catholics get the upper hand, declaring they would crush their opponents to the ground.

Soon after nine o'clock, the rioters began to congregate in considerable numbers, arriving on foot and in wagons from different quarters. A party of about forty or fifty proceeded to the front of the building, using violent and threatening language; and when addressed by the lady superior, who expressed her desire to know their purpose, they replied, that they wished to enter and see the person alleged to be secreted: she answered, that their selectmen had that day visited the house, and could give them satisfactory information, and that any of them, calling on the next day, might see for themselves; and at the same time she remonstrated at this violation of the peace and of the repose of so many children of their most reputable citizens.

Shortly afterwards, the same or another party, with increased numbers, approached the convent, using still more threatening and much gross and indecent language. The lady superior again addressed them in terms of remonstrance and reproach, and demanded whether none of their selectmen were present. It was replied that one was there, *who had opened the gate for their admission*. This magistrate then came forward, and stated, that he was there for the purpose of defending her. She inquired whether he had procured the attendance of any other member of the board, and on being answered in the negative, replied, that she would not trust the establishment to his protection, and that if he came there to protect them, he should show his intention by dispersing the mob.

It seems that he did attempt to dissuade the rioters from their design, by stating to them the proceedings and opinions of the selectmen; but his assertions drew forth only expressions of distrust and insult. The mob continued upon the ground with much noise and tumult, and were in that state left by this magistrate,

who returned home, *and retired to bed*, under a conviction, as he says, that no injury would be done.

About this time, the mob called a council to determine their future proceedings. A ring was formed, and some one, on whom the remonstrances of the selectman had probably made an impression, proposed to postpone further operations until a time when they should be better organized and have greater force. But another swore that the convent should come down that night—that that was the time; and others proposed to build a fire and raise an alarm. This it seems was the concerted signal for assembling all concerned in the plot. Tar barrels were immediately brought forward, which had probably been prepared for the occasion, and with these and the ruins of the convent fences, which were deliberately torn down for the purpose, a large fire was kindled on land adjoining the convent grounds.

As the beacon flamed, the bells of Charlestown and Boston rung out, as for an alarm of fire. This was also a concerted signal; and great numbers of people arrived from all quarters. Upon this alarm, the magistrate, who had sought to sleep over the eventful night, arose, and proceeded to procure the attendance of others of the selectmen. In the mean time, several engines from Charlestown and Boston had arrived. One of the latter passing those of Charlestown, which had halted opposite the bonfire, entered the avenue leading to the convent, and was greeted by a shout from the rioters on the hill and among the shrubbery, many of whom seizing the rope, drew the engine to the front of the building. The attack was then instantly commenced, by the breaking of fences and the hurling of missiles against the windows and doors. Upon this the engine, by the order of its commander, was drawn to the road, where it remained during the night.

The governess of the institution, upon the first approach of the mob, in apprehension of their design, had directed the members of the community with their charge of forty-seven children to prepare for escape, by the garden; but when the mob had temporarily retired, she suffered them to seek repose. Upon the second return of the rioters, she gave orders for all the inmates of the convent to seek refuge in the summer house; but before they could all get from the dormitories, the destruction of the main edifice was commenced, and after the children, teachers, and domestics had effected their escape, the courageous protectress, having alone visited every room and chamber, to ascertain that none were left, herself retired to the same temporary shelter. But before she left the house the mob had entered it. At the time of the attack, there were within the convent forty-seven children and ten adults; one of the latter was ill of consumption, and her death was hastened by the alarm and exposure of the

night; another was suffering under convulsion fits; and the unhappy nun who had been the immediate cause of the excitement, was thrown by fear into raving delirium.

During these proceedings, the selectman, whom we have repeatedly mentioned, with one of his brethren, had arrived, and had entered the convent with the rioters, for the purpose, as they state, of assisting its inmates. The mob had now full possession of the house, and loud calls were made for torches and lights. One of the magistrates, upon this, told them, "*they had probably done enough; that if they stopped there they might escape, but if torches were brought in, they would certainly be detected.*" No effort, it seems, had been made by this worthy minister of the law, to prevent the entrance of the mob into the building; but when he had entered with them, he remonstrated against their proceedings, spoke of the visit of the selectmen, and informed them that there were fifty females in the house. One of the mob replied, "that no female should be injured, but that the cross, meaning one on the top of the building, should come down." The equivocal speech relative to detection was uttered, we are told, in the hopes of preventing conflagration—the speaker being shocked "at the idea of setting fire to a building of that magnitude in the night, and fifty females in it."

Three or four engine torches were then brought up from the road; the rioters burst into every room in the building; rifled every drawer, desk, and trunk—in one of which was a sum of money exceeding one thousand dollars, and in others many valuables; broke up and destroyed all the furniture and musical instruments, including four harps, valued at from three to four hundred dollars, and nine or ten pianos, worth about three hundred dollars each, and plate pertaining to the house and chapel service: even the little treasures of the children, abandoned in their flight, were plundered.

Having thus possessed themselves of all that they could use and conceal, the rioters deliberately prepared, at about one o'clock in the morning, to set fire to the edifice. For this purpose, broken furniture, books, curtains, and other combustibles, were collected in the centre of several of the rooms, and these self-created protectors of pure Christianity, as if in mockery of the God they professed to worship, cast the Bible, containing his holy word, upon the pile first kindled, with shouts of exultation; and as they fed the flames with the vestments of religious service and the ornaments of the altar, their shouts and yells were repeated: nor did they cease, until the cross was wrenched from its place, and cast into the flames, as the final triumph of their *hallowed* enterprise.

But the work of destruction was not stayed. The bishop's lodge in the garden was broken open; the valuable books and

pictures were scoffingly put to auction, or thrown from the windows, or into the flames, which had been communicated to that building also. Subsequently, the farm house was assaulted, by stones and clubs, upon the doors and windows, in order to ascertain whether any thing was to be dreaded from persons within. Finding it deserted, the torches were deliberately applied to that building; and unwilling that any portion of the establishment should escape their fury, these reformers, although day had broken, and three buildings were then in flames or reduced to ashes, in like manner devoted to destruction the extensive barn with its contents. Not satiated even with all this, they burst open the tomb in the garden, rifled it of the sacred vessels there deposited, wrested the plates from the coffins, and exposed to view the mouldering remains of the tenants.

Now, all this was done, not in a lone and deserted place, from whose obscurity the perpetrators might hope impunity, but in a populous suburb of one of the largest cities of North America, boasting its civilization, its religion, and its love for good order and the laws. Does the reader apprehend it? Can he realize it? Does his judgment not reprove his imagination for raising a horrid phantasm to delude it? Yet it is a sober reality; one of those triumphs of senseless passion over reason, and humanity, and honour, which history has too often to record.

“Nor is it the least humiliating feature,” say the Boston Committee of inquiry upon this subject, “in this scene of cowardly and audacious violation of all that man ought to hold sacred and dear, that it was perpetrated in the presence of men vested with authority, and of multitudes of our fellow-citizens, while not one arm was lifted in the defence of helpless women and children, or in vindication of the violated laws of God and man. The spirit of violence, sacrilege, and plunder, reigned triumphant. Crime alone seemed to confer courage, while humanity, manhood, and patriotism, quailed or stood irresolute.”

Fire companies, that were organized to combat and subdue the very evils which were raging before their eyes, were silent, inactive, regardless of their solemn pledges and their duty, or more basely converted into auxiliaries of the enemy. Sages vested with municipal authority stood by with folded arms, countenancing and encouraging, by their silence and inertness, if not by more decisive participation, the perpetration of the worst of crimes, and thousands of citizens incumbered the scene, who, if disposed to sustain the laws, could have at once arrested or driven away every rioter upon the mount. With these facts before us, it is scarce possible not to believe that far the great majority of the spectators were gratified with the sacrifice which was thus offered to the demon of popular misrule.

The only reason assigned why the mob was not arrested in its



career by the great multitudes which surrounded it, is confirmatory of our inference. It is supposed, that, from the omission of magisterial interference, doubt and mistrust existed, whether the work were not so sanctioned by public opinion, or the connivance of those in authority, that resistance would be hopeless.

The additional circumstances we are about to give, render it absolutely certain that the spirit of the persecuting puritans, which piously rejoiced in the incarceration, flagellation, and death of those who sought to live and think, independently, among them—that spirit which in Dudley exclaimed, “God forbid our love for the truth should be grown so old, that we should tolerate errors.—I die no libertine;”—which affirmed in Cotton, “better tolerate hypocrites and tares, than thorns and briars;” which, from the lips of Ward, pronounced “Polypietty to be the greatest impiety in the world, and to say that men ought to have liberty of conscience, is impious ignorance;” and which breathed through Norton at the sacred desk, “Religion admits of no eccentric motions;”—that spirit, which condemned, persecuted, and exiled the philosophic Roger Williams, for proclaiming universal religious toleration, and the separation of the church from the state—which drove him into the wilderness, where “for fourteen weeks he was sorely tost, in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean;”—that intolerant spirit had been evoked from its long slumber of years, and like the spirit of Samuel, rising from the deep shades of Hades, it came with clouds upon its brow, and threatenings upon its lips, prophesying evil.

It was not enough that the dwelling of inoffensive females and children, reposing under the protection of the law, had been assaulted, plundered, and burned to the ground; that the terrified inmates, in the dead of night, had been driven from their beds into the fields; that this was done adjacent to one of the most populous towns of Massachusetts, in the midst of a multitude of spectators; but to deepen the horrid blot so that all the water of Lethe should not wash it from remembrance, the perpetrators were suffered to be engaged *seven hours* and more, in the work of destruction, exhibiting themselves in the glare of their own fearful fires, and were afterwards so far protected by public sympathy, that ordinary means could not avail for their detection; and when detected, juries could not be obtained who would subject them to the penalty of the law.

In corroboration of our views of the causes which induced this disgraceful outrage, we give another extract from the letter of Judge Fay to the public:—

“The error committed by Mr. Thaxter and myself, in leaving our children, that night, to the fury of the most heartless and brutal mob, that ever *undertook to serve the cause of religion*, arose, as most errors do, from ignorance;—ignorance of the state of popular opinion in this neighbourhood in relation to the Convent and the Catholics. We were not aware of the spirit of persecution that was abroad;—of the

shameless calumnies, that had been invented and industriously circulated in the vicinity;—of the honest belief, originating in that cause, entertained by the mass of the people, that the Nunnery at Charlestown was an immoral and corrupt place, where all sorts of vice and superstition were practised;—and that Protestant parents who sent their children there for instruction, were guilty of a heinous sin. Yet such do we now know was the fact. I have myself been told by a gentleman of very considerable standing and influence in our community, that, in his judgment, 'it was more disgraceful for a Protestant parent to have a child at that institution for education, than to have been concerned in destroying it.' This person is indeed a religious zealot of the '*strictest sect*,' but an honest man and good citizen; and I mention the circumstance only to show how the minds of persons, who were wholly ignorant of the Ursuline Community, had been imposed on by these abominable slanders. It also shows with how little charity or justice, religious prejudice allows one man to judge of the conduct of others. That all the stories which have been circulated through the country, calculated and designed to bring odium upon that community, are base fabrications, I take upon me to affirm. I do so, as well to vindicate the character of these injured and unoffending females, as to disabuse the minds of that portion of the public, who have been misled by these stories, but who are willing to be informed and to believe the truth. I am sorry to think, that there is another portion, whose ignorance, bigotry, or sectarian zeal, renders their understandings blind to all just reasoning, and shuts their hearts to the suggestions of Christian charity. To such I do not address myself. All who have had occasion to be acquainted with the Ursulines, as far as I know, without exception, have a very high opinion of their purity and rectitude, and have never given the least credit to any stories derogatory to them in those particulars. They have seen, or heard, no evidence of their truth, that could in the smallest degree prevail against their own knowledge. I have had children there for upwards of six years, and most cheerfully do I bear my testimony, whatever it may be worth, to the excellence of their character and conduct, as far as my opportunities for observation and inquiry have enabled me to judge. Since they were driven from Mount Benedict, I have taken no inconsiderable pains to ascertain the source of these calumnies, and the foundation, if any, on which they rested. I have fully satisfied myself of their utter falsehood, and I think I possess the means to satisfy any man, who has his reason and the disposition, of the same fact.—But the stories, as I have heard them, which reflect upon the morals of these ladies, are in themselves either improbable, absurd, or ridiculous, to such a degree, that no educated, intelligent minds would give them credit, but upon evidence that admitted of no question, or except 'God had sent them a strong delusion, that they should believe a lie.'

"If there be a single individual who will venture to vouch for the truth of any stories, discreditable, in a moral view, to the inhabitants of Mount Benedict, as I have heard there is, that person will stand, not only unsupported by any other evidence, but will be contradicted, or I am much mistaken, by every person in or out of the Convent—Catholic or Protestant, who has had the means of knowing the truth. There must be traits of character, beyond the mere affectation of religious duty, to sustain such a witness.

"The causes which led to the destruction of the Convent—the circumstances attending the transaction—the difficulty of bringing the actors to justice, are fit subjects for the investigation of the philosophic historian. The extraordinary fact, that while John R. Buzzell, the New Hampshire brickmaker, recently accused, tried and acquitted, as one of the incendiaries, had his pockets filled with money, and received such other marks of popular sympathy and acknowledgment for his services and sufferings in the cause of true religion, as to demand of him a public card of thanks, no minister or member of a Protestant society in the country, as far as I have heard, has ever proposed a contribution for the unfortunate Ursulines, who lost their all, by this flagrant violation of their rights. This is matter for 'our special wonder.'—The time will come, I trust, when all these matters will be rightly understood. As to the state of popular feeling, which produced this catastrophe, if that be a mystery, a careful review of some of the religious journals of the day may in part explain it. On that point, I will take the liberty to refer you to a certain Miss Rebecca Theresa Reed, alias Rebecca Mary Agnes Theresa Reed, (as Goldsmith says, I love to give the whole name,) a Catholic Protestant as she termed herself in Court the other day,

a wide extended popular aversion, founded on a belief that the establishment was obnoxious to those imputations of cruelty, vice, and corruption, so generally credited of similar establishments in other countries, and was inconsistent with the principles of our national institutions, and in violation of the laws of the commonwealth. That this aversion, in the minds of many, had been fomented to hatred, by representations injurious to the moral reputation of the members of that community, attributing to them impurity of conduct, and excessive cruelties in their treatment of each other and of the pupils; and denunciatory of the institution, as hostile, in its character and influences, alike to the laws of God and man; and also, by reports that Miss Harrison, after having fled from the Convent to escape its persecutions, and then been induced, by the influence or threats of Bishop Fenwick, to return, had been put to death, or secretly imprisoned or removed, so that her friends could neither see nor obtain information concerning her. These assertions and reports were not only prevalent in this city and vicinity, but, the Committee have reason to believe, pervaded many distant parts of the commonwealth, and have extended into other states; affording a monitory lesson of the extent and excitability of public credulity, when in accordance with popular prejudice.

"It was doubtless under the influence of these feelings and impressions, that some of the conspirators were led to design the destruction of the Convent, and to avail themselves of the aid of those miscreants, who, actuated by the love of violence or the hope of plunder, were foremost in the perpetration of the outrage."

The Committee were not influenced in communicating the result of their inquiry, by any impression that the truth of the imputation, if established, would have constituted any *justification of the wrong*; believing, that, whatever might have been the character of the institution, or deportment of its members, they could give no sanction to this *high handed violation of the law*. Still less had they any disposition to aid in the dissemination of the Catholic faith, being unanimously opposed to its characteristic tenets. But having discovered the existence of the prepossessions so generally prevalent, and perceiving *how much they affected the disposition of those called to give testimony, and how often they were referred to as a palliation of the offence*, they felt bound, by regard for truth, by a just appreciation, as they hoped, of the candour of their fellow-citizens, and by a sense of justice to the injured, to make known the conclusions to which the evidence irresistibly led.

The views of the Committee were confirmed by the course and the results of the trials. The agents of the law found the *prepossessions* of the people an obstacle to justice at every step. Upon the trial of John R. Buzzell, for arson and burglary, the attorney general, James T. Austin, Esq., in summing up the case, deemed it necessary to address the jury in the following emphatic manner.

"According to the *theory* of our laws, reliance may be placed upon the integrity, the intelligence, and the immovable sense of justice of the men I address. *I have no wish to give utterance to a doubt on this subject*; but yet, I say, that you are upon your trial; and the more so, from the way you have been selected. The prisoner has only exercised a right that belongs to him, in selecting you as the individuals who are to try him; but in choosing two from Charlestown he has placed you in a very delicate and responsible situation. If, however, he calculates, gentlemen, on your possessing a bias, he is deceived—because you have all sworn that you have no bias. But it is difficult, sometimes, to separate from the mind preconceived notions,

however much we may wish to do so; and prejudices frequently influence our conduct, unconsciously to ourselves. Among the prejudices likely to operate in a case like the present, is that which relates to a capital trial. You have been told, that such is the responsibility resting upon a juror in a capital case, that it is often impossible for him to decide properly—as if a juror had anything to do but to decide upon the facts before him.

“Again, there is a prejudice existing in relation to the crime which he is accused of having committed. I have been shocked to hear some of the suggestions which have been thrown out in relation to the character of this crime. Is it a trifling offence? One which might have been decided upon and punished by a justice of the peace, or suffered to pass without any punishment at all? In my mind, any conclusion of this kind is erroneous. This transaction unites within itself every circumstance of wickedness, depravity, violence and brutality, that ever combined together in any one transaction, in the whole history of crime.

“It is arson, burglary, robbery, sacrilege and murder united; perpetrated, too, with the most shameless recklessness, and the most cruel wantonness of purpose—with the most fiendlike deliberation, with the most protracted and continued atrocity:—without the slightest motive that can in the least degree palliate this concentration of all detestable villany—and with no excuse offered in the way of mitigation, which does not dye, in deeper guilt, the miscreants by whom it was committed.”

Few cases tried in a court of justice have been sustained more fully and clearly than was the indictment against Buzzell. Credible witnesses testified to his declared determination to destroy the convent—to his presence at and activity in making the signal fire—to his forcible entry of the building, breaking the furniture, and kindling the conflagration. He was defended, strenuously, fiercely, by his counsel, who summoned to their aid the whole force of the prejudice which had caused the outrage; assailing the character and practices of the Ursuline community, and the principles and tendency of the Catholic faith, and dwelling on the propriety of checking their growth; and these efforts were successful. The prisoner was acquitted. The jury, after an absence of twenty hours, returned into court with a verdict of *Not Guilty*; which, we are told by a reporter of the trial, was received with thunders of applause by the audience; and Mr. Buzzell, being discharged from custody, retired from the court house, to the green in front of the building, where he received the congratulations of thousands of his overjoyed fellow-citizens.

Indictments were preferred against three others of the rioters, William Mason, Marvin Marcy Jr., and Sargent Blaisdell, and subsequently against some others. Proof was adduced, that Mason had fired one of the convent buildings, and confessed that he had carried away some pictures and plate, the latter of which was found in his possession; that Marcy had made an auction of the Bishop's books, and had thrown most of them into the fire—had been otherwise active in the destruction of the property, and had stolen a rosary; that Blaisdell had communicated fire to the buildings, and had thrown a carpet into the flames. The jury acquitted Mason and Blaisdell, and declaring themselves unable to agree

respecting Marcy, were discharged. He was subsequently indicted, with other individuals, and alone convicted.

Among the reprehensions of these judicial proceedings which have been heard from all parts of the country, some censures have been passed upon the conduct of the Chief Justice who presided at the trial, as partial and unfair. There was, perhaps, unnecessary latitude permitted in the evidence, so far as it related to the doctrines and practices of the Catholic church; but it should be noted that no objection was taken. When the counsel for the defence attempted to make the practices of the convent a substantive part of his case, and his course was opposed by the attorney general, the judge rejected the testimony.

We have read carefully the charge of the judge in Buzzell's case, and we see in it nothing but matter of commendation. The law is well applied to the case; the indictment is shown to be within its provisions, and the credit of the witnesses, and the force of the testimony, are left, as they should be, with the jury.

Whilst the trials were in progress, threats were uttered by the populace, of attacking and destroying the house in Roxbury, whither the Ursuline community had retired after the destruction of the establishment at Charlestown. Instructed by experience, the citizens did not delay exertion until another indelible stain was made upon their fame, but, by timely assemblage in town meeting, and due preparation for defence, they intimidated and deterred the populace from their wicked purpose.

One object committed to the consideration of the Boston Committee, was the expediency of raising funds for indemnifying the sufferers. The views of the Committee upon this subject are sound and philosophic, and are applicable, not only to Massachusetts and the present case, but to every other division of the country, and to every case in which one portion of the citizens become sufferers from the public and illegal violence of another.

They are of opinion, that the plainest principles of equity require remuneration to be made, but that indemnity derived from private contribution, does not so well comport with public justice, and would not constitute so entire and expressive a vindication of the majesty of the law, as would a compensation proceeding from the government. The propriety of this view becomes apparent, by recurrence to first principles. The very basis of political association, is the pledge which the whole society gives to every part, of absolute safety, in life, liberty, and property. That the pledge may be effectually redeemed, the magistrates are vested with authority to establish, and are supposed to possess, sufficient force for the prevention of popular riots and tumults, and all other offences against the peace and security of the citizen. This power of prevention may be devolved upon, and divided among particular districts, when the responsibility for public in-

juries may become local ; as is the case in the hundreds and counties of England—and might, perhaps, with great propriety, be established with us. But, if that authority be not supplied, or its means be defective in strength and organization, the fault rests with the legislative power, and consequently with the whole community ; and upon it the burden of indemnity should fall.

We will not suppose that the Committee were impelled to their conclusion, that an appeal to the *justice* of the state was necessary, because an appeal to the sympathy of the people would have been vain. Yet we apprehend, that the appeal to the latter would have been and will still be fruitless. We say, *will be*, because it may be made, inasmuch as there is yet no prospect of the state granting the indemnity. The recommendation of the measure seems to have been too unpopular to be assumed by the governor. The present session of the legislature was the appropriate time, and the recommendation his proper duty, and such were the topics of the message, that this subject more than once lay directly in his way. We are forced to believe, either that he feared to injure his popularity by broaching it ; or, what is worse, that he did not believe the sufferers to have a just claim for relief. The legislature may yet take up the subject. The public opinion of the world, of the enlightened and liberal world, if not of their state, requires it of them ; and it is indispensable to the preservation of that moral repute, which is the fairest and most valuable possession of communities as well as of individuals. But the auspices indicate that the *prepossessions*, as they are mildly termed, of the people, will prevent alike private contribution and public indemnification. Where repentance does not exist, voluntary atonement cannot be expected.

It would be unjust, not to note and commend the deportment of the Catholics, under injuries so gross and unprovoked. Some thousands of Irishmen of this faith resided in or about Boston ; men of that class, generally supposed ignorant, and unpractised in restraint, more prone to seek counsel of their passions than their judgment. Had they, in the effervescence of their indignation, sought revenge by returning to the lips of their persecutors the bitter cup which the latter presented—had they fired the churches and colleges, razed the dwellings, and pillaged the treasuries of the chief inhabitants, they would have had the miserable apology of their anger, so justly and highly excited. And they would have been more or less than men, had they been insensible to these injuries and insults. The violence of their first transports of indignation gave cause for serious apprehension. The military force was called out to protect the city, and the constabulary power, which the midnight tocsin could not rouse and array, was now every where active for the suppression of tumult.



But that display was not now requisite. The seasonable and judicious efforts of the good Bishop Fenwick, together with the sympathy of the Protestants, expressed in their public meetings in their several towns, allayed the ferment. The bishop sent priests to various points, where portions of his charge might assemble, to repress all disposition to violence, and to teach respect and submission to the law. He convoked a large assemblage at Boston, to which he read the truly Christian doctrines contained in the fifth chapter of Matthew, reprehensive of the retaliation of injuries. After painting the conduct of the incendiaries in appropriate colours, he asked, "What is to be done? Shall we say to our enemies, you have destroyed our buildings and we will destroy yours? No, my brethren, this is not the religion of Jesus Christ—this is not in accordance with the spirit of that blessed religion we all profess. Turn not a finger in your defence; there are those around you who will see justice done to you." These efforts were wholly successful, and the much dreaded, much vilified Catholic, set the brightest example of Christian forbearance.

Let it not be supposed that the writer of this Article is of that denomination of Christians. He has no religious fellowship with it; he is subject to no influences which could inflame his spirit or warp his judgment in the present case. All his *prejudices* bear against the doctrines and diffusion of what is called Popery. But he is a principled advocate of social order and organic law; of private justice and public equity; of equal rights and retribution in practice, and a common, effective protection of property and person. He cherishes, too, a particular interest in the honour of New England, and the example of northern conduct. In the foregoing narrative and reflections, nothing is exaggerated or set down in malice. Rhetoric could scarcely, indeed, render the transactions more odious. Yet much more might have been excusably or laudably tried, than it was consistent with our general disposition and aim to employ.

---

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

---

Rombert: A Tale of Carolina. 2 vols. New York: 1835.

ABOUT nothing, as it seems to us, does a greater misapprehension prevail to a certain extent, than about the phrase "encouragement of national literature." It might be inferred, from the speculations which are lavished upon the subject, that its proper signification is the indiscriminate praise and patronage of every publication of American origin, no matter what its intrinsic value. But such is not the meaning which we attach to it. Is the mind of a gifted youth efficaciously nurtured, by allowing full scope to its eccentricities, irregularities and follies? Is a garden skilfully tended, by suffering the weeds which are generated by the fertility of the soil, to shoot up and multiply undisturbed, usurping the places of the useful and the ornamental plant, and eventually, perhaps, destroying the powers of nature in "the fruitful glebe or flower?" And can we ever hope to possess a national literature worthy of ourselves, by accepting every sickly or poisonous offspring of the mental fermentation which characterizes this epoch? We are not in the situation of a people striving with unaided strength to construct an intellectual monument—groping in the dark, and requiring every source of illumination however slight. Were such our condition, universal indulgence might, for a period, be of benefit; but under existing circumstances, we firmly believe that much more danger to the true interests of our literature, is to be apprehended from excessive tenderness, than severity; rank luxuriance being far more likely than scantiness, to become the prevalent evil. The pruning-knife must be constantly employed in lopping off pernicious excrescences, if we would preserve the tree in a healthy state. The tumors with which the human body is sometimes covered, are in some instances but the consequences of the strength of the system, of the rich blood which courses through the channels of life; but if their removal is neglected, they become the seeds of disease and of death. We believe, moreover, that the influence of criticism, at the present time, is vastly overrated—we doubt that the most chilling blast which a reviewer could blow from his icy lungs, could freeze the genial current of any writer's soul, especially one endowed with the vital principle in an eminent degree. True genius cannot be crushed by any such cause; on the contrary, it rises from the blast with redoubled vigour. The mind which can be overpowered by it, deserves to be so. The Lilliputian cords of injustice can never bind the strong man to the earth. Witness the instance of Lord Byron and the Edinburgh Review. We venture to affirm that the celebrated article in that journal, was the match which fired the train of the poet's genius—the circumstance which sprung his intellectual mine—and that in all probability he would have been guilty of many more "Hours of Idleness," before being aware of his real powers, had those in which he kindly wished the world to share, been graciously welcomed, or even indifferently treated. It must have been when under the influence of such a conviction, that he wrote this stanza:—

"The fire in the caverns of Ætna concealed,  
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess,  
Till at length in a volume terrific revealed,  
No bounds can restrain it, no torrents repress."

We have made these remarks in consequence of having seen accusations preferred against this journal, of hostility to American literature; and although they have chiefly emanated from sources not worthy of notice, we have deemed it well to avail ourselves of the occasion to express our sentiments upon the subject. As far as we can discover, the ground of the charge is the circumstance of our not having been able to perceive the spirit of poetry in some "most tolerable and not to be endured" productions, in the shape of verse; and having dared to condemn a few novels, for faults which are far better calculated to injure our native literature, if allowed to exert their influence, than any efforts which we could make, if we were even actuated by all the bitterness of hostility with which we are reproached. We may affirm that scarcely a work of genuine merit has been issued from the American press, since the commencement of this journal, which has not received its full award of praise; but whilst we have lauded various authors, to whom it is both a duty and a pleasure to pay the tribute of our admiration for their talents, and our gratitude for the lustre they have shed upon the country—whilst, we say, we have eulogized such authors as these, we are nevertheless the enemies of native genius, because, forsooth, we have not coincided with the estimate which the precious poets (*see dissent*) we have alluded to, are modestly inclined to form of themselves, and have indicated the errors of a few compounders of fiction, whose works, whatever merit they possess, are obnoxious to the strongest censure, in several respects of paramount importance!

There is something sufficiently ludicrous in the commotion which these rhyming personages have endeavoured to excite, in consequence of our not being able to perceive the lustre which, as they affirm, is reflected by their effusions, and the manner in which they endeavour to identify their cause with that of American literature, or rather constitute those exquisite effusions the very nucleus of that literature. The learned professors who have published valuable works of erudition, the physicians with their well written treatises, the lawyers, whose publications are of such importance, the statesmen, whose admirable writings and speeches are collected into volumes, the authors of books of travel, of biographies, of historical, scientific, political and religious works, the writers of excellent fiction, the genuine poets—all are nothing in comparison with these buzzing flutterers around the base of Parnassus, and however much the former may be praised, it is no compensation for the detriment inflicted upon "American literature," by depreciating the latter! We must nevertheless be permitted to opine that our real claims to literary distinction, rest upon the persons whom we have indicated, and that so far from doing harm, we render an important service when we check any influence which the individuals of the other category might exert, fitted, as it is, to vitiate the public taste by creating a fondness for frivolous, trashy food, destructive of all appetite for substantial nourishment. It is only to be regretted that ocean is so often "into tempest wrought," in order to "waft a feather," and that the same ridiculously disproportionate swell is requisite sometimes for the purpose of "drowning a fly."

It shall always be our endeavour to furnish our readers with genuine opinions, unbiassed by any motives but those of manifesting the truth—to write "without fear," though we can scarcely hope "without reproach," knowing full well, as we do, that the critic who follows the dictates of his own judgment, incurs a double risk of exciting displeasure. We may commit errors of taste, but they shall never be of a more reprehensible description; and with this determination, we throw ourselves upon the good sense and good feeling of the community. It is indeed much more from the intolerance of opinion, which, we are afraid, prevails to a lamentable extent in our country, than from any other source, that injury is inflicted upon the cause

of native literature. When a writer knows that every sentiment which he utters, will subject him to a practical evidence of the dissent of those whose disapprobation it may meet, it requires a powerful resolution to escape the trammels which such knowledge is fitted to impose—an under current, unsuspected, perhaps, by himself, is set, of perilous influence upon his sincerity and impartiality, and unless he be constantly aided by the stronger power of an opposing rectitude and firmness of purpose, he degenerates into a mere trimmer and time-server, the sport of every shifting puff of the popular gale. If *independence* be not sustained by the public hand, it can accomplish nothing—it is a flower, which, if on it the baleful breath of party-spirit of any description be permitted to blow, must soon wither and die. Whilst, therefore, we shall follow the counsel of the great dramatist and philosopher,

“ Not to stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers,”

we shall hope for that support, which in such an undertaking especially as ours, those only who are in the habit of “swearing by no masters,” have a right to expect. *Testimonium veritati, non amicitiae reddas*, is an exhortation of Seneca, which should be the motto of every review.

If any branch of composition demands in an especial manner the extenuation of nothing, it is without question this of romance. Excellence here is indispensable; mediocrity is worse than useless. None other is so pregnant with peril to both the heart and the head of the reader; none exercises so extensive and predominant a sway; and unless works of this species result from a combination of virtue and genius, the perusal of them, to say the least, is a miserable waste of time. Too much scrupulousness can scarcely be exerted, particularly with respect to their influence upon morals. If the effect of the fiction be not the inculcation of truth, and truth of a character of which ignorance is not bliss, nothing should be permitted to rescue it from anathema. The cause of good morals is that of good taste. The latter cannot exist unconnected with the former. He who is incapable of appreciating moral truth, cannot long be competent to perceive that which, for the sake of contradistinction, may be termed intellectual. We are firmly convinced, that both are receiving material injury from the torrent of novels which comes unceasingly from the press, confounding the attributes of good and evil, sweeping away the landmarks of purity and sense, and deluging the public mind with the foulest waters of every species of corruption; and it behoves all who are in any way invested with the guardianship of literature and morals, to strain every nerve to arrest the destructive course of the flood.

We have never felt more disposed to commit a book to the flames, than whilst reading or trying to read this tale of Carolina. What object of utility or pleasure could the author have seriously deemed such a work fitted to accomplish? A more disgusting quagmire of absurdity and monstrosity, it has never been our misfortune to wade through; and if he fancies that he has placed fanaticism in the salutary odious light, which seems to have been his design, he is much mistaken in the fond belief. By endeavouring to do too much, he has done nothing for his purpose. He has completely failed, by aiming with that improvident ambition which “o’erleaps itself.” The horrors which he has piled one upon the other, doubtless with the idea that they would thus attain the elevation of the sublime, throw such an aspect of ridiculous and revolting improbability upon the entire narrative, as completely to frustrate its object. Fanaticism might without question produce effects even more horrible, if possible, than those which are here attempted

to be displayed; but to render them credible, a very different course must be pursued from that of the present writer—*quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi*, is a line which might have been made expressly for his picture. He seems himself to have obtained some faint glimpse of the extravagance of his efforts, and takes several opportunities to assure his readers that he does not transgress the bounds of fact, quoting from the history of Carolina, certificates, as it were, of some of the most atrocious of his incidents as well as of the groundwork of his story. Such, however, being the case, he has contrived to divest truth, in a most efficacious style, of every thing like probability, we had almost said possibility. That *le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*, is abundantly testified by his pages. Truths, indeed, of the description of those which he has employed, are altogether unfit to be dragged before the public gaze in their naked hideousness. “Si j’avois la main pleine de vérités,” said the circumspect Frenchman; “je me garderois bien de l’ouvrir,” and in an especial manner is the remark applicable to such truths as these.

From the preface, in which not an ill written outline of the early history of Carolina is given, we were induced to expect a work which would furnish something like an interesting picture of the region and the people amid which the scene is laid. A fine field was open in the political situation of the colony at the period selected, when the volcano which was soon to burst forth to the destruction of oppression and despotism, was beginning its portentous throes; and in connexion with it the miserable religious delusions, which then prevailed to a certain extent, might have been turned to signal account. They could have been rendered an impressive and effective shade to a picture at once replete with instruction and interest; but as we have already intimated, nothing is offered but an intolerable series of the operations of the grossest hypocrisy and the most stupid fanaticism. Before we had proceeded very far in the perusal of the work, it appeared to us that we had fallen upon an egregious subject for ridicule, but the second volume convinced us it was beyond even that. From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step—how many steps are there from the ridiculous to the disgusting? Such a pretty villain as the hero, was scarcely ever before conceived by a brain the most prolific of monsters. The author’s own description of him is too delectable to be omitted. “There were four predominant vices in the character of Peter Rombert—the first was an inordinate self-conceit; the second, an avarice that coveted but to squander; the third, a base sensuality, as untamable as it was brutal; and the fourth, a craving ambition, so restless and insatiable, that half the time it knew not for what it strove—his hypocrisy was subservient to all these; and had it not been for the uncontrollable nature of his temper, he would have been a still more dangerous man; but Providence never intended that man should be perfect in any thing, and least of all in villany.” A pleasant companion, certainly, this *almost faultless* monster, to be associated with for the space of two mortal volumes of more than two hundred and fifty pages each! We are, however, not restricted entirely to the company of this agreeable gentleman, as a number of very angelic beings are brought into communion with him, in order that he may be enabled to exercise his commendable qualities upon them in a characteristic way, which he unquestionably does “with a vengeance.” But we have no room to go into any account of his edifying career, even if we had the inclination. We do not, we confess, apprehend much danger from the work, as nothing but the dogged resolution of a reviewer, determined to see the affair to an end for the purposes of his vocation, could enable any one to resist the temptation of treating it in the manner we indicated in the outset. It is almost as dull as it is reprehensible, the story being clumsily wrought; the interest, if ever excited, rarely sustained; and the characters for the most part awakening no

sympathy whatever. Against all such productions we enter our most earnest protest: and were it for no other object than to prevent their spread, and arrest the injury which they are calculated to produce, we would beseech the Coopers, the Irvings, the Birds, the Sedgwicks, the Pauldings, not to allow their pens to be idle. Weeds will grow if flowers do not occupy the soil. That the work in question gives occasional signs of talent, cannot be denied; and if the author would exert it in a reputable manner, we should rejoice to bear our humble testimony to his success.

---

**Rookwood: A Romance.** By W. Harrison Ainsworth. From the Second London Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 412. Philadelphia: 1834.

MR. AINSWORTH, who, we understand, is a writer of melo-dramas for the London stage, has thought proper to present the world with a fiction, which appears to bear nearly the same relation to a regular novel, that a melo-drama bears to a regular play. As an apology for the abundance of stage effect, and the utter disregard of probability which his work displays, he has termed it a romance. He tells us, in his preface to the second edition, that "a romance was evidently wanted, and that the public were ready to receive the first that appeared with open arms"—and thus he accounts for the sale of his first edition. We may be able, in the sequel, to assign some other reasons for that remarkable phenomenon.

The public, at least the American portion of it, are, no doubt, ever ready to bestow the meed of praise upon any composition, in which a proper choice of the field, and a masterly execution in every respect, shall vindicate a claim to the respectable name of romance. The recent success of one of our own writers in this department of fiction, has settled that point. But the readers of the English language—those who have assigned their respective niches in the Temple of Fame to Scott, Edgeworth, Irving, and Cooper, will undoubtedly refuse to the writer of "Rookwood," elated though he may be with his ephemeral success, any other title than that of a maker of flashy melo-dramas, even although he may print each of his meretricious productions in three volumes and call it a romance.

The story of "Rookwood" is constructed with that utter disregard of probability—that sublime contempt of human motives and impulses—that magical annihilation of the difficulties of time, space, and stubborn matter, which are no where else to be found, except in the Arabian Tales, or the marvellous narratives so happily ridiculed in Don Quixote. The descriptions have something of the gloom and extravagance of Radcliffe, without any of her wild beauty and touching repose—and the characters are for the most part monstrous, from the circumstance of their being composed of traits which cannot possibly co-exist.

We have too much regard for our readers, to inflict upon them an outline of the story; but to satisfy them of the truth of our assertions, we will give them a specimen of the incidents, the description, and the characters.

We will take for example the incidents of a few hours.

Luke Bradley, a youth who has been brought up in a camp of gipseys, has suddenly acquired the knowledge that he is the eldest son of the deceased Sir Piers Rookwood, and is consequently heir to the estates of his late father, under the title of Sir Luke Rookwood. Having just escaped from imprisonment in his own house, he is riding on horseback to a gipsy encampment, to visit young Sybil, a girl of the tribe, whom he ardently loves, and to whom he has long been betrothed. His grandfather, a disguised Rookwood, who has long been the sexton of the family, is



mounted behind him on the horse, and by his suggestion, that the gipsy girl will not make a courtly and fashionable Lady Rookwood, nearly persuades him to abandon her and marry Eleanor Mowbray, his cousin. Before reaching the encampment they meet with Dick Turpin, a highwayman, who, by a melo-dramatic conjuncture of circumstances, has become possessed of the marriage certificate which proves Sir Luke's legitimacy. He goes with them to the camp, to arrange the terms on which he will sell the important document to Luke. On their arrival there, Sybil declines to marry Luke, from the wise reasons which have occurred to her as well as the old sexton, but at the same time forbids him to marry Eleanor. She then goes to her grandmother, Barbara, the queen of the gipseys, and discusses with her a mysterious prophecy of Barbara's, which requires a Rookwood to marry a Rookwood, in order to enjoy peacefully the estates; and the old woman requires Sybil to assist her in a very feasible scheme, to marry Luke to Eleanor, murder Eleanor, then marry him to the said Sybil, and so fulfil the prophecy and enjoy the estates peaceably and respectably. In this wise scheme the author undertakes to assist, to a certain extent; and it is marvellous to see with what dexterity he pulls the wires of his puppet characters, in order to accomplish his purpose. He makes Dick Turpin leave the camp just long enough to intercept Eleanor and her mother on their way from the funeral of Sir Piers (whither an inscrutable impulse and the will of the author had sent them), and bring them, together with a priest conveniently present, to the encampment. They are conducted into an old priory, very commodiously fitted up for the author's purposes with a subterraneous chapel and secret passages. Here the plot thickens with a vengeance. Old Barbara is ready with her band of gipseys, who surround the priory and prevent all egress. The first thing the old queen of the gipseys does, is to give the fainting Eleanor a love philtre to make her love Luke (she being the betrothed spouse of Ranulph, Luke's younger brother). Spirit of Scott! a love philtre! to accomplish the purposes of a novelist in this enlightened nineteenth century! The girl takes it and consents to marry Luke.

But it is the author's design that she shall not quite marry him. Who shall prevent it? Tax thy invention to the utmost, reader, thou wilt never guess. This consummation is to be prevented by no other than Sybil, the gipsy girl, who will thus defeat all her wise grandmother's schemes for her advancement. Sybil comes in, falls in love with Eleanor, and determines to save her. After a tissue of extravagant incidents, which it would be tedious to follow, the parties descend into a subterraneous chapel, to perform the marriage ceremony. When it is begun, their only torch is extinguished, and, in the dark, Sybil substitutes her hand for Eleanor's, and is married to Luke. The old queen, somewhat embarrassed on discovering this *contre temps*, commands Sybil to poison Eleanor. They go into a convenient subterranean recess for this purpose; but here Sybil exacts an oath from Eleanor that she will marry Luke, and then poisons herself!!!

The incidents of this stirring day are wound up, in the true melo-dramatic style, with a general battle between the retainers of the Rookwood family, and the whole tribe of the gipseys.

We think our readers will be satisfied with this specimen of the incidents. It may well be inquired whether the literary world has declined to such a state of Vandalism as to tolerate such trash as this. Shall a writer of fiction be allowed to save himself all the trouble of supplying probable motives and feelings to his characters? Shall he be allowed to annihilate all the probabilities of time, place, and action? Shall he use impossible instruments—love philtres, omnipotent old women, and disinterested highwaymen? *Genius of true romance forbid!*

We may now furnish a specimen of the author's descriptive powers. This of course must be done in his own words; and that we may not be accused of injustice, we will quote from a pet chapter—the last—the one with which he caps the climax; and at the end of which he drops the curtain, expecting, no doubt, his nine rounds of rapturous applause.

“The footsteps drew near to the mouth of the vault—it was upon the stairs—Alan stepped forward to greet, as he supposed, his grandson, but started back in astonishment and dismay, as he encountered, in his stead, Lady Rookwood. Alan retreated, while the Lady advanced, swinging the iron door after her, which closed with a tremendous clang. Approaching the statue of the first Sir Ranulph, she paused, and Alan then remarked the singular and terrible expression of her eyes, which appeared to be fixed upon the statue, or upon some invisible object near it. There was something in her whole attitude and manner, calculated to impress the deepest terror on the beholder. And Alan gazed upon her with an awe which momentarily increased. Lady Rookwood's bearing was as proud and erect as we have formerly described it to have been—her brow was as haughtily bent—her chiselled lip as disdainfully curled, but the staring, changeless eye, and the deep-heaved sob, which occasionally escaped her, betrayed how much she was under the influence of mortal terror. Alan watched her in amazement. He knew not how the scene was likely to terminate, nor what could have induced her to visit this ghostly spot, at such an hour, and alone; but he resolved to abide the issue in silence—profound as her own. After a time, however, his impatience got the better of his fears and scruples, and he spoke.

‘What doth Lady Rookwood in the abode of the dead?’ asked he, at length.

“She started at the sound of his voice, but still kept her eye fixed upon the vacancy.

‘Hast thou not beckoned me hither, and am I not come?’ returned she, in a hollow tone. ‘And now thou asketh wherefore I am here. I am here, because, as in thy life I feared thee not, neither in death do I fear thee—I am here because—’

‘What seest thou?’ interrupted Peter, with ill-suppressed terror.

‘What see I—ha—ha—’ shouted Lady Rookwood, amidst discordant laughter—‘that which might appal a heart less stout than mine—a figure anguish writhen, with veins that glow as with a subtle and consuming flame. A substance yet a shadow, in thy living likeness—ha—frown if thou wilt, I can return thy glances—’

‘Where dost thou see this vision?’ demanded Alan.

‘Where?’ echoed Lady Rookwood, becoming for the first time sensible of the presence of a stranger. ‘Ha—who art thou that questionest me?—what art thou?—speak!’

‘No matter who or what I am,’ returned Alan.—‘I ask thee what thou dost behold.’

‘Canst thou see nothing?’

‘Nothing,’ replied Alan.

‘Thou didst know Sir Piers Rookwood?’

‘Is it he?’ asked Alan, drawing near her.

‘It is he,’ replied Lady Rookwood; ‘I have followed him hither, and I will follow him whithersoever he leads me, were it to——’

‘What doth he now?’ asked Alan, ‘see'st thou him still?’

‘The figure points to that sarcophagus,’ returned Lady Rookwood. ‘Canst raise up the lid?’

‘No,’ replied Alan, ‘my strength will not avail to lift it.’

‘Yet let the trial be made,’ said Lady Rookwood; ‘the figure points there still—my own arm shall aid thee.’

“Alan watched her in dumb wonder. She advanced towards the marble monument, and beckoned him to follow. Reluctantly did he comply. Without any expectation of being able to move the ponderous lid of the sarcophagus, at Lady Rookwood's renewed request, he applied himself to raise it. What was his surprise, when, beneath their united efforts, he found the ponderous slab slowly revolve upon its vast hinges, and with little further difficulty, it was completely elevated; though it still required the exertion of all Alan's strength to prop it open, and prevent its falling back.

‘What doth it contain?’ asked Lady Rookwood.

‘A warrior’s ashes,’ returned Alan.

‘There is a rusty dagger upon a fold of faded linen,’ cried Lady Rookwood, holding down the light.

‘It is the weapon with which the first dame of the house of Rookwood was stabbed,’ said Alan, with a grim smile,

“Which whoso claspeth in the tomb,  
Shall clutch until the hour of doom.”

‘So saith the rhyme.—Have you seen enough?’

‘No,’ said Lady Rookwood, precipitating herself into the marble coffin. ‘That weapon shall be mine.’

‘Come forth—come forth,’ cried Alan. ‘My arm trembles—I cannot support the lid.’

‘I will have it though I grasp it to eternity,’ shrieked Lady Rookwood, vainly endeavouring to wrest away the dagger, which was fastened, together with the linen upon which it lay, by some adhesive substance to the bottom of the shell.

“At this moment, Alan Rookwood happened to cast his eye upward, and he then beheld what filled him with new terror. The axe of the sable statue was poised above its head, as in the act to strike him. Some secret machinery, it was evident, existed between the sarcophagus lid and this mysterious image—but in the first impulse of his alarm, Alan abandoned his hold of the slab, and it sunk slowly downwards. He uttered a loud cry as it moved. Lady Rookwood heard this cry—she raised herself at the same moment—the dagger was in her hand—she pressed against the lid, but its downward force was too great to be withstood—the light was within the sarcophagus, and Alan could discern her features; the expression was terrible; she uttered one shriek—and the lid closed forever!

“Alan was in total darkness. The light had been enclosed with Lady Rookwood. There was something so horrible in her probable fate, that even he shuddered as he thought upon it. Exerting all his remaining strength, he essayed to raise the lid, but now it was more firmly closed than ever. It defied all his power. Once, for an instant, he fancied that it yielded to his straining sinews, but it was only his hand that slid upon the surface of the marble. It was fixed—immoveable. The sides and lid rang with the strokes which the unfortunate Lady bestowed upon them with the dagger’s point, but these were not long heard. Presently, all was still, the marble ceased to vibrate with her blows. Alan struck the lid with his knuckles, but no response was returned. All was silent.”

We presume that this chapter is, with the patrons of that peculiar style of writing, a favourite specimen of the *intense*. We have seen a tolerably successful burlesque of the whole school of intense writers, which is much less extravagant than this affair of the sarcophagus; and if we had wished to convince our readers of the ridiculous folly of such writing, by means of that species of argument which is called the *reductio ad absurdum*, we could hardly have hit upon a better example for our purpose than the passage above quoted. Any analysis of the principles upon which it is written, or their adaptation to the intended effect, is wholly unnecessary.

We have promised to furnish a specimen of the author’s characters. We must present a summary view of the leading ones, founded upon his own description, and the actions they are made to perform. Luke is a happy compound of the gipsy and the gentleman; the poltroon and the hero. He is magnanimous enough to rescue Lady Rookwood, his worst and most unscrupulous enemy, from robbers who are his best friends, at the same time that he is mean enough to desert his betrothed, and attempt to marry another by the use of mere force. He has passed all his life among gipseys, poachers, and robbers, and yet he expresses the most elevated sentiments and noblest aims. He loves and hates, fights and rescues, with the heartiest good will, in all directions, on the same day, according to the changes of the scene. Altogether he is a very *intense* character. But not so intense as Lady Rookwood. She

hates her husband with all her might; hates her husband's son, and tries to have him murdered; curses her own son, his intended wife, and all his kith and kin. She is represented as superior to all fear, and accordingly beards a host of robbers in her own chamber; but out of "mortal fear" she jumps into a stone coffin and is smothered to death. Lady Macbeth and Lady Ashton are quite tame characters in comparison with this female fiend. Indeed Shakspeare and Scott seem to have had no idea of the *intense*, as it is now understood, and their admirers can hardly be expected to relish anything so highly wrought. Mr. Ainsworth and his school will probably become standard authors at precisely that period of literary history when Shakspeare and Scott will be forgotten. Dick Turpin, the highwayman, is in some respects an imitation of Paul Clifford. But, in the gentlemanly qualities of jockeyship and generosity, he out-Cliffords Clifford. He risks his neck to get Luke out of confinement, at the very time when he has on hand the important business of robbing Rookwood House; refuses to sell Lady Rookwood the marriage certificate for a great sum of money; rides his favourite horse to death to reach Yorkshire, for the purpose of eluding a constable, and presenting the certificate, with a thousand pounds in money, to Luke, &c., &c. He is the beau ideal of that fine moral character, a genteel highwayman.

Ranulph Rookwood, the *hero* of the story, according to the usual acceptation of novel writers, is remarkable for nothing but seeing a ghost. He, and Eleanor who is the heroine, and her mother, Mrs. Mowbray, are entirely passive characters. They are moved hither and thither by the circumstances of the plot; and merely answer the purpose of receiving the good fortune which, according to the rules of poetical justice, is duly awarded at the close of the story. The gipsy queen, Barbara, is a sorry imitation of Meg Merrilies, without any of Meg's virtue or loyalty. She has unlimited power over the gipseys, and inexhaustible wealth at her command; but the author, with his usual consistency, has her robbed by those very gipseys, and cast out to die of starvation under a gallows. The subordinate characters, fortune tellers, mountebanks, pickpockets, highwaymen, &c., are very numerous. Their personal appearance and actions are dilated on in the true Paul Clifford style. Their revels are described with great gusto, and their songs, ceremonies, and slang, occupy no small portion of the volumes.

We should not have troubled our readers with any notice of this work, but from our desire to avail ourselves of the opportunity which it affords, of setting a mark of reprobation upon certain vices of imaginative literature of which it affords a fair specimen. Fiction is becoming every day more popular and more extensive in its range. It is consequently acquiring a power which cannot fail to be effectively and widely exerted for good or for evil. It is, therefore, the imperative duty of the censors of literature to exert whatever influence they may possess, in restoring it to that elevated moral and intellectual rank to which it was recently raised by the greatest genius of our age; and from which, we fear, it is, in Britain at least, too rapidly declining.

It is said, that "Rookwood" has met with considerable success in London. We are not surprised at this. It possesses qualities which are very likely to captivate the fancy of a pretty extensive class of readers. The style, taking this word in the limited acceptation, possesses a degree of vigour, and even when this vigour is exaggerated into *intensity*, there are many readers who are not able to perceive that the author has taken the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Another circumstance has no doubt increased its popularity in London. The whole of the fourth book is devoted to the description of an impossible ride of Dick Turpin from London to York, performed on one horse in twelve hours. It is impossible to deny that this

is a splendid piece of exaggeration. It is nearly free from the author's prevailing faults, and has unquestionably recommended the book to the whole sporting class of English gentry. The man who could write such a description should devote his talents to some better purpose than the concoction of melo dramatic novels.

Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 12mo. Key & Biddle: 1834.  
pp. 288.

MRS. SIGOURNEY is the most successful of our female writers in verse; and she has fairly earned this distinction by devoting to the cultivation of the divine art the leisure moments of many years. Her fugitive pieces have been quietly and unostentatiously submitted to the public through various periodical journals, magazines, and annuals; and have uniformly received the meed of praise. They are now collected and published in a very neat volume; and in this form, afford us an opportunity of judging, more fairly than we have hitherto been enabled to do, of the distinctive character and extent of her poetical powers.

In one respect her effusions are undoubtedly to be classed with those of Mrs. Hemans.—They are all the offspring of feeling, pure, exalted religious feeling—a sentiment which invests all the scenes of nature, all the ways of providence, and all the vicissitudes of human life with a bright atmosphere of moral beauty. Every subject that she handles is made to feel the potent alchymy of religious thought—and every thing that she touches she adorns. The mountain, the river, the cloud, the field of battle, and the tranquil fireside circle are all viewed through the clear medium of Christian philosophy, and their moral features are delineated with a steady and unerring hand. Her forte seems to lie in domestic scenes. These afford a proper field for the display of that characteristic which, if we mistake not, constitutes the principal charm of her poetry—tenderness.

We will present our readers with a specimen of her powers in this way.

#### “THE LOST DARLING.

“She was my idol. Night and day to scan  
The fine expansion of her form, and mark  
The unfolding mind like vernal rose-bud start  
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.  
To find her fairy footsteps follow me,  
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip  
Long sealed to mine, and in the watch of night  
The quiet breath of innocence to feel  
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content  
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.

Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields  
To the slight fingered breeze, and as it held  
Brief converse with her doll, or playful soothed  
The moaning kitten, or with patient care  
Conned o'er the alphabet—but most of all  
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer  
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone  
Heard in sweet dreams.

But now alone I sit,  
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears  
Her little robes, that once with woman's pride  
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck  
What God had made so beautiful. I start,  
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes  
A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed words  
'Hush! Hush thee, dearest.' Then I bend and weep—

As though it were a sin to speak to one  
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!

And yet I wish I had not seen the pang  
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white  
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven  
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower,  
Blooming in all its freshness.

Gone to God!

Be still my heart! what could a mother's prayer,  
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,  
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?"

Her descriptions of natural scenery are highly graphic, at the same time that they are chaste in diction, and richly melodious in rhythm and measure. The poem entitled *Connecticut River*, which is rather too long for quotation, will afford a sufficient justification of this opinion. We will present a little domestic picture, touched with all the delicacy of one of Claude's landscapes or Van Huysem's flower pieces.

#### "A COTTAGE SCENE.

"I saw a cradle at a cottage door,  
Where the fair mother with her cheerful wheel  
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,  
Which timid near the threshold sought for seeds,  
Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head,  
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees  
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,  
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream  
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured  
Music upon the pebbles,—and the winds  
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played  
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,  
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came

From weary commerce with the heartless world,  
But when I felt upon my withered cheek  
My mother Nature's breath,—and heard the tramp  
Of those gay insects at their honeyed toil,  
Shining like winged jewelry,—and drank  
The healthful odour of the flowering trees  
And bright-eyed violets;—but most of all,  
When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,  
And on that young maternal brow the smile  
Of those affections which do purify  
And renovate the soul, I turned me back  
In gladness, and with added strength to run  
My weary race—lifting a thankful prayer  
To *Him* who showed me some bright tints of Heaven  
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk  
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise  
From earth to Heaven."

But Mrs. Sigourney's muse has not limited her to domestic scenes and descriptive effusions. Like Mrs. Hemans she occasionally presents us with a historical picture,—sketchy but striking—and always glowing with a pure religious light. The following we have chosen rather for its brevity than its superiority to others of the same class.

#### "COLUMBUS BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

"St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud  
In learning's pomp that day,



For there a robed and sately crowd  
 Pressed on in long array.  
 A mariner with simple chart  
 Confronts that conclave high,  
 While strong ambition stirs his heart,  
 And burning thoughts of wonder part  
 From lip and sparkling eye.

“What hath he said? With frowning face,  
 In whispered tones they speak,  
 And lines upon their tablets trace,  
 Which flush each ashen cheek;  
 The Inquisition’s mystic doom  
 Sits on their brows severe,  
 And bursting forth in visioned gloom,  
 Sad heresy from burning tomb  
 Groans on the startled ear.

“Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time  
 Thy splendid dream shall crown,  
 Yon Western hemisphere sublime,  
 Where unshorn forests frown,  
 The awful Andes’ cloud-wrapt brow,  
 The Indian hunter’s bow,  
 Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,  
 And rocks of gold and diamonds there  
 To thankless Spain shalt show.

“Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!  
 In Fates’ unfolding scroll,  
 Dark woes, and ingrate wrongs I read,  
 That rack the noble soul.  
 On! On! Creation’s secrets probe,  
 Then drink thy cup of scorn,  
 And wrapped in fallen Cæsar’s robe,  
 Sleep like that master of the globe,  
 All glorious,—yet forlorn.”

The only faults we feel disposed to find with these poems, are their brevity and a degree of carelessness in respect to the measure, which last defect, however, is but occasionally observable.

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Sigourney has not found time or inclination to task her powers in the composition of a poem of sufficient dignity and extent to bring them all into full development. Her mind is richly stored with beautiful images and lofty conceptions; her imagination is vigorous, but well disciplined; her powers of diction are of no ordinary character; and her moral sensibilities are such as to insure the sympathy of every enlightened and philanthropic mind. Would it not be well for her to abandon the too prevalent fashion of short effusions—choose a subject with her best judgment, exert upon it her best energies, and found upon one rich and finished poem her claims to that immortality to which the highest and purest minds have not deemed it unworthy their ambition to aspire?

---

The Princess: or the Beguine. By Lady Morgan, author of  
 “O’Donnell,” &c. Philadelphia: 1835.

FEMALE writers are supposed to have a claim on the peculiar indulgence of critics. In most cases this claim may have some foundation in justice. But if ever lady has placed herself beyond the reach of this indulgence, it is undoubtedly Lady

**Morgan.** Her subjects, style, and tone, are masculine. She enters the arena properly reserved for the contests of men, and challenges the opposition of the most active combatants. She abandons, to a very great extent, that delicate reserve which belongs to other writers of her sex, and scarcely ever presents herself in a character which can properly be denominated feminine. In the book before us, for example, she appears as a violent party politician. One of its leading objects is to vilify the high tory party of Britain, and it must be confessed that she succeeds in making them appear almost as heartless and unprincipled as—herself.

One thing in her present attempt we are ready to commend—she has not thought proper to call her book, on the title page, a novel. It certainly is no novel. It may be termed a guide book to the city of Brussels—or a series of dialogues on politics—or a series of portraits of living characters in Brussels—or a history of the revolution in Belgium—or a happy mixture of all these in an ill-compacted framework of fiction—but neither in structure nor character has it any claims sufficient to entitle it to a place among works of pure fiction, or even among historical novels.

The fictitious characters of the work, taken collectively, are distinguished from those of any other story we at present recollect, by one remarkable feature which they possess in common, and this is utter heartlessness and want of virtue. There is scarcely a character in the whole set that is not grossly immoral—and the only variety among them consists in their different manners. All the subjects discussed in their conversations are treated with nearly the same degree of trifling heartlessness; and the only warmth or enthusiasm which appears in the work has its origin in party feeling, and breaks forth in the discussion of political and historical topics; if we except an occasional rapture on some Flemish picture or painter, which forcibly reminds one of what Fuseli characterizes as “the frigid ecstasies of German criticism.”

Even the Princess, the pet character, the standard of excellence to which one is ready to believe the author would gladly aspire, is represented as a heartless coquette, who in all sorts of disguises pursues a married man wherever he goes; seeks every opportunity for interesting his feelings; and when he is finally liberated from his wife, refuses to marry him. There is a sufficient variety of manners in the different personages, from Laurence Fegan, the porter's *locum tenens*, to Sir Frederick Mottram, the privy counsellor and patron of arts; but in a moral point of view they all come under the same category.

Lady Morgan praises the Belgians for their *nationality*—by which it may be presumed she means a desire to elevate and glorify their own country. What shall we say of *her* nationality, when we observe that every Irish character described in her book is vicious and contemptible. While she pursues such a course, whatever she may accomplish for the cause of radicalism in England, she will do little to raise the respectability of Ireland.

How different has been the course of Miss Edgeworth! How much has that excellent writer done for her country! What an immense amount of favour and sympathy for the Irish has been secured by her happy and just delineations of the virtuous and noble traits which belong to their character; as well as by her clear exposition of the circumstances by which their virtues and energies are rendered so lamentably unavailable!

We must be excused from examining this work of Lady Morgan in detail. Its moral deficiencies are such as to render the most cursory examination of the story an unpleasant and unprofitable task—although it must be acknowledged that this is a feature which it possesses in common with most of the English novels of high life. They are mere *novels of manners*—of manners too the most frigid and arti-

ficial that can be conceived—and therefore unworthy the pen of a delineator of human character.

For the rest—the book is a fair specimen of the author's powers; being marked with her usual faults and merits. The style is vigorous and masculine, replete with wit and reflection—but too often disfigured with frivolous quotations, ambitious flights, and epigrammatic conceits. The information about Belgium, its people, scenery, institutions, historical characters, and revolutions, is copious, and to one who is curious in such matters, interesting—and the political doctrines are very good, quite unexceptionable for her own party—though the abuse which she thinks proper to heap upon the English aristocracy is to be received with a very liberal allowance for her own feelings of envy and animosity.

Lady Morgan is no common writer. She possesses talents of a high order; with habits of opinion and composition which render them worse than useless. But she has been so often told in vain of her faults, that there is little hope of her amendment at this time of life. She might have been a philosophical teacher and moral benefactress of her race; but she “gave to party what was meant for mankind,” and she will probably be a politician, a pedant, and a mannerist, to the end of the chapter.

---

### **Trials and Triumphs; comprising the Convict's Daughter and the Convert's Daughter. 12mo. Philadelphia: 1834.**

It is pleasant to read a well constructed story—one in which the parts are happily adjusted, the plot regularly developed, and the characters justly drawn and consistently supported. It is more especially pleasant at the present period when all sorts of pedantry, affectation, extravagance and vice are daily inflicted on a patient public in the shape of fiction—when tales of high life give us merely the conversations and intrigues of valets and milliners, under the titles of dukes and ladyships; and the drunken orgies of pickpockets and highwaymen are impudently displayed to the readers of polite literature, with no other apology than that they are pictures drawn from nature. *Nature!* Are the worst features of deformity impressed upon the human character by long continued and atrocious crimes, to be dignified with the name of natural traits? Shall the results of human vice and infirmity be confounded with the original and universal principles of the human constitution? Portraits of manners founded on the conventions of society or the refinements or arts of vice, can no more be called drawings from nature than those pictures can be so denominated which present us with the dresses and distortions of the human shape, which owe their existence solely to the caprice of fashion. Our recent novels, of very high and very low life, are equally destitute of truth and virtue; and they have nothing to do with nature but to vilify, disfigure, and caricature her fair creations.

The volume referred to at the head of this article is of a different character. It is written with a proper regard to the principles of morality as well as those of art; and its scope and tendency with regard to the best and dearest interests of mankind, are as little liable to objection as its literary execution.

It would seem by the dedication that the author, Mr. Richardson, has not appeared before the world, at least in this particular department of literature, until the present occasion. But these tales afford abundant evidence that he is a practised as well as an able writer. The stories are told with a simplicity, directness, and singleness of purpose, which some of our rambling writers of fiction would do well to imitate; and the author's disregard of embellishment, and sparing use of his abundant materials, evince that he had a higher object in view than the mere display of

his powers as a fine writer. Indeed, he seems rather to aim at the distinction of a forcible writer and faithful moralist than that of a splendid, dashing sentimentalist. His object is truth; and he shows that the most important and effective truths may be communicated by means of fiction. From the titles of his stories one would suppose that they were of a sectarian character. But there is nothing of this sort in them. The writer occupies the elevated ground of a Christian philosopher and philanthropist; and while no sect may claim him as its own, none can find reason to cavil at the character and tendency of his views. The satire, although applied immediately to those particular forms of folly and vice which present themselves in English society, admits of very general application. The fashion of running after new and remarkable preachers, merely for the purpose of being excited or amused by their extravagance, or with a view to criticise their performances as specimens of fine acting, is capitally hit off in the second story. This fashion, although at present very prevalent among certain classes in London, is by no means confined to that metropolis or to the present age. There are too many among us whose conversation would lead one to suppose that they consider a sermon as much an object of taste and criticism as a picture or a play; and there is good reason to suppose that the elegant and accomplished wits that adorned the court of Louis XIV. used to witness the splendid displays of pulpit eloquence by Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and Fléchier, with precisely the same feeling and purpose which directed their steps to the theatre when a tragedy of Racine or Corneille was to be brought out, or Moliere was expected to play in one of his own comedies. They expressed their hope as they went to the church or the play that the preacher or the actor might be in good voice that day; and when they came away, remarked with the characteristic indifference of *cognoscenti*, how well the performers in both places understood effect.

We have room but for one extract, which will furnish an average specimen of the author's style, and of his talent in the delineation of character.

"A more honest, simple, unambitious man than Matthias Hillier never lived. He was as steady as time, as regular as clock-work, as faithful as a shadow, as firm as a rock;—he knew nothing, he thought of nothing, he cared for nothing but the right performance of his duty; he was so intensely and heartily satisfied with the lot in which providence had placed him, that he had no more ambition to rise in the world than a sheep has to fly in the air; he knew his place, to which he adapted himself, as completely as a Hindoo confines himself to his caste; as for casting any covetous eye on wealth, or endeavoring to enrich himself at the expense of his employer, that was as far from his thoughts as the first of August is from the foot of Westminster bridge—a distance, by the way, which has never yet been ascertained; a large fortune would have been of no more use to him than a pair of spectacles to an oyster; had he inherited the Thellusson property, he might have had a large establishment, but he himself would have filled no other situation in it than that of butler; he felt himself predestined to be a butler; and he was one who meddled not with them that are given to change; he would very willingly have broken his heart when his master died—but when he saw that his mistress neither wept, nor raved, nor tore her hair, he also adopted the same placidity, though not perhaps the same depth of grief; his person and his manners were conformable to his mental and intellectual habits; he was of that happy medium of stature which neither envies the tall nor despises the short; his look was one of quietness—a mild eye—a gentle mouth—and an expression as calm as that with which the silent moon looks down upon the sleeping world; his cheeks were unused to tears, and his eyes were not habituated to smiles; he did not know what there was in the world to laugh at or to cry for—all such emotions he regarded as digressions from the right line of life; and yet he was not without expression—for all that was in his heart was in his face, though that was not much;—he had no use for simulation or for dissimulation; he had nothing to conceal, and nothing to gain by pretence. He was at this time about fifty years of

age, and looked as if he had been fifty years old when he was born, and as if he could never be more than fifty, if he should live a century longer; his very dress had a look of the antique—you might have imagined that he was born in it, and that it would cleave to him through life as close as feathers to a bird."

We remark, by way of stricture, that the voluntary relinquishment of her property by Miss Henderson, and the refusal of the admiral's daughters to make any the least provision for their sister, are both highly improbable, though by no means unprecedented in real life. It might also be objected to the second story that the conclusion is too abrupt; and that the author has prodigally wasted materials for a whole volume of precisely the sort which he is best qualified to elaborate in the happiest manner. We might find other defects; but we are so well pleased with the general style and execution of the work, that we are by no means disposed to dwell upon its very inconsiderable faults. We would rather commend it to the notice of all who prefer nature, simplicity, and truth, to the extravagance and false taste in style, sentiment, and character, which abound in most of the recent English novels.

---

**Journal of a Residence in China and the neighbouring countries, from 1829 to 1833, by David Abeel. New York: 1834. pp. 398.**

THE little volume which is here given to the world, though the work of an amiable and accomplished author, will doubtless meet at many hands a cold reception, because it is the production of a missionary. At least we may infer this, from the frequency with which, even at this day, a strong disapprobation of foreign missions is expressed. Not a few among ourselves, professing a lively interest in the welfare of our race, will point to the ignorant and miserable portion of our own countrymen, to the rapid growth of our population, and to the many objects of compassion, less far beyond our boundaries, and insist on the inference that the support of distant missions is a misapplication of the means of benevolence.

Such objectors are not easily convinced, though you point them, in turn, to the origin and nature of true religion, and to the example of those inspired men who were the first and chosen ministers of the gospel. It is not conclusive, with them, that religion is a heaven-descended blessing, whose tenure is—"freely ye have received, freely give." It is not enough for them, that religion, as diffused by foreign missions, interferes with no citizenship, annuls no allegiance, is unchanged by time or space, and superior to all human authority. They are not satisfied that primitive Christianity recognised no exclusive claim of common country; that its field was the world; that its messengers pressed on from one centre of population to another great point of concourse, in utter disregard of political lines and geographical conversions. Those unerring missionaries, while they enforced every social relation and mutual duty, acted in this respect, on one command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"—after one example—"I am among you as one that serveth." Paul, feeling himself a debtor to all men, yet left thousands unconverted at Ephesus and Corinth, and pushed on to Rome.

It may be harsh to say that these modern objectors to foreign missions, are entirely unfriendly to the extension of Christianity. This may be the case with many. Others, we may suppose, are led to a conclusion adverse to such missions, by impressions of prior religious duty to countrymen and neighbours, by vague ideas of the nearer claims of citizenship and propinquity. We do not hesitate to call this conclusion erroneous, because it is not content that these claims should be regarded as valid and paramount—it would make them exclusive also.

One moment's reflection, however, should be enough, in our circumstances, to re-

store every doubting, and yet candid mind, to a juster judgment on this subject. We are the citizens of a state, in which no differences of religious belief are a bar to preferment; no test acts obstruct the way to honour and office. With us there is no connexion between politics and worship; church and state are entirely separated; religion is not recognised as an aid to government. It is formally absolved from all allegiance to such incompetent authority, and sent back to take instructions from its author, and to render sole obedience to the same great object. And is it to be supposed, that religion must respect, and that exclusively, the only relation in which it is formally disregarded? That in the only case where its obligations bind no one, it must itself be bound? Is not this idea as foreign to the spirit of our government, as it is far from the genius of Christianity, to carry distinctions of nativity among those born of the spirit, and differences of country, where there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free.

This is not a theoretical, but rather a practical view of the subject. We call it a noble generosity to send aid to the Greek patriot, or to welcome the Polish exile. And is religion then, after being prohibited to commend a fellow citizen, to be forbidden next to speak compassion to a stranger? We recognise no bar, in citizenship, to general benevolence. We assign, to one needy stranger, a portion in our public domain; and is there any reason in conscience, why we should refuse to another still more necessitous, a portion in heaven?

Perhaps it would have more effect on these objectors, if we were further to show them an analogy, in the principle and operation of foreign missions, to the common laws and practices of nature and men around us.

Let us borrow one illustration from the Scriptures. There is a river whose streams make glad the Christian land in which we have our home. How shall its surplus waters be made to irrigate a wider surface;—what shall be the law of its overflow? Will it rise in one erect volume above its banks, on either side, and rolling back in an unbroken wave, cover every thing before it in a rectilinear course? Or will its waters, as they swell, penetrate every crevice in the river-side, flow up every ravine, wind along every vale, and cover wide and distant plains, while many eminences along its borders remain unmoistened by its tide? Is there no analogy here? Are not commerce, and other forms of intercourse, so many channels leading easily to very distant points; and do not the objectors to foreign missions, on account of their remoteness, disregard or deny all inequalities in the surface of the moral world, and reject the natural laws, which govern, as the flow of waters, the diffusion of the means of grace?

Again, we may compare the messenger of Christian benevolence to distant regions of the world, with the enterprising emigrant to our remote valleys in the west. Both seek alike the spots that promise the richest return to expenditure and effort, be they near or distant. The one chooses the soil which has the greatest natural fertility, and is nearest to a market. The other selects the seats of the most numerous and most accessible population. The labour of the one is rewarded, when he gathers in an abundant harvest. The other's increase is in bringing back immortal and erring minds to the knowledge of their Creator. Nor can we doubt about the comparative excellence of their employments, until we question whether the fruits of the earth, the cattle on a thousand hills, or his intelligent and imperishable creatures, are dearest to their Maker.

What then should we think of the wisdom of the order, were the emigrant required to cultivate every barren ridge and hollow valley of the Alleghanies, before should be permitted to descend the stream of the Ohio, and to plant himself along such alluvions of the Wabash, the Green river, or the Illinois? Yet what else



than this, does the objector to foreign missions mean, when he insists that all the religious wants of our own, and every intervening, scattered population should be supplied, before the missionary shall visit the teeming cities and plains and rivers of the East? Certainly the objector denies the unequal moral capabilities of different societies of men, when he demands that an inverse ratio to the square of the distance, shall be taken as the unvarying law for the obligation of religious charity, and the productiveness of missionary aid.

Again, we may place side by side those who are contending for the triumphs of Christianity, and those who are fighting for the prize, with which ambition leads on its votaries to final disappointment, or delusive success. Here, also, the objectors to missions would have the Christian leader neglect great points of influence, and make the reduction of every obstinate and unimportant fortress in his rear, after the tactics of an old fashioned army, the preliminary of every advance.

The same parallel might be carried, with the same result, through all the operations of life. In all, we should find the light of intelligence striking on prominent, though distant objects, leaving the level in the shade, just as the rays of the sun glance on every eminence across a hemisphere, before they have penetrated the depths of the valleys, over which it rose. Besides, the objectors overlook entirely the common support of missions abroad and religion at home, as well as reaction of missionary exertion and success. They forget too, that if it be determined to limit benevolence to a term, and the question then be—who is our neighbour—the highest authority (Luke x. 37,) answers—you constitute even a needy alien such, when you show mercy on him.

We think the publication, the title of which is prefixed, contains enough to reward a reading by any one, and therefore we would gladly assist in removing the objections to foreign missions, by which its circulation will be impeded or repressed. We can testify, with all who have visited Eastern Asia, to the importance of that region of the world now, and to its promise of increasing interest and future greatness. Of course, the present work can contain no more than a few meagre notices, within its scanty limits. We must not expect a panorama of the East on a few feet of canvass. The outlines of the picture are so vast, that both the artist and the work will be the property of another generation, before they can be filled up to complete satisfaction and success.

Our author commences with his departure from New York for Canton, October 14th, 1829. We will now take up his narrative.

January 25th, (1830,) "Sandal-Wood Island was descried," the first land made in "the Eastern passage;" a route usually taken by vessels sailing in the autumn from Europe and America for China. This passage, commencing with Sandal-Wood Island and terminating with the outlet of Dampier Straits, affords the voyager a sight of a rich succession of islands.

"The large island of Timor," says he, "was one of those included within our view. Its forest trees, crowning a majestic bank, waved us a graceful invitation to their cooling shades."

Next were the Banda Islands. Farther east the valuable Arroo Islands, "abounding in delicious fruits and birds of rarest plumage." The large island of Booroo was next descried, "the genial soil of the Cajeput tree."

After leaving the Banda Sea, the Island of Amboyna came into view, "distinguished among all the spice settlements under European control, for the extent and beauty of its capital, the strength of its fortifications, and the proportionally large number of its professing Christians. It contains a population of forty to fifty thousand."

"We had the large island of Ceram in sight a long time. Its lively verdure, its towering mountains, its variegated surface, and especially its associated history, tended to render it an object of most interesting contemplation. Travellers speak of some of its scenes as enchanting. The missionaries describe it as exceedingly fertile. The sago finds no soil so congenial to its perfection as the well saturated bogs of Ceram. This valuable tree grows wild, not merely in scattering clumps, but in deep forests, supplying its indolent tribes with abundant provision and considerable wealth. The waters teem with a variety of the finest fish. The inhabitants of the seacoast are principally Malays. In the inland districts, the 'Alfores,' or aborigines, abound. The shocking Diak custom of destroying human life by treachery, without provocation, to add human heads to the trophies of their cruelty, is common here with Borneo and Celebes."

To the north-east, and "not far from the north coast of Yilold, is Ternate, a small but important island, whose sultan has extended his dominions over many of the adjacent islands, to parts of Celebes, and even to New Guinea."

"These islands form the principal stations under the Netherlands Missionary Society."

In reference to the early attempts of the Portuguese to Christianize this insular population, from 1510 downward, our author says, "that, at this day, their success and its results cannot be determined." "Near the close of that century, the Dutch dispossessed the Portuguese, and introduced Protestantism among the natives." The zeal and energy of the early chaplains of the reformed faith, notwithstanding their injudicious plans, were, for a time, successful. Declension, however, soon followed. "During the eighteenth century, but few attempts were made to revive the dying spirit of Christianity."

This important and long neglected agency, now devolves on the Netherlands Missionary Society.

The last great islands of this Eastern passage are Waijoo, with its one hundred thousand inhabitants, on the one side, and New Guinea on the other. The following extract gives some idea of the magnitude and characteristics of this insular continent:—"It extends about twelve hundred miles in length, and from fifteen to three hundred and sixty in breadth. Navigators speak with rapture of the beauty of its coasts, and the astonishing variety of its rich productions. Among the ornaments of its natural history, is the far-famed Bird of Paradise, of which ten or twelve species make it their favourite residence. It is inhabited by several millions of souls, composed of many distinct tribes, very different in appearance and habits, but all sunk in deep intellectual and spiritual ignorance. The great mass consists of negroes, of herculean frame, and jet black countenance. Some of them are cannibals; others are mild and obliging to strangers."

These "Oceanic groups," through which we have followed our author's course, certainly present a combination, no where else to be found, of advantageous positions, fertility, and loveliness. Of course they differ widely in importance, from the insular continent, with its mountain ranges of Alpine elevation, to the coral islet just rising, just risen, above the surface of the sea. They have, however, some common features, expressive of a family likeness. Their outer shores, exposed to the full force of the waves, are rocky and surf-beaten. But the inner shores, not so exposed, and the clustered islands, protected by each other, are touched only by a gentle ripple breaking on their sands. They rise beautifully from the calm bed of the surrounding ocean. Their waving outline of deep verdure is traced against a sky almost always clear. A tropical forest mantles every summit, and descends to the water's edge, as if to cover, in the spirit of Eastern seclusion, the form and feet of

nature from view. Morning and evening breezes blow alternately over each expanse of foliage, from sea and shore—now freshening its verdure, and now scattering its perfume. On many of them, the traces of human habitation are scarcely seen, as a favouring wind carries you rapidly by. On others, the simple cottages of the native inhabitant can be distinguished, half concealed by shrubbery and trees.

Perhaps the peculiar characteristic of these islands is their silent magnificence, their rich covering, no where broken, and their stillness, never disturbed. It is impossible to pass them without contrasting what they are, with what they are to be. Now no one can live there with security of life and property. But were we tinctured with the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, we should be inclined to fix our last transmigration there.

"A multitude of islands, of inconsiderable note, rose and sunk in our horizon as we glided gently along, until, clearing the Straits of Dampier, we found ourselves once more riding upon the long swell of an open sea." Passing the Pelew Islands, Formosa, &c., "the dawn of morning (February 19) disclosed the bluff and barren peaks of the Ladrone and neighbouring islands," forming the entrance to the Gulf of Canton.

A diary of his ten months' residence in China follows this notice of Mr. Abeel's arrival. To it we refer our readers for some account of the Foreign Residences at Macao and Canton, of the native establishments, private and religious, of the leading sects into which the nation is divided, of its moral and social condition, closed by an appeal to Christian sympathy in behalf of its people. It is not our purpose, by a regular synopsis of its contents, to detract from the interest or supersede the perusal of this publication.

December 30, 1830, Mr. Abeel closed his residence in China, and embarked for Java. We will again attempt to trace his progress.

"A few days after leaving China, we made the coast of Cochin China."—"This kingdom now includes Tonquin and part of Cambodia, and has a hardy and energetic, though it is said, dishonest, cruel, and intolerant population."—"The Chinese language is well understood by the inhabitants of Annam, the native appellation of this country, though they employ another character in common intercourse."

"The Catholics have long had a foothold here. They reckon about three hundred thousand converts, the great majority being in Tonquin. Formerly they were high in favour at court, but upon the death of the king, whom the Bishop of Adran brought over to France for education, their influence diminished, and they have since suffered a severe persecution."

Mr. Abeel landed at Anjui, in the Straits of Sunda, an anchorage where ships in the favourable Monsoon touch for refreshments.

"It is situated on a large plain, adorned with extensive groves of cocoa-nut trees, and bounded by an amphitheatre of most diversified and picturesque hills."

"The face of the country between Anjui and Batavia, a distance of eighty miles, is varied with hill and dale, wilderness and cultivation. The low and level tracts are laid out in extensive rice fields, while the neighbouring forests are enlivened with beautiful birds and infested with ferocious tigers."

"Batavia, the capital of Java and of the Dutch East India colonies, contains, within a circuit of twenty miles, a population of three hundred thousand souls. Sourabaya, the second city of Java, has an equal number. Samarang contains two hundred thousand. The whole Island of Java has about six millions of inhabitants, four of whom speak the Javanese language, one million and a half the Sunda, and half a million the Malayan. There are on the island, chiefly in the cities, about fifty thousand Chinese."

There seems to have been a time, in the early history of the Dutch East India possessions, when strenuous efforts were made to civilize and Christianize the native islanders. But these endeavours have long since ceased. The natural riches and capabilities of these splendid colonies have been monopolized or repressed by a policy proverbially *Dutch*. Restrictions on commerce without, have kept pace with petty wars in the interior, and massacres of the resident Chinese. For a short period these islands enjoyed a breathing time under British protection and the administration of Sir Stamford Raffles. Unhappily they reverted again to Holland, and there is at present but little hope that they will find a better master. A worse cannot be found.

After a residence of about six months in Java, Mr. Abeel again embarked for Singapore and Siam.

The regulations of the English East India Company affecting the China trade, and the need of a depot for British goods for the supply of the native craft from the Eastern islands, have given to Singapore its present importance. From a jungle it has become the seat of a population of twenty thousand souls. "Its extensive harbour, surrounded by numerous islands, and affording safe anchorage to any number of shipping, is frequented by prows from all the Eastern ports and kingdoms."

Leaving Singapore in an Arab vessel, and coasting the Malayan peninsula, with its interesting upland scenery, Mr. Abeel arrived off the mouth of the Meinam, the river which drains the great valley of Siam. "It is a noble river, half a mile in average width; its banks low, and covered with jungle; and affording many interesting views as you pass up and down its winding course."

Bankok, the modern capital of Siam, stands on the Meinam, thirty miles above its mouth. "The palaces of the two kings and some of the princes form the walled part of the city, while the suburbs extend two or three miles above and below the royal residences, and on either bank. In and near the city, a few streets have been laid out, but the houses are generally built upon piles, on the water or near its edge. The river may be considered the highway, the mart, and the pleasure grounds of the city. Here the mass of the population reside, carry on their business, and take their recreation. In many places, however, the dwellings retire to some distance from the margin of the river, forming a narrow extended street; or, branching off toward the interior, are scattered over the face of the country, amid gardens and jungle and rice-fields."

"The finest specimens of architecture are the temples, generally occupying the best sites, containing some of them a thousand idols, and covering a large area of ground, with the connected monastic buildings." These are Budhistic temples, "built by the king and principal men of the kingdom." Twenty thousand priests, "supported by royal and private bounty," minister in them. But, except these temples, and the royal palaces, and the mansions of the princes, "every thing is improvable and nothing improved." "Neither order nor convenience, ornament nor comfort, are consulted in the situation and structure of their houses."

The twelve months passed by Mr. Abeel, in two successive residences at Bankok, were filled up in acquiring a knowledge of the country, learning its languages, dispensing gratuitously simple medicines, and distributing the means of religious instruction very extensively among the natives and Chinese. His new and interesting notices of the country afford us some idea of the condition and character of its population, amounting to four or five millions. It appears, that a part of this population, consisting of kidnapped and captured natives of the contiguous countries, lies under an unqualified and cruel slavery. Even the native Siamese are held bound to government in an unlimited and most oppressive service-tax. The Chinese only escape the

requisition of personal service, by the payment of a triennial capitation sum. From this mass of qualified and unqualified slavery, result of course, meanness, poverty, wretchedness, and national degradation. These consequences are said to be aggravated "by the corrupt administration of justice, by polygamy, gambling, indecency, and a dishonesty characteristic of the nation."

Of the languages of this kingdom, we are told, that the most common are the Chinese (Taychen dialect) and the Siamese. This last is said to be simple and nervous as a spoken language, but turgid and epithetical in writing. The Pali is here, as in Cambodia and parts of India, the sacred tongue. The Laos is said to be a dialect of the Siamese; but the Cambodian, the court language, to differ much from it, and the Burmese to be quite another tongue.

In the January (1831) of his residence in this lonely situation, Mr. Abeel writes thus:—"There is something in the beauty of the heavens at this season of the year, which makes up for the destitution of every earthly charm, and exceeds any thing I ever noticed in other climates. For many weeks there has scarcely fallen a drop of rain. The atmosphere, during the day, is so clear, that the eye wanders through the boundless field with a most animating range. Nothing can exceed the glories of the morning and evening twilight. The burnished heavens—the broad rays of the hidden sun, shooting up the wide arch of the firmament—often succeeded by transverse streaks of the most delicate and varying colours, and these yielding to a thousand softer and still softer tinges,—hold our eyes and hearts, at the close of each day, in glowing admiration, until the stars have one by one unveiled their glories, and all the celestial worlds beam forth through the azure with the brightest radiance."

This extract, highly descriptive in itself, is applicable also to the winter of the Philippine Islands, and probably of other tropical parts of the East. Nor, we may add, is an unclouded and radiant sky, by night and by day, the only enjoyment there at this season. You there breathe an elastic air, and you feel its mild, cool freshness through a thin dress at every pore. Unhappily the sun returns, after three or four months of this delightful temperature, with its penetrating, subduing effect on the frame. Its excessive power prepares you to welcome the season of the annual rains. The exhalations of a whole summer, from a whole ocean, are then condensed above your head. The clouds, heavily charged, are driven pouring across the sky; or settling down over the spot where you are, let fall their torrents of water, compared with which the rains of northern climates are but an elevated dew.

In such climates there is no correctness in our common division of the year. Hence, in the native languages, instead of summer and winter, spring and autumn, we find names for but three seasons, called after their characteristics, the "hot," the "wet," and the "cold."

The narrative part of the work we have under review, closes with the author's residence in Siam and Singapore. Compelled by ill health to seek a colder climate, he embarked for England, (for no American vessels are permitted to visit Singapore,) in May, 1833, and arrived there in October of the same year.

Appended, however, to the personal narrative, are several chapters on Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, the Philippine Islands, the Loochoo Islands, and Japan. These chapters, though we do not follow them, we recommend to western readers, as containing information drawn from conversation and manuscript sources, not accessible, probably, to them. We might condense within our remaining limits the contents of these chapters, were it our wish to supersede, and not to call attention to, the work under review. Instead of this, we will add what our author's professional object did not include—some remarks on the present state of our intercourse with these

important countries of the East. There may be little that is new in our remarks, and indeed we make them chiefly as introductory to another subject, to which recent intelligence has given a melancholy interest; to the question, how to protect the lives and properties of our citizens, resorting to or residing in the East. It is not necessary to separate the objects for which they may repair thither, whether it be for the purposes of benevolent exertion, or of curious research, or for the profits of commercial intercourse.

As respects one of these groups, the Philippine Islands, it is well known that the existence of a colonial authority there, modifies the question of protection from the same question under independent native governments. In reference to this group, we remark, that our *present intercourse* is still in great measure governed by the old rules of Spanish colonial policy.

Foreign vessels are restricted to one port; double duties are charged on imports under their flags. Difficulties are thrown in the way of foreigners desiring to make Manila their residence. Their limits, if permitted to reside there, extend but over one out of twenty-eight provinces, into which the islands are divided. They remain heretics and aliens. And lest any ideas should enter at variance with this system, all books are rigorously excluded, unless licensed by the clergy.

The Spanish officers governing these islands are a remarkable example of the absence of all ambition of personal distinction and the desire of general improvement. Had they even felt the desire of colonial advancement, these islands would not have remained stationary so long. Had they even felt the pride of political independence, it would have been seen, ere this, that these colonies are bound to the mother country by no necessary tie. There is no doubt a deep feeling of ecclesiastical dependence pervading the people and country clergy, and forming the strongest bond of union to the mother country. The higher ecclesiastics, however, cannot but have noticed, that a declaration of independence does not sever the connexion with the Holy See. Still, until now, neither the desire of political nor ecclesiastical independence, has outweighed, with the colonial authorities, the satisfaction of comfortable places, the recollections they have brought from the peninsula, and the attachments they have left there. Whether such a separation will take place soon, or ever, or whether these colonies will pass into the power of a more liberal government, are questions not susceptible of any satisfactory answer.

As respects intercourse with Siam, it may be said, that on the few occasions when our merchant vessels have entered the Meinam, they have suffered so severely from official exaction, that we cannot be said to have any real commercial intercourse with that country. It is not probable that this state of things has been changed by our late treaty with the king, nor will it be by any *mere treaty*. We entirely approve of the attempt to form treaties with the Siamese and other Eastern governments; but we fear too much confidence, superseding a watchful public regard, may be reposed in these paper engagements.

As respects the group of islands lying between the Dutch and Spanish colonies, the Loochoo Islands, Japan, &c., our intercourse with them is entirely prospective, for they have scarcely ever been visited by vessels under American colours.

Sumatra, the west coast of Sumatra, affords, perhaps, the best instance of an intercourse carried on, without intervention, between our own citizens and natives of South-Eastern Asia under independent government. On this instance, therefore, extensible prospectively to other instances, we may ground our remarks on the mode of protecting the lives and properties of our citizens, exposed by this intercourse. "This island," Mr. Abeel says, "is a favourite resort for trading vessels from England and America; and from the testimony of one who has been engaged in the



traffic, the most dishonourable and dishonest means are often employed to defraud the natives." We believe these unworthy means have always been discountenanced by the parties interested in England and America. We believe, too, that comparing the past with the present, there has been a change for the better in this particular. Still, we get from this statement, under these limitations, one of the "concesses" under which foreign intercourse is carried on with South-Eastern Asia.

Again, throughout Eastern Asia, the great agent of intoxication, depravation, and misery, is the leading article of traffic. Commerce supplies opium to the Malay, as it has given spirits to the North American Indian, and fire arms to the Polynesian Islander.

Again, in the exchange which thus takes place, the enlightened European or American is the giver, the half-civilized native the receiver: the one elevated by civilization and Christianity, the other sunk through ages of declension from knowledge and virtue. These are the parties to intercourse in Eastern Asia, and these the antecedents of aggression on either hand, or of collision with each other.

We may suppose the occurrence of a very strong case; an aggression by the native on foreign intercourse. We may look forward to cases when the suffering foreigner shall be an innocent individual; when his superior intelligence will not have made him the more a criminal; when he will suffer for no act of his own; when he will be the victim of irritated or debased men, without having done anything to provoke the vengeance, or produce the degradation. In such cases it is not likely that the injured party will be a silent sufferer. He will appeal to his government. Hence the occasions for government interference.

Now, we would not be understood to have an extravagant confidence in such intervention in Eastern Asia. We have more confidence in the influence of the conscientious merchant, or able missionary, than in the political agent or naval officer. Yet we suppose that such intervention may be often useful, and will be sometimes necessary. The question then comes up, which we have proposed to examine. How shall our government proceed to redress wrongs inflicted on its citizens in their intercourse with South-Eastern Asia, and to give them permanent security? One conviction is, by open, peaceful, conciliatory, manly measures, in opposition to disguises, hostilities, and retaliation.

Let us take first the case of an actual injury inflicted, and see if open, judicial, yet firm and prompt measures, be not commended by justice and expediency, over retaliation.

The intelligence of such an act perpetrated on the Sumatran or some other coast, reaches this country; brought, perhaps, by the party who suffered, or has well nigh suffered. What are the measures commended by justice on the receipt of such intelligence? Does not justice remind us, that "a great body may sometimes suffer in some of its parts, by the outbreking of passions, to whose excitement its other members have ministered?" Does it not demand that we take into account the condition and character of the offender, by descent and by temptation? The fact may be established; but on what evidence? An *ex parte* statement, the accuser's evidence? His loss may not be doubted; but was there no provocation? He may not have given that provocation; but do we know the ideas of a native islander on the degree of the responsibility of countrymen, or on the extent to which they may be justly called to make reparation, or to suffer for each other?

Suppose the native offender convicted, what shall be his sentence? Can justice expect, in an Eastern Pagan, a Christian sense of guilt, and impose a like measure of punishment? Or shall one conventional law with native princes, in the Islands of the East, class all crimes together, and annex to their commission one penalty?

Suppose the same offender to be adjudged worthy of death; how shall he be brought to punishment? Shall it be by a measure that reverses the maxim, "better that the guilty escape than that the innocent perish?" Will justice permit us to forego the form of judicial apprehension, and, approaching the offender in disguise, to strike him, with a blow that levels him and all around him in the same death together? Should this be done at an hour when wakeful guilt may take the alarm, but sleeping innocence is sure to suffer?

It may be said that these suppositions are irrelevant—that they do not apply to the most common and serious case, that of outrages in which the native authorities are implicated. But here too justice must admit the existence and force of difference of national character, and of possible provocation. It must also ascertain the degree of implication.

Now, we would ask, what are these native authorities, supposed to be thus implicated? Are they governments, or not? If governments, should we not treat them as such, and require, mutually, that international offenders be delivered up or punished? If not, and in the western sense perhaps they are not governments, can responsibility be taken justly from the "authorities," such as they are, and fastened on the multitude? These subjects, if we please to call them such, suffer much from their irregular rulers. Shall they also be required to suffer in *their stead*?

But it may be objected that all this is irrelevant also. That all are more or less implicated—that society, in these regions, is an association to plunder for the common benefit—that expediency requires that examples should, from time to time, be made—that offenders cannot be apprehended, and that the only possible mode of punishment, is by a sudden, disguised, and indiscriminating stroke.

Let us put the argument, then, on the footing of ability and expediency, and consider, not what can be done justly, but what our means permit, and our interest demands. Is there any then among these petty governments beyond the reach of the American government? And if our national honour requires what one sloop cannot perform in a manly manner, should we not send a larger force? If we could apprehend no criminal, might no prisoners, no hostages be taken? And if it were, in the last resort, necessary to punish the innocent for the guilty, should it not be done, for effect's sake, in a judicial manner, and under a show, at least, of justice?

But it may be objected here that the weakness of these tribes is their defence. That if warned of the approach of a chastising force, they escape to the jungle, and evade all pursuit. But do they leave no pledges behind? Would not the sequestration of their abandoned goods, or the destruction of their villages and boats, do something towards compensating the loss of the property of our citizens, and preventing future attacks? Should this first measure prove insufficient, would not the privilege of an indiscriminate massacre be still open, as a last resort?

Again, if severity were both easy and justifiable in these cases, what are we to think of the expediency of attempting to produce, by retaliation, on the Eastern Islanders, "a *lasting, and wide, and beneficial impression*?"

As to the matter of duration, it is certainly true, that a blow will be felt and remembered in proportion to its severity. The wretched will never forget the stroke that made him so. But if you would render an effect *extensive* among the broken and rival tribes of Eastern Islands, you must first bind them together by those fine cords of common feeling, which carry impressions through all the members of society, with us, with electrical quickness and force. And why desire to produce effects that shall be lasting and extensive, if they must be misinterpreted, or injurious, or unjust? What security have you, when aiming to produce these "effects," that the Diak will not suppose you are collecting "trophies," or the Malay that you

are glutting revenge? What more likely, when the guilt you would punish is severed from its deserts, by the indiscriminating nature of the stroke.

Besides, commerce is, in its nature, essentially voluntary and peaceful. Our merchants send property to the ends of the earth, not for safe keeping, but for gain. Security is necessary on its way. But security would be too dearly purchased by the destruction of friendly intercourse. We therefore deprecate all retaliatory measures, and all severity, beyond judicial reparation. We fear those wide and lasting effects spoken of, must cease to be felt before peaceful intercourse can be resumed, and that then, this purchased blessing, this new security, will be as if never possessed. We fear, too, for this reason, that the same measures will prostrate the high enterprises of our country's benevolence toward the East.

But will a mild conciliatory mode of dealing, give to our future intercourse with South-Eastern Asia, the requisite security? We contend, that this result is in a considerable degree to be effected, by the very use of the just and wise measures we have advocated, at the times and places of collision. It cannot be said that our past security has resulted from severe measures, since they have been scarcely resorted to, except in a single and recent instance. Our argument is directed against individual views of this subject, unsanctioned by official practice. And when we remember, that our intercourse has been carried on with South-Eastern Asia so long with so few embarrassments, is it not highly probable that it will come to be conducted with perfect security, when it receives, for the first time in the history of our nation, a kind, public regard?

Hitherto our government has taken no measures to inform itself of the political and general condition of that part of the world. It has never come in peace to make itself known there. Our national flag has hardly ever been seen there. It has appeared, perhaps, in a single instance, to see that justice was done to its citizens; but when to see that justice was done by those citizens? What additional security would be given to American intercourse with the East, if its merchant colours were associated, in the mind of every native prince, as they float in the mild breezes of his island dominion, with the protective care of a just and powerful nation!

Our conclusion from this argument is, that justice and expediency both require the adoption of watchful, judicial, and yet conciliatory measures, by our government, towards these insular kingdoms, in contradistinction to a system of retaliation and force. Christian nations, after neglecting to make common their peculiar blessings, for so many centuries, owe forbearance at least to those unhappy societies of men, whose degradation they have refused to elevate, nay, cooperated to produce.

It is evident, from the work before us, that there are vast openings for enterprise in South-Eastern Asia. The higher objects of Christian philanthropy, are identified there, with the establishment of political relations, and the gains of commercial intercourse. We will not direct statesmen and Christians what they should do in this case. But, as merchants, we will say, had we assigned to us, in perpetuity, the advantages of the commerce of the East, the diffusion of knowledge, the exertion of benevolence, and the support of missions there, are the measures to which we should feel directed, by a regard to pecuniary interests. To society, Providence has made such an assignment.

A word of criticism and we conclude this review. This work is written in an easy, unpretending style, sometimes rather carelessly, generally without ornament. We are told in the preface, that the writer has been unable, since his return to this country, to give the benefit of revision to what was written abroad under many unfavourable circumstances, and particularly in ill health. Our extracts furnish some specimens of good description. There are in the volume other highly-impressive

passages. But, on the whole, and without the explanations of the preface, we should say, there is not so much effort exhibited in the book as was due to the greatness of the subject, nor so much talent as might have been expected from the author.

Regarded as an individual contribution, it is certainly respectable. It is by no means complete, nor have we to depend, in future, on any individual contribution, for a complete view of this subject. Now that Eastern Asia is attracting so much attention among our countrymen, and is thrown open to a kindred sentiment and enterprise in Great Britain, we may look for a succession of publications on both sides of the Atlantic.

The two nations are pledged to the great work which no other can accomplish, of civilizing and Christianizing the East. The work demands an accomplished and powerful instrumentality, in every step of its progress. For this, we look to British and American intelligence and piety, under Him, "without whom agents cannot be qualified, nor agency successful."

---

**The Life of the Emperor Napoleon.** With an Appendix, containing an examination of Sir W. Scott's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte;" and a notice of the principal errors of other writers, respecting his character and conduct. By H. Lee. Complete in four vols. Vol. I. New York: 1835.

WE cannot say, that as Americans, we derive much pleasure from the contemplation of this work. There is something we do not relish in the spectacle of a citizen of these United States, the proper foe of despotism by his very birth, proclaiming himself with a loud voice the champion of one who was the absolute personification of arbitrary power, and entering the lists, with the object of making an impetuous onset upon the most formidable antagonist of the despot. True it is, this antagonist is not the friend of republics; but it is the cause, not the foe, which imparts a character to the contest. The aristocrat who essays to destroy the pernicious illusions with which unhallowed sway is encircled by the glare of military glory, performs a labour far more republican in essence than that of the democrat who endeavours to strengthen and perpetuate the imposture. The tory baronet advances much stronger claims in this instance to the gratitude of every advocate of the rights of man, than the American whig. We are aware, indeed, that a sort of ill-defined idea exists, that from the fact of Napoleon's not having been what is technically styled a legitimate monarch, but, to use a favourite phrase, a child of the revolution, sprung from the people, his cause is in some degree identified with that of republicanism. So far, however, from this being the case, the very circumstance indicated must render his tyranny doubly obnoxious. There may be some excuse for the offspring of a royal line, reared and pampered in the belief that "he is the state," if his conduct be impelled by such conviction; but none can be adduced for the man who has learnt to sympathize with his fellow creatures as his equals, and tramples them under foot when elevated above them by fortune, forgetful or heedless of the lesson, and hearkening only to the dictates of inordinate selfishness. Such a man is a traitor as well as a tyrant. As a child of the revolution, Napoleon was guilty of political parricide as well as of the worst species of usurpation, for he it was who strangled that parent, by subverting all the beneficial effects which he himself, in an especial manner, might have enabled it to produce.

That injustice has been done him by Sir Walter Scott, is an impression with which, prevalent as it is, we cannot bring ourselves to coincide. Rarely has a work been more sinned against than sinning, than the production of the great novelist;

one cause of which, we apprehend, was the very circumstance of the author's being the great novelist. "Scott's last romance" was so *taking* a phrase! It furnished so smart a piece of ready made wit, that the temptation to use it was irresistible; and we all know how strong an impression a current *mot* always makes upon the general mind. We grant that the extravagant anticipations which were naturally awakened in reference to the life of the greatest warrior by the greatest writer of the era, were by no means completely answered, and that occasionally national partialities and political prejudices are strongly exhibited; but whilst, in a literary point of view, it is undeniably a work such as few other pens of the period were capable of inditing, it is also, on the whole, we do not hesitate to affirm, one which renders ample justice to the character of its subject. For our own part, we must confess, we closed the volumes with the suspicion that Sir Walter had sometimes allowed a desire of being impartial to get the better of his judgment, and had exercised a degree of leniency, as well as indulged in a strain of encomium, not always to be justified. Every thing, of course, depends upon the idea which the reader entertains of the emperor. If his enthusiastic admiration of his genius blinds him to its concomitants, he will doubtless be prompted to anger by the picture which is offered to his eyes; but if his vision be sufficiently strong to resist the dazzling influence of the warrior's exploits, to penetrate through the glitter and the prepotence of his intellect to the darkness and the feebleness of his *morale*—if he beholds in the light which he casts, not the genial radiance of the sun diffusing cheerfulness and vitality over the face of nature, but the lurid glare of a comet shooting madly athwart the firmament, and bearing pestilence and ruin in its train—if he contemplates in his career not the course of a majestic stream, on whose banks the laughing flowers "drink life and fragrance as it flows," and whose very inundations are a source of fertility and fruitfulness, but the rush of a fearful torrent sweeping away every thing that it encounters with remorseless violence—if, in a word, he perceives not an illusion but a reality, he will regard the deep shadows of the portrait as an evidence of the limner's fidelity and truth, instead of deeming them the offspring of a teeming imagination, and propensity for fiction.

Be this, however, as it may—even supposing that Sir Walter's volumes are replete with the errors imputed to them, is it so unusual a thing to mistake, are men so rarely liable to err, that he must be accused of wilful perversion and falsehood? Why should his motives be impugned any more than those of the writer who chaunts an invariable psalm to the immaculate glories of the man of destiny? Is not such an individual entitled to form and express an opinion upon any subject, however repugnant to the sentiments of others, without rendering himself obnoxious to the foulest charge? Of all persons, indeed, who have communicated their thoughts to the world, Sir Walter Scott is one of the last whose objects should be vilified. Mised he might be by the fervour of his fancy—deceived he might be by the influence of prepossessions—but that he ever would knowingly have prostituted his pen to the propagation of calumny and lies, is an idea which we could not allow even to enter our mind. It requires a melancholy conviction of the frailty of human nature, to believe that a man whose whole life was spent in sustaining and emblazoning the cause of virtue, whose other productions all bespeak the utmost kindness of heart and elevation of soul, who has done more to delight and refine his fellow beings than almost any "light of the world" that has ever been granted to it by a beneficent Providence, could have been capable, by any possibility, of such miserable baseness. It would be far better for the interests of humanity, that some even unmerited blots should be suffered to remain upon an escutcheon already stained to a repulsive degree, than that a spot should be thrown upon one attractive

to the eye and inspiring to the mind by its unsullied purity and brightness. The name of Napoleon is *not* more glorious than that of Scott, notwithstanding the assertion of Mr. Lee—an assertion, by the way, which smacks more of the *major* than the author. Which of the two “demi-gods of fame” would men be most willing to erase from the records of existence? by the oblivion of whose works would they most lose? which has produced the greatest happiness and benefit, the victory of Austerlitz or the story of Waverley? who has reflected the greatest *glory* upon his species, the scourge and the destroyer, or the blessing and the creator. The one swept from the face of the earth myriads of fellow creatures, entitled as much as himself to the breath of life, formed by the same hand and endowed with the same attributes—the other peopled it with beings who seem to be in constant communion with us of the most intimate and beneficial kind, warning us from evil, enticing us to good, friends and instructors illumining our thoughts, vivifying our feelings, and exalting our sentiments—the one spread desolation and death, the other exhilaration and good—the one combined with a towering mind a petty soul, the other presented a rare example of a beautiful intellectual and moral pre-eminence. No man can leave a glorious name, though master of the world, who is passion’s slave:

“Puissant dominateur de la terre et de l’onde  
Il dispose à son gré du monde,  
Et ne peut disposer de soi”—

and such inability to command himself must prevent every right-thinking and right-feeling person from desiring to wear him in his heart of hearts. The monument erected by Napoleon is one of human woe, drenched with the tears of the widow and the orphan, which “smells to heaven;” but frail as it is offensive, every day undermines it and threatens its fall—whilst that of Scott, constructed with materials equally beautiful and durable, the admiration and gratitude of the world, is cemented and strengthened by the passage of years, and can only at last perish when sound sentiment and judgment shall be destroyed. If we could suppose (and why may we not?) that the spirits of the departed are conscious of the effects of the actions which they performed in this inferior state of existence, what difference must there be between the feelings of such beings as those about whom we speak! Contemplating the almost universal and absolute dominion of the proudest character which the productions of his mind exert, hearkening to the enthusiastic strains of grateful panegyric which are ever rising, like incense, from all quarters of the civilized world, perceiving that the knowledge and the appreciation of his works will extend with the advance of information and refinement, to the confines of the earth, and that his name will continue to be an object of praise and benediction to millions and millions yet unborn, until the globe itself which they will inhabit shall be dissolved—conscious of all this, with what rapture must not the spirit of Scott be forever filled! How sad the contrast presented by the spectacle which offers itself to the spirit of the conqueror! No “grateful memory of the good,” the richest reward of noble deeds, no blessings save such as can impart no satisfaction to one from whose eyes the delusions of mortality have been removed, are wafted towards him—he beholds the efforts of mankind engaged in effacing the effects of his exploits—the throne to which he had waded through slaughter, overturned, “no son of his succeeding”—the nation whose near prospect of freedom he had blasted, straining again to accomplish its holy purpose—the fields which he had ensanguined with his victories, resuming their verdant hue, and once more putting forth their fruit—the countries which he had prostrated before his footstool, again erect, and repairing the evils he had inflicted—all his great works, in fine, destroyed or daily disappearing, until naught but the recollection of them will survive, which, itself, still ~~can~~ ~~some~~



no other object than that of pointing a moral, or adorning a tale! No, Major Lee, the name of Napoleon is not more glorious than that of Scott, unless the abuse of genius be more glorious than its use.

“ Genius and Art, ambition’s boasted wings,  
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!  
Dedalian enginery! If these alone  
Assist our flight, fame’s flight is glory’s fall.  
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne’er so high,  
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.  
A celebrated wretch when I behold;  
When I behold a genius bright and base,  
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;  
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,  
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,  
With rubbish mix’d, and glittering in the dust.  
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,  
At once compassion soft, and envy rise—  
But wherefore envy? Talents, angel-bright,  
If wanting worth, are shining instruments  
In false ambition’s hand, to finish faults  
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.”

The remarks in which we have indulged, are by no means irrelevant: for the object of the volume before us seems to be quite as much the vilification of Scott, as the biography of Napoleon. It comprises five hundred and eighty-five pages, of which more than a half are accorded to an appendix, devoted mainly to the former purpose. Making allowance, indeed, for the difference in the type, the history embraces, perhaps, not so much as a third of the matter, though the whole is but a rivulet of text running through a broad meadow of margin. No inaccuracy of Sir Walter, however trivial, escapes the clutches of the author, or is ascribed to aught save the most malignant or paltry desire of misrepresentation, until the reader becomes as wearied with the minuteness and insignificance of the details, as displeased with the uncompromising tone of the censure. But if Major Lee has proved his ability in depreciating, he has also furnished conclusive evidence that he possesses at least equal faculties in the way of panegyric. The book is a perfect apotheosis of its subject—a resolute glorification from beginning to end, not only of the warrior, but the man. Scarce a virtue under heaven can be named, military, civil, or private, which is not vehemently attributed to the impeccable hero. Whilst his deeds are emblazoned as superhuman, the motives of them are paraded as worthily in unison, by their exalted, ethereal character. No idea of self ever entered into his calculations—no! it was “*intense patriotism* which animated his whole life; which warmed his boyish indignation; directed his youthful studies; inspired his greatest actions; and sanctified the dignity of his last request”—which being doubtless the case, the less *intense patriotism* there is in the world, the better. All the blood, too, which his intense patriotism constrained him to shed, appears to have rendered him an object of much deeper commiseration than the persons from whose veins it gushed—“instinct with heroic fire, his soul shuddered at scenes of cruelty and murder.” Unfortunate Napoleon! Sympathizing Major Lee! As an evidence of his abhorrence of murder, and freedom from all other frailties, the following anecdote may be cited from our author’s text:—

“ But his time was not altogether engrossed by the toils of war or the rude grandeur of mountain prospects. Scenes less inclement and softer contests occasionally engaged him. Among the members of the convention in attendance on the army

of Italy, was M. Thurreau—a gentleman whose personal insignificance in the deputation, was redeemed by the wit and beauty of his wife. This lady was not insensible to the merit, nor unkind to the devotion of the young general of artillery, who proud of his success, ventured to manifest his adoration, by ordering for her amusement, as they walked out on the great theatre of the Alps, an attack of the advance posts stationed below them.

“The French party was victorious, but they lost some of their number, and as the affair could lead to no result, it was in every sense of the term a *wanton* sacrifice of brave men’s lives. In his youth, his infatuation, and the compunction with which he remembered and confessed this criminal folly, indulgent readers may find some excuse for it. The incident is worthy of being recorded, because the faults of such a man are sacred to history, and because the intimacy out of which it sprung was the means probably of saving his life.”

How the lover must have “shuddered” at being obliged to give this manifestation of his intense patriotism for the amusement of his mistress! “Criminal folly” in a hero, it is worthy of remark, means, according to our author’s dictionary, adultery and wholesale slaughter in a common man. We live to learn. This was not the first time, by the way, that Napoleon was caught in the toils of the blind god, though the previous instance was not quite so much in keeping with his usual purity. Whilst in garrison at Valence in Dauphiny, he had been smitten with the charms of a Mademoiselle Colombier, and having engaged her affections, the two “met one morning by day break in an orchard, where their passionate indulgence consisted in eating cherries together!” The loves of Francesca da Rimini and her swain, fade into insignificance before the attachment of this tender couple. Had they lived prior to the time of Dante, Mademoiselle Colombier would doubtless chiefly have claimed the poet’s compassion and attention to her melancholy tale of guilt, as he passed through the *città dolente*, and been immortalized in his verse instead of the unfortunate Italian! Two lovers indulging their affection by a repast upon cherries! Horrible!

Besides his patriotism, aversion to blood, and chastity, “had Bonaparte cultivated rhetoric, he would have rivaled the greatest masters of eloquence.” His veracity also, maugre the proverbial phrase—*tu mens comme un bulletin de l’empereur*—is as pertinaciously vindicated as his other virtues. To uphold it, our author has the cruelty, to use the mildest term, even to enter into an elaborate argument, more remarkable for coarseness than strength, in support of the aspersion cast upon the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, that she was frightened from the arms of a paramour by the attack of the Paris mob upon the palace of Versailles, because the charge had been propagated by Napoleon. Now this monotonous strain of panegyric is not history, and if it be continued throughout the remaining volumes, as we fear is more than probable, the desideratum, in the words of Mr. Lee, of “an impartial and accurate biography of the Emperor Napoleon,” will not be supplied by his production. It might be excusable in an *oraison funebre*, where it is understood to be a sort of duty to pour whole vials of sweetest perfume upon the memory of the deceased without any commixture of acid; but such a proceeding in a work aspiring to historical sobriety and dignity, immediately awakens suspicion, and injures the effect of even the merited encomium it may contain.

The merely narrative portions of Mr. Lee’s volume are by far the best. He fully sustains in them the reputation he has earned of being one of the most spirited and vigorous writers of the day. His military acquirements impart a satisfactory clearness to his relations of battles and campaigns, whilst the *con amore* spirit with which he tells them, arouses a corresponding sentiment in the bosom of the reader. He here exchanges, moreover, the measured march of his style in other parts, for a quick step, if we may so speak, more in harmony with the rapid movements par-

ticularly of Napoleon's warfare. We may quote his account of the victory over the sections of Paris as a fair sample.

"While these vain discussions were prolonged, Lafond, at the head of a column of the insurgents who had intimidated Menou, marched about half-past two o'clock from the section Lepelletier to the bridge called Pont Neuf. At the same time, another column from the *place de l'Odéon*, approached in the opposite direction, and formed in the *place Dauphine*, at the south end of the bridge. General Cartaux, Bonaparte's former commander at Toulon, had been stationed at this bridge with four hundred men and four pieces of artillery, and with orders to defend both ends of it. But unwilling to come to blows, he retired down the quay to the railing of the Louvre, and allowed Lafond, without obstruction, to join in triumph his friends, in the *place Dauphine*. The insurgents, at the same time, took possession of the *jardin des Enfants*, and occupied, in force, the front and steps of the church of St. Roch, the theatre Français, and the hotel de Noailles, so as to hold possession of the Palais Royal, and the great street of St. Honoré, and to close in upon the posts of Bonaparte as nearly as possible. Women were sent forward, at all points, to tempt the men from their colours, and even the popular leaders themselves advanced, with flourishing and fraternal gestures, in the hope of corrupting them.

"Thus the day was passing away, one side threatening to attack, the other resolved on defence, when about half-past three in the afternoon, the rebel commanders, apprized of the state of feeling in the mass of the nation and the ranks of the army, saw the necessity of precipitating matters. To cover their violence with the respectability of peaceful forms, and probably in hopes of overawing the convention, they summoned the government by a flag of truce, to remove the troops whose presence menaced the good citizens of Paris, and to disarm *the men of terror* as they denominated the volunteers, who were arrayed against them. Their herald was conducted blindfolded to Bonaparte, by whom he was introduced to the executive committee, as to the council of a besieged garrison. His threatening language agitated them sensibly, but did not overcome their resolution. The shades of evening were now approaching, and parties of the insurgents had glided from house to house, so as to get into windows within gun shot of the Tuileries. Bonaparte, with a view of strengthening his reserve, had eight hundred muskets and a supply of cartridges, conveyed to the hall of the convention; a measure which although it alarmed some of the members, by showing them the full extent of the danger, committed all irretrievably in the contest, and enabled the resolute in case of need, to give the modern Gauls a warmer reception, than their ancestors had experienced from the senate of Rome.

"About half past four, when an orderly dragoon had been already shot in the street St. Honoré, and a woman wounded on the steps of the Tuileries; and when the head of Lafond's column was seen approaching the Tuileries on the opposite side of the river, Bonaparte determined to put forth his strength. Sending orders to his posts on the Seine, to open a fire of artillery on Lafond, he hastened to the street Dauphin, where one of his detachments was menaced by a large body of the national guard, drawn up in front and on the steps of the church of St. Roch, and preparing to force their way to the Tuileries. To run forward his pieces, and pour upon this party repeated discharges of grape shot; to drive them with general Berruyer's volunteers from the front and steps of the church into its body; and then, pointing his cannon up and down the street, to clear that important avenue of the enemy, was the work of a few minutes. Leaving that post and a very guarded pursuit, in charge of an approved officer, he galloped to the river. Danican and Maulevrier had united themselves by this time with Lafond, and they were all three, with about seven thousand men, advancing in close column and at the charging step, along the quay upon the Pont Royal, which, emboldened by Cartaux's indecision at the other bridge, they hoped by one determined effort to carry. With the battery at the Louvre, that at the Pont Royal, and with pieces planted at intermediate points along the quay of the Tuileries, Bonaparte directed a rapid discharge of grape shot on the front, flank, and rear, of this dense mass. The effect was of course murderous. The insurgents showed no want of courage, and though they several times wavered and broke, were as often rallied. Lafond proved himself a hero. Remembering the weakness of Menou, and impelled by his own fierce valour,

he collected his bravest followers, and while his main body fired from the quay, twice threw himself upon the bridge, attempting to seize the guns and force the pass by a headlong charge. But Bonaparte was there in person, and twice repelled him by volleys of grape and musketry. The undaunted zealot, who had been a subaltern in the royal guard, rushed a third time to the charge, and desisted not till the fire of his adversary had by death or terror destroyed his column. At this point and at the church of St. Roch, the loss on both sides was considerable. At six o'clock, the insurgents, after an action of an hour and a half, were defeated in all their attacks, and their cannon sent from St. Germain being intercepted, had lost all hope. Bonaparte in taking in his turn the offensive, with a sentiment like that of Cæsar at Pharsalia, ordered blank cartridges only to be fired, justly inferring, that, when such crowds, after the indulgence of confidence and a desperate exertion of courage, were once put to flight, the sound of a gun would keep up their panic. This forbearance saved many lives. During the night he cleared the streets of barricades, patrolled the rue Royale and the Boulevards, dislodged a party from the church St. Roch, and surrounded with detachments of infantry and artillery another party in the Palais Royal. The next day it was easily dispersed, as was a body who had collected in the convent at the head of the rue Vivienne. By noon on the 5th of October, the insurrection was suppressed, and tranquillity perfectly restored. The killed and wounded, of which rather the smaller number belonged to the troops of the convention, amounted to between four and five hundred. Bonaparte had a horse shot under him. The deputies Sieyes, Louvet, and Fréron behaved with remarkable firmness."

In general, the evidence of the *limæ labor* in his style is not to our taste. It is artificial in the extreme, as if every word had been weighed before location, and every period scanned. It might be described in his own characteristic phrase, respecting the national festival for the capture of Toulon, as a style "of careful ostentation and elaborate pomp." The reader feels constantly tempted to repeat to him the request of the judge in the "Plaideurs" to the oratorical l'Intimé—de votre ton, Monsieur, adoucissez l'éclat. "To soar sublime upon the seraph wings of ecstasy," is an attempt which he oftener makes than accomplishes, though it cannot be denied that at times he is happy in his rhetoric. The industry and research which his volume exhibits are also justly entitled to praise.

As to his apology for the atrocities of the French Revolution (p. 52), we must allow him to settle that matter with his conscience.







pered with inharmonious sounds. The music attached to the rhapsodies of Homer was scarcely of this rude character. The symmetrical development of the arts forbids the thought. So much of musical expression depends on rhythm, that the versification of those times seems to imply a corresponding completeness in the accompanying melodies.

It is commonly said, that the ancients were altogether unacquainted with music in parts. That they were not versed in the subtle canons of modern contrapuntists may safely be conceded, but in despite of all the asseverations of scientific critics, we should demand an overwhelming weight of authority to convince us, that all the ennobling and enthusiastic strains of Greece were performed in unison. The natural diversities of pitch in the human voice, and the varying dimensions of instruments, must necessarily suggest the simple concords; and the strings of the lyre and harp, even twanged by accident, or breathed upon by the wind, could not but awaken attention to the pleasing effect of harmony. It is, moreover, said and reiterated, that "all the ancient modes or keys were minor." This is as startling a proposition, and as little verified by critical examination of the ancient writers. The truth is, that there is more of arbitrary or conventional arrangement in the sequence of musical tones than we are ready to own; and mankind are not restricted by organic requisitions to the two grand genera, into which all modern music has fallen. The Grecian modes were neither major nor minor, in the technical understanding of those terms; and the ancients were altogether unacquainted with any such intervals as the consonant thirds and sixths, which ascertain the genus of modern compositions. To conclude, on this topic, Plato could scarcely have extolled as *divine* the strains of Marsyas and Olympus, if they had been totally void of pathos and elegance; nor could the cold Aristotle have acknowledged that

*Ὀλύμπου μέλη ομολογουμένως ποίει τὰς ψυχὰς ἐνδουσιαστικὰς.\**

But to come more near to our theme, in pursuit of our inquiry concerning national music, it may be observed, that accustomed as we are to separate poetry and music, we must never forget that they were inseparable among the early Greeks. And when we speak of Greece, we must not confine ourselves to Europe, but include the colonies; remembering that Herodotus attributes to a Lycian the ancient hymns of Delos, and that Olympus, the father of Greek music, was a Phrygian. The poet and the musician, among these tribes, were the same individual. This had a strong tendency to produce national music, which cannot be said to exist, where the body of the people are not accustomed to sing

\* Plato, *Minos*, p. 318, l. 2.

Μαρσύας καὶ Ὀλύμπου δ' ἑρμῆ. Τούτων δὲ καὶ τὰ δείγματα δείκνυται ἔστι, καὶ μόνον πίνει, καὶ εἴτε καὶ τὸν μόνον λουτὰ ἔστιν ὡς δεῖν ἔστι. Arist. *Pol.* I. 4.

the same airs; and this is seldom the case, except with popular songs, so that the glowing sentiments of a favourite bard would have a greater chance of circulation, when conveyed in musical strains which sprang from the same origin. The poets actually sang their own songs to the lyre. Particularly do we read this of Pindar, and we may judge from the discursive and abrupt variety of his measures, how artfully the rhythm of his music must have been conducted. While, on the one hand, the melodies of the Greeks were perhaps never performed without being "married to immortal verse;" on the other hand, the inspiring strains of the early poets were not written to be coldly read, but were poured upon the excited senses of religious multitudes, with all the cunning modulations of song and instrumental symphonies. To this union we must attribute many of the marvellous effects which are said to have resulted from the music of the ancients; for beneath the most violent of their fables, there must still have been a modicum of truth, sufficient to render the story tolerable to the populace. And we cannot doubt, that at the time when such narratives found credence, there were extant songs which reigned over the affections of extensive districts.

It must be a matter of surprise to every classical scholar, that during "the most high and palmy state of Rome," so little should be said of music. When luxury of every kind began to break in upon the enfeebled empire, we know indeed that the delights of song were common; but we find few traces of what may be called popular music. The genial climate did not then produce the same effect as upon the modern Italian. The rugged conquerors of the world were engaged in a perpetual self-discipline, of which the object was to repress the inclination for the softer pleasures, and brace every fibre into the posture of resistance or offence. Both Nepos (in *Epam.*) and Cicero (*Tusc. Disp.* t. 1.) concede to Greece superiority in this accomplishment, with the air of men who are proud of their want of skill.

When Christianity began to prevail, it necessarily swept away all the popular songs, because throughout their whole texture there ran the subtle threads of gentile mythology. But sacred song became a part of Christian worship, and by degrees ecclesiastical music took its rise. In the earlier ages, we have reason to believe that the Christian hymns were more lyrical than when the Ambrosian chant imposed a lengthened stateliness on the service. In this lighter form, they were more easily circulated, and became in a sort popular or even national. The heresiarch Arius was a poet, and made strong impressions upon the populace by his Greek hymns.

During the dark period when the irruption of northern barbarism was obliterating all the refinements of southern Europe, popular minstrelsy naturally died away. But ecclesiastical harmonies

were rising with corresponding rapidity. The offices of the church gave at once an employment and a retreat to men of taste. Music as well as learning found her asylum in the sanctuary. There is no more striking epoch in her annals than the reformation by Gregory the Great. Thousands of youth were educated for the choir, in the public *Orphanotrophia*. In one of the schools near the Lateran were to be seen, as late as the ninth century, the couch upon which Gregory used to lie when he gave instructions to the singers, and the rods with which he castigated the boys, together with the original of the Antiphonarium. Under his auspices, modern harmony made its first advances. But the antiphonal singing and *canto fermo* did not admit of being conveyed, even in fragments, from the church to the populace. For this it was too ponderous as well as too sacred; and it was only by the general culture which it afforded to the popular taste, that it tended to produce characteristic national melody.

The middle age was the era of popular music. From the eleventh until the fourteenth century, the Troubadours were actively engaged in the cultivation of a style which was eminently suited to the multitude. From them proceeded the Minnesingers, who ruled the taste of Germany in the thirteenth century. Among them were numbered margraves, princes, and even kings and emperors. After the art became debased, minstrels wandered over Europe under the names of Jongleurs, Musars, Violars, and other titles. The Provençal singers gave origin to the Italian romancers, and even England, now long destitute of national music, was then the paradise of a privileged minstrelsy. Chaucer's Clerke is no doubt the sample of an extensive tribe:

“ In twentie maner coud he trippe and daunce,  
After the scole of Oxenforde tho,  
And with his legs casten to and fro.  
And play songs on a small ribible,  
Therto he song sometyme a loude quynible.  
And as well coud he play on a geterne,  
In all the town nas brewhouse ne tauerne  
That he ne visited with his solas,  
There any gay tapstere was.”

The Romancers and Troubadours carried the strains of chivalry and the tender passion alike to cottage and castle; and their influence on European literature is too well known by all scholars for us to be allowed any liberty of enlarging here. It seems highly probable, from the inveterate fondness with which the Alpine mountaineers cling to all their usages and pleasures, that the same airs which now resound among the glens of Switzerland and the Tyrol, were known among the ancestors of these peasants centuries ago. Nations differ strikingly in the amount and marked character of their national music; and there is something in the predominant traits of the Swiss which renders them susceptible of

these deep impressions. While some tribes of mankind are prone to let every great national feeling express itself in song, others pass through the most remarkable vicissitudes without any such enduring memorials. A more striking instance can scarcely be found, than in the two great nations of Britain. Here we find a marked contrast. Of national melodies England has very few, and these are doubtful, and if genuine, have no characteristic traits. Her soil once gave birth to noble bards, and her Alfred was a harper, but no relics of their melodies are now current. There is said to be no dance tune older than the year 1400. The specimens of old English music exhibited by Dr. Crotch to the London Institution, such as "The Carman's Whistle," the "Light of Love," &c., are now entirely obsolete. The national airs are borrowed, and the national taste is formed by mere cultivation from without. England has no national instrument since the Cambrian harp. The march of improvement has trampled down and trodden out those sparks of national enthusiasm which glowed in the age of the bards. Of her mighty wars and convulsive revolutions, she has no musical records embalmed in the memory of the peasant, or consecrating the traditions of the fireside. And from our English descent, we seem as Americans to labour under the same national phlegm.

But how different is the case when we turn to Scotland. Here there is melody unlike all other. There surely never was a wilder vagary of genius, than the supposition that David Rizzio imported the Scots music from Italy. Not to mention the technical peculiarity, arising from the incomplete minor scale of old Scots airs, the characteristics are too prominent to be mistaken. Indeed, modern professors acknowledge, that these melodies are, for variety and expression, superior to those of most nations. A family likeness pervades all these airs. A pensive sweetness is discernible even in the merriest dances, arising from that peculiar key, which has been likened to that of the Greek nomic melodies, and which is probably to be traced to the scale of the ancient bagpipe. They are the patrimony of the Scottish peasant. They are heard in every cottage and on every moor. They gave inspiration to the muse of Burns; for it is well known, that as he traced his furrow, he was accustomed to sing his compositions to familiar airs; and to this we may attribute the remarkable adaptation of his songs to musical delivery, a quality often wanting in lyrical productions, which are highly admirable as poetry, but which have been composed without reference to any musical accompaniment.

The works of which we have placed the titles at the beginning of this article, are collections of those celebrated melodies called the *Ranz-des-Vaches*, or Swiss cowherds' songs. It is a common error to suppose, that there is a single air current throughout Switzerland under this name. These books contain more than

fifty, and there are many still unrecorded. The words are in the various patois of the French and German cantons, which probably have the same Doric charm to the inhabitants which belongs to the lowland Scotch. We find airs of Emmenthal, of Ormond, of Guggisberg, of Frybourg; indeed, almost every nook of the Alps seems to have its appropriate Ranz-des-Vaches. M. Wyss has furnished the songs with a number of explanatory notes and a very useful glossary. The examination of these songs will perhaps mortify some zealous antiquaries, who, in every thing which so deeply affects the popular mind, expect to discover the very inspiration of poetry. In all cases they are very simple, being expressions of deep attachment to native scenes, lays of the seasons, rude pastorals, and ditties of humblest love. But in many cases these effusions are not only trivial but ridiculous, and the *refrain* is often a jargon of unmeaning syllables. This indeed is not always the case, for there are some fraught with tender sentiment, and one or two highly humorous. The fifty-third in number is a favourite song in Schiller's Wilhelm Tell, and we have seen it also in Dutch; the basis of it being no doubt an ancient ballad.\* The most celebrated Ranz-des-Vaches, and one to which the name has been sometimes restricted, is familiar to American musicians, and is eminently plaintive and pastoral. We give it according to the text of Laborde.

“ Quand reverrai-je un jour  
 Tous les objets de mon amour?  
 Nos clairs ruisseaux, nos côteaux, nos hameaux, nos montagnes,  
 Et l'ornement de nos campagnes,  
 La si gentille Isabeau,  
 A l'ombre d'un ormeau?  
 Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau?  
 Quand reverrai-je un jour  
 Tous les objets de mon amour?  
 Mon père, ma mère, mon frère,  
 Ma sœur, mes agneaux, mes troupeaux, ma bergère?  
 Quand reverrai-je un jour  
 Tous les objets de mon amour ?”

But there are a number of the songs which are not thus sentimental; and it is, after all, more the music with its associations

- \* “ 1. Mit dem Pfeil, dem Bogen,  
 Durch Gebirg und Thal,  
 Kommt der Schütz gezogen  
 Früh am Morgenstrahl.
- 2. Wie im Reich der Lüfte  
 König ist der Weih,—  
 Durch Gebirg und Klüfte  
 Herrscht der Schütze frey.
- 3. Ihm gehört das Weite  
 Was sein Pfeil erreicht,  
 Das ist seine Beute  
 Was da krecht und flücht.”

than the embodied thought, which moves the soul of the Swiss *pâtre*. It is oftener so in other cases than is readily admitted. Melodies are not so restricted in their expression as to be capable of adaptation only to one fixed modification of sentiment. Some of Burns's most pensive songs are set to old airs, of which the very titles provoke laughter. It was, if we remember, Biron, the great French vocalist, who once gained a wager, by moving his audience to tears when he sang some of the most frivolous songs to sad music. There is no small amount of assumption in many pretences to musical expression, and we need not wonder to find the Swiss penetrated by tunes which are allied to paltry words. The principle is conceded even by professors. Sir John Hawkins gives some remarkable instances. In Dr. Brown's Ode, entitled *The Cure of Saul*, there is a solo air, which is a saraband from the eighth sonata of Corelli's second opera; and Purcell's great movement in *O give thanks*, is turned into a chorus. The music to the song in *Samson, Return, O Lord of Hosts*, is an Italian cantata of Handel's younger days. The chorus in Alexander's feast was originally an Italian trio. And a great part of the music to Dryden's lesser Ode for St. Cecilia's day was composed for the opera of *Alceste*, written by Smollet, but never performed.

The same thing, we may digress to add, was remarkably exemplified at the time of the Reformation, when the hymnology of the Protestants became somewhat lyrical. Most of the hymns in the vernacular tongue were set to popular songs, much to the scandal of many good people. The French version of the Psalter was begun by the darling poet of the age, Clement Marot, who gave origin to *le style Marotique*, of which Voltaire so bitterly complains. Marot was the inventor of the rondeau, and the restorer of the madrigal and the sonnet. He undertook the Psalter at the instance of Vatablus, and dedicated the version of thirty psalms to Francis I. The Parisian faculty of theology censured the version, but the king connived at it, being an admirer of the bard. They were sung to ballad tunes, and such was their popularity, that they could not be printed fast enough to meet the demand. Every one adapted to them such airs as he chose, and each of the princes and courtiers selected his psalm. Henry II. was fond of the 42d,

" Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruire  
Pour-chassant les frais des eaux;"

and made it his great hunting song. The queen selected the 6th,

" Ne veuille pas, ô Sire  
Me reprendre en ton ire;"

and sang it to a lively tune. And Antony of Navarre chose the 26th,

" Seigneur, garde mon droit."



The version was completed by Beza, and the tunes which were set to it by Godimel and Bourgeois, and which are extant in the old French bibles, became the national music of the Hugonots. Even Roman Catholics joined in singing them. Florimond reproaches the Protestants with their singing sacred hymns to ballad tunes, and shows that the 38th psalm is set to the tune "*Mon bel ami*;" to which a Latin writer of Geneva retorted, that he had heard the *Magnificat* sung to the tune,

" Que ne vous requinquez-vous vielle?  
Que ne vous requinquez-vous donc?"

So much for the adaptation of music. We must now go on to say, that several editions of the work under review have been sold, with surprising rapidity, both in Switzerland and abroad. The lithography is well executed, and the vignettes, which serve as illuminations to the pieces, are appropriate and well conceived. The music has been revised by several of the most celebrated Swiss professors, under the supervision of the editor, M. Ferdinand Huber. He has furnished the airs throughout with accompaniments for the piano forte and the guitar. These are necessarily simple, for any indulgence in scientific refinements would be altogether incompatible with the musical dialect of Switzerland. Huber has endeavoured to avoid every thing incongruous with the national genius, and he has been the better able to accomplish this, because, by frequent excursions among the mountains where they are indigenous, he has caught the inspiration of the scene, and imbibed the enthusiasm which originated and has preserved these singular productions.

Whether we regard the touching simplicity of these airs as they affect strangers, or the wonderful impression which they make upon the Alpine herdsmen and hunters, the Ranz-des-Vaches must be considered as the most remarkable national melodies of Europe. Yet, after all the care of the artist, there is no notation which can serve to convey a genuine impression of the *Kuhreihen*. The organs of the native mountaineers are necessary for this, and no one of our readers who has travelled in Switzerland or the Tyrol can fail to understand us when we say, that there are tones and modulations which can be produced by none but a Swiss throat, and which are unlike any other sounds on earth. The transitions, divisions, and rapid embellishments, effected in the open throat, cannot be indicated by notes; and when the attempt is made to replace these anomalous executions by the refinements of Italian music, the whole charm of the airs, as Swiss, has evaporated. This peculiarity of organic action, by which the throat is in reality transformed into an instrument of another *timbre*, is called by the Swiss *yodlen*. To be comprehended it must be heard, and such as have heard it will readily acknowledge, that to this rather than to any consecution of notes or harmonies, are the Ranz-des-Vaches

indebted for their peculiar effect. The shepherd of the Alps, accustomed to sing in the open air, and to hear his voice reverberated by mountain echoes, acquires a prodigious power, and runs through the whole gamut with a single breath. Preferring to a regular melody, those free strains which are prompted by his fancy, and to which his organs are naturally led, he abounds in variations, and even when requested, seldom repeats an air precisely as he first gave it. The place, the circumstances, the sentiment, the transient mood of his soul, all operate to alter and variegate the flood of song, and he pours forth a strain far more resembling the gush from a happy bird, than the ordinary effusions of musical accomplishment. Sometimes artifices are used, to give additional power to the voice. This is particularly true of the song of Appenzell, called the *Ruguser*. The performer applies his open hands to the sides of the face and throat, and in some way which we cannot explain, gives energy to the voice. In a plate of the work before us, we have a representation of this manoeuvre.

From what has been said, we learn to appreciate the remark often made by Swiss amateurs, that these songs have a very inferior effect, and produce only disappointment to the ear, when performed in fashionable assemblies. They demand vigorous lungs, a deep and sonorous voice; and we may add, that their legitimate effect can take place only among their native echoes. "The traveller," says Meissner, "who collects singers in some mountain inn, for the purpose of hearing the national songs, will be apt to agree with those who pass a harsh judgment on this music. The *Ranz-des-Vaches*, like other airs of the Swiss peasantry, require to be heard at a certain distance, which is absolutely necessary to modify the roughness of sounds issuing with energy from a sturdy chest. However well executed, they lose their peculiar charm unless heard among the mountains. They must be sung out of the very fulness of the mountaineer's heart, as he calls his herd, or gaily carries his milk down the declivities. Ignorant of the rules of art, and guided by fancy alone, he prefers sounds which ring harmoniously through the welkin, and produce a charm which is indescribable. The imposing solitude, while it diffuses a certain melancholy over the soul, engenders a sentiment of respect for all that, like surrounding scenes, is artless and exempt from show. In such places and under such impressions must the *Ranz-des-Vaches* be heard."

These are the words of patriotic, no less than musical enthusiasm, but not without their interest on this very account. If there is any thing in them to which we could take exception, it is the impression which they leave that the airs are always airs of sadness. They strike us as being rather the buoyant issues of joyous hearts. Loud and vagrant, they express the very genius of the untrammelled Alpine shepherd. But perhaps here, as in the noted

case of the nightingale, it may depend much on the mood of the listener, whether they be set down as mirthful or pensive. Being an effusion so free and artless, the very wantonness of sound, this species of song demands that the performer be altogether at his ease, to follow every modulation which may be prompted by the condition of his organs, or the caprice of feeling. One only limit seems to be necessary, which is, that these natural variations should not recede too far from the spirit of the theme. These remarks will prepare the reader to believe, that to note down adequately the meandering sounds of the Swiss cowherds' song, were almost as hopeless a task, as to record the harmonic wailings of an Æolian harp.

Our authorities observe, that it is rare to find two mountaineers who execute the same *Ranz-des-Vaches* precisely in the same manner, and that females seldom do justice to their full and sonorous passages. And especially, to use the words of Ebel, "that which characterizes this national song, is the sudden transition from pectoral to guttural voice, which the inhabitants of our mountains execute with inconceivable facility and precision. No one who is destitute of this faculty, can ever execute a *Ranz-des-Vaches* without altering its nature."

The appropriate accompaniment of the *Kuhreihen* is the Alpine horn. It is likened, in shape, says Cappeler in his description of Mount Pilate, to the crozier or crook of the ancient Roman augurs, which according to Gellius was curved at the larger extremity. It is commonly made of two pieces of fir, bored throughout the whole length by a hot iron, and with an opening much resembling that of a trumpet. During the fourteenth century, it was extensively used as a speaking-trumpet, in order to indicate the approach of enemies. Those which Professor Wyss examined, were from four to five feet in length, and protected by bands of bark, and a coating of wax. They have been found twelve feet in length. "The *Alp-horn*," says Huber, "is an instrument which never fails to produce a fine effect, when heard at a proper distance. The sound is carried by the wind through a great extent of country, and the tones are thus softened, so as to resemble a well-played clarionet." The musical amateurs of Switzerland are making an effort to revive the common use of this national instrument, which seems to have fallen into desuetude.

The charm of the *Ranz-des-Vaches* has been so universally acknowledged, that, as the editor observes, some of the most eminent professors have endeavoured to analyze its mysteries, to detect the secret principle, and to reproduce it in variations. It has been commented on by Viotti, Rousseau, Turenne, Bridel, and Zwinger. Bridel, in his "*Conservateur Suisse*," has the following remarks: "In the patois of the Romane Switzerland, *Ranz* signifies any row of objects following one another in single file. *Rank* in Celtic,

and *Reihen* in German, have the same signification. The *Ranz-des-Vaches*, therefore, signifies in music, 'the march, or row, of kine.' This air, peculiar to our Alps, is of ancient date. It was originally played on the hautboy, or Alpine horn. German Switzerland has *Kuhreihen*, or *Ranz-des-Vaches*, belonging respectively to Entlibuch, Mont Pilate, Guggisberg, and the canton of Appenzell; to Emmenthal, Siebenthal, and the vale of Hasli. That of Appenzell was sent to England, in the early part of the last century, at the request of Queen Anne, and was often performed in her presence. The most complete collection is that which appeared at Berne, in 1812, under the title, '*Sammlung Schweizer Kuhreihen und Alpenvolkslieder*' (the German title of the work first mentioned at the head of this Review.) The characteristics of these national airs are, great simplicity and a melancholy tone. \* \* \* \* It is not in the theatre, the opera, or the concert room, that one must expect to hear the *Ranz-des-Vaches*. They must be listened to in the very places for which they were made; among Alpine rocks, at the door of the chalet, or amidst the herd on the lake-side; with their own native accompaniments, the brawling of the torrent, and the noise of pines swayed by the wind, which serve as a perpetual bass; the voice of echo prolonging and repeating them, the lowing of kine, and the 'carrillon' of their bells, thrown in by chance at irregular intervals. This air is of mighty effect in our lofty solitudes, and derives from Alpine scenes something mysterious and awful, especially when performed by night, on the side of some Alp over against us, when neither singers nor instruments are seen, and when the absolute silence of the hour is violated only by these simple, sad, and almost savage modulations."—"I have sometimes walked alone, towards the decline of day, in those sombre recesses, where all desire for conversation is repressed. I have there instinctively seated myself upon a rock, when on a sudden my ear—or rather my whole being—has been arrested by sounds, now lengthened out and sustained, now precipitately bold, issuing from one mountain and passing to another. It was the long Alpine horn; and a female voice mingled its pensive, sweet, and touching notes, in perfect unison."

We have introduced these characteristic sentences, not merely as description, but as actual specimens of the romantic enthusiasm with which this music is regarded by the Swiss. They will possess more of novelty to American, than to transatlantic minds, because we are so remarkably destitute of any thing analogous. It would be highly unreasonable to look for any music in our own country, which deserves to be called national. The population is heterogeneous, and ages must elapse, before the discriminating lines can be obliterated. From the several countries of Europe, to which our citizens respectively trace their origin, we have bor-

rowed a few popular melodies; but those who mingle with the yeomanry need not be told, that even these are losing their currency. Popular music is not conveyed by the same channels with artificial refinements of song. While the latter emanate from the written score, the assembly, and the conservatorio, the music of the people is caught from mouth to mouth, handed from father to son, and learned by the wayside or in the shaded lawn. When we listen to catch the strains which circulate in our work-shops or public places, we are struck with the fact, that they are not in any case ancestral songs, cherished with patriotic fervour, but debased or mutilated snatches from the orchestra, learned in the gallery, and propagated among the crowd. And in the case of these, the fashion changes in due correspondence with the public rage for successive melodramas or farces.

Wherever the passion for music is so inwrought into the character of a people, that all their most sacred and controlling sentiments are expressed in song, there and only there purely national music springs up. The songs of Greece are instinct with the life of liberty. The romances of the middle ages depict the scenes of chivalry. The history of the fallen Stuarts is contained in the Jacobite songs of Scotland. And in the last instance, where we have the melodies as well as the words, we find the airs perpetuated among the people. In all these cases, the national spirit breathed itself forth in music. But such is not the genius of the American people. What relics have we of the old French war? Not one. In what cherished song are the mighty achievements of the Revolution embalmed? We will not name those few burlesque effusions, which were adopted first in scorn, and continued by caprice. During our last war, the most unromantic surely that ever was waged, several clever song-writers engaged the public attention, and produced naval ditties, sportive, and for a time in use, but now absolutely forgotten. Is there a single melody attached to favourite words, which we can trace from cottage to cottage, or whose echoes come to us from the lake or the mountain? Do the boatmen on our mighty streams solace their weary hours by oft-repeated strains of the olden time? The answers to these questions may prepare the reader not to be startled at the position, that we have no national music. In polished circles, indeed, no one of the fine arts has been more happily cultivated; but this is a matter of another sphere. These influences, beneficial to a certain extent, are actually destructive of the popular idiom. By scientific culture we gain a mastery of the conventional and subtle, the κοινή διάλεκτος of music; but in the same degree we lose the rugged but penetrating characteristics of national melody.

National music is the offspring of national feeling. As a social luxury, it springs up where strong feeling is expressed in society. Its tones do not proceed from the hermitage or the cell, but from

the band of shepherds, the sylvan group, or the masses of the populace. It is the social element in religion which has made sacred music more wide in its influence among us than any other. In every circle, among the different sects of our people, we hear fragments of church melodies and hymns from the public service. Indeed, these are the only songs which in America seem to be a common possession. Popular music cannot flourish where the pleasures of the people are solitary. How different is the state of our society, in this respect, from that of France and Germany! When have we seen our public squares or village commons covered with bands of rejoicing people? In truth, we have no festivities. The name does not apply to those boisterous orgies from which the quiet and tasteful must fly, and where the smoke of burnt powder and the fumes of strong liquors indicate the reigning temper. When large numbers assemble, it is generally in mobs, and in the sullenness of temper which we seem to have inherited from John Bull, we lack that very buoyancy of gratified and hopeful minds which would go far to tame and mollify the fierce democracy.

We are very far from meaning that the introduction of many vacant days, or the multiplication of festivals, would benefit our people. As things are, the fewer of these the better. But we maintain, that the very temper which precludes the hearty festivities of large assemblies, is that which has kept us back from attaining such a treasury of song as is possessed by many inferior nations. If some poet should ever arise, who, like Burns, could speak out the inmost heart of the common man, and who, instead of casting every thought into the transatlantic mould, should embody the national feeling in words that burn, and so furnish to the husbandman at his plough, and the mother at her cradle, the simple vehicle for their sweet and home-bred thoughts, he would, by becoming the darling of the people, become their benefactor. This is the literature, not bred in cloisters, which we need to smooth away the asperities of the national temper. Melody would soon waft such songs far and wide, and for the first time we should feel the zephyr of music gently breathing over our utilitarian soil.

The refreshment and solace of music is needed by our operatives, needed by our scholars. "A distinguished professor of the island of Sicily," says Mr. William C. Woodbridge, in his lecture on Vocal Music, "on hearing the sad tale of the influence of study on our literary men, asked me, 'What amusements have your literary men in America?' As you will readily imagine, I was only able to answer, *None*. He expressed his astonishment, and added, 'No wonder they are sick, and die of study!' He informed me, that he spent a stated portion of the day in recreations, of which instrumental and vocal music were an essential part, and thought he could not live without the relief which they gave his mind."



The same remark is applicable to our common people. True, they do not demand muscular action, but they greatly need the healing quickening influence of a soft insinuating principle like that of which we speak.

Every traveller in Germany is struck with the prevalence of a taste for music. At all hours of recreation, the sound of mingling instruments and voices reaches his ear, from the school, the playground, the throng of labourers, or the public walks. And even where the intelligence of the people thus employed is far less than that of the corresponding classes among ourselves, the cheerfulness, quiet, and harmony are far greater. The German tribes had been early trained to music. The Roman Catholic church had given it abundant cultivation. And Luther, being himself a musician, and understanding its power, used all exertions to render its influence universal. His saying was, "A schoolmaster must be able to sing, or I will not look upon him." And he is quoted by Mr. Woodbridge as thus expressing his judgment: "When natural music is highly cultivated and polished, then we ascertain, for the first time, in part, (for it can never be fully understood,) and with astonishment, the great and perfect wisdom of God in this curious art. Wherefore, I recommend to every man, particularly to youth, and hereby admonish them duly to love, honour, and esteem this precious, useful, and cheerful gift of God; the knowledge and diligent use of which will at all times drive off evil thoughts, and diminish the effect of evil society and vices."

It is perhaps the gravest question connected with our subject, how far it is possible to form the national taste, or give musical culture to the people. An experiment has been made in Switzerland, which is full of encouragement. Allusion was made above to the prevalence of music in the Swiss cantons. Still, however, the French region in the south-west was far behind the remaining districts, and the music on the lake of Geneva was exceedingly debased. About three years ago, (we borrow from a European narrative,) a Saxon gentleman, named Kaupert, who has long resided at Morges, undertook to give gratuitous instruction to the youth of any village who would accept his services. The plan was deemed chimerical, but it was crowned with success. At Morges and the neighbouring villages there were soon heard vocal concerts of hundreds, which electrified the whole environs of the lake. He was followed by crowds, and his assemblies were often held in churches, and sometimes in the open air. In the former, hymns were sung; and in the latter places, moral, descriptive, or patriotic songs. "His plan," says our authority, "is to trace, in a clear and simple manner, upon a large black board, the notes of each lesson, and he furnishes each one of his pupils with a card or paper, containing what he judges fit for each step of instruction. He usually succeeds in ten lectures, to qualify these

vast masses to execute the simple and touching hymn or song, in parts and full concert, enrapturing all who witness the scene.”—“In the introductory lecture, he strongly affects the imagination and the sensibility of his hearers, by his descriptions of the powers and the intention of music, to breathe noble and generous sentiments, to harmonize the minds and hearts of men, to honour our country, to excite admiration of the works of God, and as the highest point of all, to show forth his praises.”

The grand secret of this benevolent man was this. He summoned not a select class, but the body of the people, disregarding all other distinctions but that of Swiss nationality; and he began with the actual practice of those melodies with which it was intended to conclude. Hence the largest assemblages were carried forward in the pursuit with ardour. Under such arrangements, we have often witnessed the rapidity with which the less practised part of a choir catch the spirit of their few distinguished leaders. From the very first the music was popular, and was performed in such circumstances as fostered the social feeling among all classes. Children, and students, and whole families together, entered themselves as learners. The appeal being made to their patriotism, every one made a merit of prompt compliance. After suitable preparation, a grand meeting took place in the great church, the noblest Gothic edifice in Switzerland. The societies were designated by banners, crowds flocked together from the vicinity, and two thousand singers took their places in the church, while multitudes thronged around the building as auditors. A hymn and tune of Luther's opened the exhibition, and the effect was beyond description. Among other pieces, a patriotic song of M. Olivier, *La Patrie*, “Our country, Helvetia! Helvetia!” served to animate the whole assembly with a rapture of national enthusiasm.

The simplicity of these methods, which is their most striking characteristic, renders them suitable models for other countries. There is no expensive machinery, and no alarming preparatory discipline. The effect has been a complete musical revolution in these districts, and we know no cause which should prevent similar results among ourselves. The same zeal and assiduity, especially among our youth, could not fail of their effect.

The enthusiasm was caught from hamlet to hamlet, and Swiss music became the reigning topic on every side. In Geneva, an attempt was made to frown upon M. Kaupert's endeavours by some of the aristocratical circles, but he succeeded to his utmost wishes. Youth and age mingled in his assemblies, the learned and the poor were alike smitten with the love of song; so that, when the principal collection of singers was summoned, there was no church in the city which was capacious enough to receive them; and when the performers met in the *Plein Palais*, they

amounted to four thousand. The torrent of harmony from such a concourse was most imposing, and it deserves to be remarked, that the asperities and discords of partially trained singers are found in practice to be wonderfully mollified, when the chorus is sustained by a multitude. Notwithstanding the difficulty of keeping time, and the adverse operation of the wind, the whole passed off admirably; the air rang with acclamations of delight, and a medal was struck in honour of the enterprising leader. Similar success attended his experiment at Lausanne. The whole population were animated with the same zeal, and associations were formed in the neighbouring villages. Other amusements gave place to musical entertainments, and a general harmony of feeling was produced in the whole country.

If any of our readers should judge that we have given too much space to a subject belonging apparently to the mere domain of taste, we must respectfully urge a reconsideration of the sentence, as we are persuaded that it has a most near relation to our highest national interests. The wisest men in all ages have acknowledged the power of popular songs; "which," we may say in Milton's words, "if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and passions, to smooth and make them gentle, from rustic harshness and distempered manners."

## ART. II.—POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

- 1.—*Osservazioni sulla Poesia de' Trovatori, e sulle principali maniere e forme di essa.* Modena, 1829. pp. 526.
- 2.—*Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours.* Par M. RAYNOUARD.

THE annals of literature present few phenomena so well calculated to excite attention or demand investigation, as the sudden rise, extensive influence, and rapid decay of the poetry of the Troubadours. The south of Europe had scarcely recovered from the repeated shocks of invasions from the north—its institutions, its arts, and its learning, had been destroyed; and even its language had been converted into corrupt and confused jargons—when the Provençal dialect, born from a mixture of heterogeneous tongues, assumed a superiority over all its contemporaries, and in the eleventh century began to be widely cultivated, and enriched by the productions of numerous poets. Its bards, almost at once, acquired a high reputation. Their fame was spread over a great part of Europe, and the permanent supremacy of their language, would seem to have been almost assured by their success. But almost

as suddenly as it had burst forth, the glory which shone around them and their works disappeared. After a brief existence of three centuries, the literature of Provence rapidly declined. The language, with all its elegance and harmony, and its thousand treasures of poetic fancy, yielding to the introduction of new dialects, gradually sunk into insignificance, leaving to modern times the only evidence of its triumphs in the obscurity of a forgotten tongue. The causes of the rapid decay of a literature, whose influence was not only so general during its own existence, but which has also affected, to a greater or less extent, that of succeeding times—though arising in some measure from political events—may doubtless be found in its own peculiar character, and in that of its numerous cultivators.

The corruption of the Latin language, by its mixture with those of the various barbarous nations which swarmed in the Roman provinces, and finally subverted the empire of the mistress of the world, gave birth, as might be expected, to different idioms, partaking indiscriminately of the characters of the dialects from which they were formed. From the fifth century to the tenth, the numerous and ever-varying races who peopled the southern part of Europe, communicated with each other in a confused and heterogeneous speech, which, changing with every popular caprice or revolution, served only to retard the progress of intellectual cultivation. It was impossible that a literature should exist at a time when its productions could not have been transmitted to a succeeding generation; and when it was deemed unsafe to entrust to the fluctuating popular dialect the chronicles of events worthy of remembrance. Thus none of the records or the histories of that period, nor even the songs composed on common occasions, which ever owe their origin to the tastes of the day, were written in the language employed for ordinary intercourse, but in Latin, which was generally understood, though much corrupted by the introduction of barbarous words. Europe at this time was sunk in the darkness of ignorance. No cheering ray appeared to dissipate the more than midnight gloom, till at length the dawn of returning light broke in from the east. The Arabians, the nation which had principally contributed to the overthrow of letters, whose conquests had destroyed civilization and intelligence in every country which they subdued, seemed now destined, by a law of compensation, to revive the reign of mind, and shed again over the earth the lustre of intellectual day. Turning from the triumphs of victory to the pursuits of voluptuous enjoyment, these conquerors enhanced and refined the delights of sense by the cultivation of higher attainments; and in the field of art and science, soon obtained a dominion scarcely less extensive and imposing than that which their arms had won. The influence of Arabian genius spread far and wide, awakening the dormant imagination of other nations, and

continued to produce its effects long after the mental empire had passed from the hands of its original founders, and become separated into various and remote dynasties. The beauties of oriental poetry, the rich and brilliant images in which it abounded, were transferred into foreign tongues, and eagerly imitated, thus imparting to the new literature peculiarities as distinct as possible from a classical character. Although, in the writings of the Provençal poets, we meet not unfrequently with allusions which prove incontrovertibly that the great masterpieces of Latin, and even of Greek learning, were not wholly unknown to some, it is no less evident that none of them possessed a taste sufficiently cultivated to relish or to imitate the beauties of classic lore. The Troubadours may thus far advance a claim to originality, that in naught are they indebted to the lessons or examples of the ancients. If scholastic learning was not utterly contemned among them, they at least profited not by it. In no instance had they recourse to the treasures of mythology which were at hand, to enrich their verses. They possessed in themselves the materials for poetry, independent of aught borrowed; subjects and images derived from their own local customs, and peculiar character as a nation. Their religious ideas, their chivalrous manners, their political habits and prejudices, and their general ignorance, unfitted them for the revival of ancient letters, and rendered it more easy to create a new literature, than to imitate an old one. To this indisposition to classical attainment may be attributed the number of the Troubadours, and their near equality in point of fame. No painful course of study was requisite, to win the guerdon of distinction; no elaborate care, to frame the poems which were to charm all hearers, and confer immortality upon their author. The minstrel sang to his harp, careless of censure, and secure of success, the praises of his lady-love, or the thrilling song of victory. The crown that rewarded his labours was bestowed by the hand of beauty, and we may well conjecture that it decked the brow of him who knelt most gracefully, or sang most gallantly of her charms, rather than the head silvered in the acquirement of wisdom. The profession of the "Gay Science" was as universal as the diffusion of the chivalrous spirit which inspired it. A sort of republicanism prevailed in letters; and the knight, with no fortune but his sword, won as proud a wreath of glory in the field of poetical contest, as the sovereign on the throne; while the latter disdained not to enter the lists with the humblest competitor.

The disregard of learning, among the writers of the *Langue d'Oc*, has been mentioned with truth as constituting one of the principal causes of the decay of Provençal literature. The resources of its votaries were easily exhausted; and having debarred themselves access to the glorious monuments of ancient genius, they were unable to supply the deficiencies of imagination. The bril-

liant and fantastical ideas borrowed from the Arabians, though dazzling at first, were wanting in truth and nature; and soon their universal adoption, while it deprived them of the charm of novelty, gave rise to a monotony which palled upon the mind. The Troubadours contented themselves with lyric effusions on subjects already hacknied, their want of knowledge preventing them from elevating their compositions—and attempted not the production of more lasting works, of an epic or dramatic kind. At the period of their prosperity had some great writer arisen, who, surpassing all his cotemporaries, should have furnished his successors with a single noble model for their imitation, combining all the beauties of the various compositions which now remain, with those beauties exalted by the splendour of a genius superior to that of the multitude, this exquisite language, so eminently adapted to poetry, would not have been so soon consigned to oblivion. The brilliant promise of its dawn, instead of relapsing into obscurity, would have ripened to the radiance of a perfect day. But no writer of this stamp appeared; and as it was thus impossible for Provençal poetry to possess a character more lofty than that belonging to the age in which it was cultivated, it was natural that it should decline with the spirit which produced it; and that subsequent authors who availed themselves of classic learning, should choose a language distinct from one already appropriated by the vulgar.

The merit of originality, which the Troubadours certainly possessed in a remarkable degree, has scarcely been sufficiently noticed. It is in this light that, to do them full justice, we should examine and appreciate their compositions; and while we acknowledge their defects, deny them not the praise of having created an independent literature, which has been far from useless in the formation of succeeding ones. Their sentiments, their images, and expressions, constitute the language of amatory poetry in many modern nations; and though elevated and improved by modern refinement, we should not ungratefully disregard the source whence they were derived. The sensibility, the ingenuity and energy which characterize the productions of these bards, cannot be overlooked; nor the brief and brilliant period of their success cease to be a subject of interest; and if their poetry, after flourishing for a short space upon an inhospitable soil, has been destined to wither and perish from the sight of men, its influence still exists, and is perceptible in the manners and genius of remote nations.

The rise of chivalry was contemporaneous with the birth of poetry among the Troubadours; and each produced upon the other a marked effect. The high and enthusiastic notions of the passion of love derived from the eastern nations, and the equally ardent feelings of religious zeal, stimulated the warrior to deeds of enterprise and fame. The minstrel roused by his strains the ambition of knights and princes, and incited them to take up arms to avenge



the profanation of infidels, and accomplish the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; then marching himself in the train of the armies of the cross, sought renown as a warrior, and proved himself as able to vindicate Christian rights in the day of battle, as to sing of Christian heroism and triumph. On the other hand, the bold and reckless course of life pursued under the feudal system, contributed to nourish that poetical spirit which rendered the life of the warrior one of enchantment. Instructed to court dangerous adventure, and to despise death, the true knight was distinguished by a fearlessness and independence which imparted a character to the strains of the poet, who in turn celebrated and blamed as they merited the deeds passing under his observation; and never scrupled, when occasion offered, to denounce the vices of the peasantry, the excesses of the clergy, the disorders of the nobility, or the wrong and injustice of crowned oppressors. If the freedom of these chivalrous moralists approached sometimes to harshness and severity, we cannot deny them the praise of having generally espoused the cause of the injured; while they sought to chastise the vices of those who, by disregard of the courtesies or charities of life, had given their bold monitors the right to rebuke their faults. These admonitions were seldom contemned; the law of public opinion exerted an unbounded sway even over those who despised the restraints of morality; and the reckless adventurer, whom no tie of personal interest could bind, was awed into obedience by the decisions of a court at which ladies only presided. Devotion to the fair sex was the ruling passion of the Troubadour. Love was the light of his existence, the inspiration of his verse, a feeling mysterious and sacred, sharing only with religion the empire of his heart. Under the dominion of Raymond Berenger and the succeeding counts of Provence, love assumed a character of veneration before altogether unknown, and no hyperbole was too extravagant to celebrate those charms which constituted the inexhaustible theme of the Provençal bards. In illustration of their style of praise, we cite a passage from one of the *chanzos* of William de St. Didier, which is sufficiently comprehensive.

“ The model of all perfectness and grace  
Is she whose charms the minstrel's praises claim;  
All that she owns is fair; her beauteous face—  
Her speech—her mien—her deeds—her dower—her name.  
Should not her beauties in my verses blend?  
Ah! were my lays but worthy of their theme,  
The songs of other bards would they transcend,  
As she doth far outshine the loveliest dame.”

The sorrows of unreturned affection were a favourite theme with many minstrels, who loved to sing of the cruelty of their mistresses, rather than seek consolation in the smiles of others. Thus Perdigon:

“ Blest be the cares, the griefs, which cruel love  
 So long hath caused me! To his ruthless chain  
 I owe the ecstasy which now I prove,  
 A thousand fold enhanced! Remembered pain  
 But makes the present rapture doubly sweet;  
 Without my woes I ne’er had been so blest;  
 They only who have known such pangs to meet  
 Can prove the pleasure with redoubled zest.”

If at all times their poems were remarkable for a redundancy of sentiment and language, not unfrequently do we find graceful images and ingenious turns of thought; as when they offered to the fair arbiters of their destiny that sincere homage in which the heart and the fancy had equal share. The following fragment from Peire Rogiers contains a figure frequent among them.

“ He who has looked not on my lady’s face  
 Can never hope such beauty to behold;  
 Each bosom kindles with her matchless grace:—  
 Nay—in her presence, night, obscure and cold  
 Shines with the lustre of a borrowed day,  
 Happy whose eyes can meet her charms’ array!”

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the poetry of the Troubadours is the *mélange*, the confusion of the images of religion and love, and the indiscriminate application of similar expressions to either subject. The sole ambition of the minstrel being to cultivate at the same time the two most vaunted feelings of his nature, devotion and love, he frequently speaks of paradise, the angels, and the Holy Virgin, in the same breath with the charms of his mistress; and in praising her, dreams not of infringing his duty to the celestial powers. This species of profanity, which in another age and country would have been reprobated as grossly irreverent, forms one of the distinguishing characteristics of this nation of bards, and proves the universal laxity of principle among them. Even if we yield our belief to the sincerity of the sentiments in the breasts of these poet lovers, that betrayed them into such extravagance, we shall find it difficult to pardon it. This extravagance, born of the spirit of the times, bears the impress of its enthusiastic nature, and of the disregard of scholastic rules which distinguished the Troubadours. In a song of William de Cabestaing, he prays that the Virgin may inspire the heart of his lady with tenderness for himself; and the name of the Deity is continually invoked in appeals to the mercy of the cruel fair. Sometimes this devotion becomes absolute profanity; as, where Hugues de la Bachellerie declares that he never recites a *pater noster*, when his heart addresses not the image of his lady at the utterance of the phrase, “ *Qui es in cælis.*”

One of the most celebrated among the amatory poems of the Troubadours, is a song by the Countess de Die, forsaken by her lover; “and never,” says the ingenious Raynouard, “did an amor-

ous lay combine so much of the expression of forlornness with that of a love so tender and passionate. Sentiments the most pure, the most sincere, the most exquisite, have dictated these verses. If we compare them with those of Sappho, we shall have a just idea of the distinction between the character of classical love poetry and that of the Troubadours. The love of the Grecian poet bears the impress of an age when the sensibilities were purely physical; when as yet woman was not admitted, as in a more advanced stage of civilization, to form the chief ornament of society. The enamoured Provençal poetess speaks a different language; her feeling flows from the heart alone; her sensibility is intellectual." Although not fully agreeing with the learned critic in his definition of the character of Provençal love, we offer a translation of this poem. In embodying its sentiments in English verse, it must necessarily be deprived of that beauty, which is owing to the harmonious arrangement of words in a language of surpassing melody. "Its graces," to use the words of a French critic, "are delicate flowers, whose odour must be breathed upon the stem; whose fragrance is exhaled, and whose brilliancy sullied, the moment they are removed from the parent bed." Notwithstanding, to present a paraphrase in prose of the ideas and images of Troubadour poetry, were to do it far less than justice; and since its highest charm is owing to the melody of verse, the advantage should be preserved in as great a degree as possible in transferring them to another language.

**" SONG OF THE COUNTESS DE DIE.**

Grief's accents dwell upon my tongue,  
And sorrow now inspires the song,  
I weep for him, alas! whose love  
Was once this slighted bosom's joy;  
Without whose smile, nor wit, nor grace,  
Nor mirth, nor charms, my thoughts employ.  
I am deceived, betrayed to scorn,  
As if my crimes had made me mourn.

One thought at least, to soothe my pains,  
Dear author of my wo! remains,  
My truth—my changeless truth, Valence  
Seguin ne'er loved as I love thee;  
Thee I surpass in tenderness  
As thou in brightness conquerest me.  
For me in thy looks anger lies,  
Where goodness shines for other eyes.

What sudden anguish chilled my heart  
When first it proved thy cruel art!  
Can I thy coldness cease to mourn?  
Ah! justly it can never be  
To other dames should falsely turn  
The heart that once beat true to me.  
Think on our early love; Oh never—  
Heaven grant—my hand those ties shall sever.

Thy merit and thy nobleness  
Taught me to fear thy falsehood less.  
I know the fairest and the best  
Of this, or any distant land,  
In choosing thee, were wise and blest:  
But thou, who can'st in love command,  
By tokens past know'st whom to call  
Sincerest, tenderest of them all.

Upon my rank, my charms, I'll dwell:—  
Yet more that I have loved so well.  
Thus to thy careless glance I send—  
A messenger of love—this song;  
And claim to know, beloved friend,  
The cause of all my cruel wrong.  
Was it thy hate that caused my wo?  
Or gave thy pride the ruthless blow?"

These gentle poets, when they ceased to sing the delights or the torments of love, and turned to loftier themes, were not unworthy of attention. When the minstrel essayed, in just and honourable grief, to consecrate the memory of his prince, or of the nobles who had merited his attachment and public esteem, his verse, plaintive and eloquent, rose to the dignity of the ode. Of this kind is that of Gancelm Faidit, composed upon the death of King Richard, at the close of the twelfth century. In their *sirventes*, the Troubadours gave vent to the satirical spirit which aimed to rebuke the vices of the age, or to gratify the rancour of personal hostility. Their censures, dictated as they not unfrequently were, by an envious or vindictive temper, were severe and exaggerated, if not always unjust. Yet they throw a strong light upon the manners, the opinions, and the prejudices of the times; and the judicious observer will be at no loss to discern, in pictures coloured more or less highly, the tints that belong to nature and truth. The bitterness which characterizes some of these effusions is no less remarkable than the boldness with which the shaft of satire is aimed at the great and powerful. Not unfrequently is the elegiac ode to the memory of some departed hero used as the cover of a virulent attack upon living princes. When Sordel laments the death of Blasas, his friend and benefactor, in recounting his excellencies as a warrior and a Troubadour, he embraces the opportunity to rail at the great, who, he says, can never emulate the virtues of the departed; and recommends that the heart of Blasas be divided among those coward princes and barons, believing that the smallest part of the treasure would suffice for each. To this curious piece Bertrand d'Alamanon replied; and improving upon the judgment of his contemporary, maintained that it would be in vain to deal as proposed with the heart of the dead soldier; since five hundred hearts like his would fail to bestow courage on the noble who possessed it not. He suggested, that the precious relic might be rather divided among the fairest and best of the dames; and enu-

merating a goodly list of these, terminates his verses with the pious wish, "that God the glorious would accept the soul of Blacas; his heart is with the dames, whom it was ever his ambition to please." Notwithstanding their disposition for satire, and their disregard of the rank which in later days has secured immunity from censure, the Troubadours were not averse to render justice to the talents and success even of their rivals in the pursuit of glory. It was particularly against the priests that the severity of their abuse was directed; the hypocrisy, the avarice, and criminal indulgence of this class, furnishing a continual theme for complaint.

In the martial songs of these bards, it is remarkable to observe the almost ferocious enthusiasm with which they dwell on pictures of war. We might fancy ourselves listening to the fierce strains of those renowned Northern Scalds, who, inaccessible alike to fear and pity, roused to combat the stern followers of Odin, and by presenting constantly images of carnage and blood, emboldened the warriors to meet without reluctance the real horrors of the field. Gaily does the Provençal poet sing the delight of witnessing the hostile preparation and the fierce encounter—the sight of fields covered with horses armed for the battle—the ruin of trees and vines, and the sheaves of the industrious serf, which impeded the advance of the glittering troops—the shattering of armour, the trampling of combatants, and even the groans of the wounded and dying. His zeal is particularly evinced in exhortations to the warriors of his land to arm for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; and the songs of this kind breathe a spirit of religious enthusiasm highly honourable to those who composed them. After the first crusade, the Count of Poitiers thus celebrates his own zeal for the conquest of Palestine.

" Faithful to ties by duty wove,  
I arm at glory's restless call;  
To pass the seas, where pilgrims rove,  
In Heaven's just cause to fight or fall.

Farewell the gorgeous tourney's scene,  
The pomp that made this bosom blest;  
When God his champion summons hence,  
Shall aught my onward course arrest?

Forgive—companions of my toil—  
Each reckless word!—repentant tears  
I pour to him who rules the storm,  
My prayer in various tongues He hears.

Too long the world possessed my heart;  
Now God's own voice hath loosed the chain;  
Yet at His dreaded judgment seat,  
Beneath sin's weight I sink again.

Oh friends! when on the crimsoned field,  
In wounds I pour my parting breath,  
Round me your sighs regretful yield,  
And soothe with hope the hour of death."

Our attention is also claimed by the institution of the *tensons*, or poetical contests, where the combatants discussed questions of taste or gallantry in verse, in the presence of noble princes, or before the ladies who constituted the Courts of Love. The most delicate and subtle inquiries were frequently submitted for judgment, and the decision, whatever it might be, was seldom appealed from, and never received with disrespect. In the debates, the refinement of honour was carried to the highest point. Love was represented as it existed in the imagination, pure, delicate, and devoted; and free from the grossness which sometimes disgraces the songs and the lives of the Troubadours.

The history of the "Courts of Love" is essentially interwoven with that of the poetry of Provence, and throws a light, highly interesting and important, upon the spirit and manners of the middle ages. In those tribunals, inflexible as they were powerful, beauty herself presided; and in the exercise of a sway delegated by the consent of universal opinion, denounced punishment, more or less severe, upon the inconstancy of lovers, and the cruelty and caprice of the fair, or gave decision upon doubtful points of casuistry. We are compelled, however, to confess, that their authority, instead of reforming social manners, only sanctioned the disregard of moral restraints; although they introduced an affectation of refinement, into a passion which, in an age of zeal, might otherwise have assumed a character of boundless impetuosity and extravagance.

Little information worthy of reliance can be obtained respecting the first establishment of these courts. None of the early French writers give a satisfactory account of them; and even the Abbé Millot, in his literary history of the Troubadours, has paid but little attention to the traditions of their appointment. The most complete proofs, however, may be found, of their existence during the latter half of the twelfth century; and, reasoning upon probabilities, we must suppose that they flourished long before; since, as their institution originated not in the authority of civil law, but in the slower operation of popular custom, it would be hardly just to assign to them so recent a foundation, when it is ascertained, that before the year 1200, they had extended over the middle and north of France. In the chivalric games which constituted the earliest amusements of the Troubadours, their passion for controversy, developed in the agitation of questions relating to love, is chiefly remarkable. Of these disputes, the Count of Poitiers, who lived in 1070, and was one of the most ancient of the bards whose works remain, thus speaks—

"E si m partetz un juec d'amor,  
No sui tan fatz  
No sapcha triar lo melhor."

"And if you propose to me a game of love, I am not such a fool as not to choose the better side of the question."



In acknowledging the existence of the *tensons* at that early period, it is unreasonable to suppose that the debates were conducted without the jurisdiction of a tribunal of some kind to pronounce upon the merits of the question; it is therefore rational to conjecture that the establishment of the courts of which we speak, took place at a period prior to the date of the poem of the Count of Poitiers.

It is asserted by most historians, that the marriage of King Robert with Constance, daughter of William, first Count of Provence, about the year 1000, was the epoch from which may be dated the introduction of the manners of the Troubadours into the Court of France, the fair bride bringing in her train the poets, jongleurs, &c. of her native land. From that time the Gay Science was generally professed. The graceful ease of Provençal manners, and the arts of poetry, extended from the provinces south of the Loire over the whole of the northern part of France. The above union having produced such an effect, a new impulse was given to the diffusion of polished manners and elegant literature, more than a century after, in the marriage of Eleanor of Aquitaine with Louis VII. The granddaughter of the famous Count of Poitiers, this princess received the homage of all the bards of her country, and bestowed upon them liberal encouragement. Bernard de Ventadour, one of the most celebrated, consecrated to her his genius and devotion, and continued faithfully to yield her his tributes of admiration and song, after she became Queen of England. She presided frequently at the Courts of Love, as did also her daughter, Mary of France, Countess of Champagne, a gentle princess, to whom her husband owed the literary taste for which he was distinguished among the princes of his age, and which procured him the title of Liberal.

That these fair tribunals were attended by great numbers of ladies, is evident from various sources of information. In the account of a *tenson* held before the Countess of Champagne, we find the statement—"The Countess, having summoned around her *sixty dames*, gave the following judgment——." Nostradamus also names a vast number of judges who sate in the Courts of Provence, and were sometimes assisted by Chevaliers.

These tribunals enacted certain fixed rules, for the strict observance of all who were subject to their jurisdiction. The Court of Gascony, with the unanimous assent of all the ladies who presided in it, ordained "that its judgment should be observed for a perpetual constitution, while those who refused to submit should incur the censure of every honourable dame." An appeal could rarely be made from the decision of one tribunal to that of another; and when debates were submitted, involving the repetition of questions already decided, the former judgment was almost invariably con-

firmed. The opinions of the court were regulated by the "code of love," whose laws were held sacred by all true subjects. A writer of the middle ages gives a curious and fanciful account of the discovery of this highly valued system of rules. According to him, a knight wandering in search of a falcon, which he was to bring to his lady, found with the bird a written paper, suspended to its perch by a small chain of gold. This paper proved to be the code of love, and it became the duty of the knight to make his discovery immediately known. The document being presented to the court, composed of dames and chevaliers, its rules were adopted entire, and obedience to them was ordained, under severe penalties. All who had been summoned to sit in the tribunal, took home with them a copy of this code, that it might be distributed in different parts of the world.\*

Their *arrêts*, or judgments, were worthy of notice, as showing the openness with which they contemned the obligations of matrimony. The question, "Can true love exist between married persons?" after long and prudent consideration, with the counsel of a great number of dames, was solemnly decided in the negative. The Viscountess Ermengarde gives to the inquiry, "Does the strongest attachment subsist between married persons or lovers?" the following answer:

"The attachment between persons united in wedlock, and the tender affections of lovers, are sentiments altogether distinct in their nature. A just comparison cannot be instituted between objects which bear no resemblance to each other."

The following *arrêt*, cited by Raynouard, also throws a striking light upon the manners of the Troubadours.

"A knight was enamoured of a lady who was already engaged to another; she promised to favour him, if she should ever chance to lose the love of his rival. To the latter she was shortly after united in marriage. The knight then claimed the fulfilment of her promise, which she evaded, on the plea that she had not lost the affection of her first lover."

\* This instrument contained thirty-one articles, which are quoted by Raynouard; the following were among the most remarkable:

1. Causa conjugii ab amore non est excusatio recta.
2. Qui non celat amare non potest.
3. Nemo duplici potest amore ligari.
4. Semper amorem minui vel crescere constat.
7. Biennalis viduitas pro amante defuncto superstiti præscribitur amanti.
10. Amor semper ab avaritiæ consuevit domiciliis exulare.
13. Amor raro consuevit durare vulgatus.
14. Facilis perceptio contemptibilem reddit amorem, difficilis eum carum facit haberi.
17. Novus amor veterem compellit abire.
22. De coamante suspicione percepta zelus interea et affectus crescit amandi.
24. Quilibet amanti actus in coamantis cogitatione finitur.
31. Unam feminam nichil prohibet a duobus amari et a duabus mulieribus unum.

This affair was submitted to Queen Eleanor, who gave the following decision :

" We dare not contradict the decision of the Countess of Champagne, who, by a solemn decree, has decided that true love cannot subsist between married persons ; we therefore direct, that the dame above mentioned shall grant the love she has promised."

We also find recorded, the case of a lady, who unnaturally required of her lover, as a condition of her favour, that he should never praise her in public ; and her complaint against him for the violation of an engagement to that effect. It seems that extenuating circumstances on his part were considered, since the whimsical fair one was compelled to retract her unreasonable prohibition, it being the first duty of a lover to vindicate his mistress's character when assailed.

Although most of these decisions may seem, in our unprejudiced opinion, to wear the aspect of an absurd jest, yet no doubt can be entertained of the grave character of the tribunals, and the real extent of their authority. Their authority was based upon public opinion, and this gave them a sway more extensive and indisputable, than that of civil enactments. The criminal, who had set the laws at defiance, might find pity, and perchance succour, at the hands of his fellow-citizens ; but shame pursued the culprit convicted of unknighly demeanour at the bar of the Court of Love. The influence of fashion, or of prevailing sentiment, has wrought still greater wonders in our own days. The same power which sanctioned immorality among the Troubadours, now makes it honourable to avenge a petty quarrel with bloodshed, renders venial so many dangerous vices, and affixes the stain of infamy to others far less heinous.

The Italians, with even more zeal than the French, have distinguished themselves in research after the antiquities of the Troubadours. The volume of observations at the head of our article, contains information at length upon the different forms of versification, and the various kinds of poetry in vogue among the Provençal writers, explained with much care, and compared with the early forms of Italian verse, originally derived from them. The author has divided his work into four parts, the first two of which are devoted to the examination of poems purely lyric, and the third to those of a moral or didactic nature ; while his remaining division is occupied with a discourse upon the utility of the study of the language and literature of Provence. His object he has stated to be, to make known, in some degree, to his countrymen, the treasures of a tongue, to which their own was indebted for many of its beauties, and to open the way for a full and perfect exposition, in a work more elaborate than his own. Equally with himself, we respect the claims to attention which these monuments of art pre-

sent, and therefore shall briefly notice the more prominent facts connected with them.

The terms *Vers*, *Chansos*, *Chans*, *Sonets*, *Coblas*, &c., are stated by our author to have been originally used to express indiscriminately any kind of poetry; and only in process of time were employed to designate the different species to which they were at length respectively restricted. The appellation *Chansos* was at all times rather indefinite, as it was applied to poems composed with a view to musical accompaniment, which was the case with the greater number of those of the romance writers. Nor does the Italian *Canzone*, derived from it, appear to have been at first less vague; since we perceive Bembo giving the name of *Canzoni* to the sonnets of Petrarch. And Dante himself speaks of his illustrious work, which does not appear to have been destined to be sung, by the same name:

“ Di nuova pena mi convien far versi,  
E dar materia al ventesimo Canto,  
Della prima *Canzon*, che è de' sommersi.”  
*Inferno*, C. 20.

The term was applied by the Provençals to lyrical compositions divided into a number of stanzas or strophes, each rhymed, and generally corresponding with the first, though varied in the arrangement of rhymes. It terminated in a shorter stanza, in which the motive of the author was unfolded, and which, addressed to the favoured object of affection or praise, served as a sort of envoy or dedication to the canzone. The poet who produced these compositions, was expected to provide the music which formed their recommendation; and found his claims to attention much increased, if the melody to which he united his words were new to his hearers; though frequently he resorted to airs already popular. The custom of singing their verses, without doubt contributed essentially to the reputation which the Troubadours acquired. They were imitated by many of the Italian poets; Michael Angelo Buonarotti is said to have accompanied many of his productions upon the musical instruments, in the use of which he excelled; and the performances of the *Improvvisatori* convey us in fancy back to the inspirations of the Troubadours.

The expression *chans* seems to have had a signification yet more general. It is equivalent to the Italian *Canto*, denoting any species of poetry, expressive of its character of melody, and is also applied to the divisions of a long poem, in place of the Latin *Libri*. Much has been said respecting the origin of the Sonnet; and that the name was given among the Provençals to compositions very different from those which at present possess the title, is sufficiently evident. Peire Rogiers, in his instructions to his jongleur or minstrel, calls his light and brilliant strain a sonnet; and a pastoral

effusion of Guy d'Uissel, proves it to have been merely a short and light species of song. It begins thus:—

“ L' autre jorn per aventura  
M' anava sol cavalcan,  
Un Sonet notan,  
Trobei toza ben' estan,  
Simpl' e de bella faitura,  
Sos aignels gardan,  
E quant' ilh m' auzi cantan,  
Trais s' enan,  
E pren me pel fren . . . . .”

“ As leisurely the other day,  
Upon my steed I took my way,  
A careless sonnet singing,  
Lo! in my path a maiden stood,  
Graceful, of visage fair and good,  
Her flock from pasture bringing.  
She, when she heard my murmured song,  
Came forward in my path along,  
And o'er the bridle flinging . . . . .”

The earliest verse-makers among the Italians, who followed implicitly the steps of the Provençal poets, used the term sonnet in a sense widely different from their successors, it being often applied to poems of a short and irregular metre. Even Dante, in an early work, has given the epithet of sonnet to a poem not entitled to the distinction from its conformity to the established measure. It is true, that compositions possessing all the characters of the legitimate sonnet, may be found among the works of the later Troubadours; but they are far from proving that this form of verse was early used, much less that the sonnet of the Italians was imitated from the writers of the Langue d'Oc, the reverse, indeed, being the case. Crescimbeni, in his *Lives of the Troubadours*, cites a Provençal sonnet composed in praise of Robert, King of Sicily and Naples, and Count of Provence, a monarch who was the protector of Petrarch, and who died in 1333. This form of verse had then belonged to the Italians for more than a century; and such posthumous specimens served but to show the necessity imposed upon the few poets remaining among the Troubadours, in consequence of the degenerate and despised condition of their once beautiful language, of having recourse to the example of writers in a more modern tongue.

The form of verse distinguished as *coblas*, took its name undoubtedly from the Latin verb *copulare*, having a similar origin with the *cobbola* of the Italians, and the *couplets* of the French. This derivation would seem to indicate that the term signified verses rhymed in couplets, and such is the definition of it given by a noted critic; yet it is certain that the expression is applied to many of the poems of the Troubadours, without reference to such a mean-

ing. It occurs in the beginning of a song where the rhymes of the stanza are alternated:—

“ Aissi cum es bella sil de cui chan,  
E belhs son nom, sa terra, e son castelh,  
E belh siey dig, siey fag, e siey semblan,  
Vuelh mas *coblas* movan totas en belh.”

“ So lovely is the charmer whom I sing,  
So fair her lands, her castle, and her name,  
So bright her looks, deeds, words, and every thing,  
I would my *song* should be in grace the same.”

The same epithet, as Raynouard informs us, was frequently applied by the Troubadours to their amatory poetry, when they spoke of it in contradistinction to that upon other subjects; thus Gaucelm Faidit:—

“ E m plai, quant aug dir de mi: Aquest es  
Tal que sap far *coblas*, e *sirventes*.”

“ It pleases me when I hear them say of me—He knows how to make both couplets and *sirventes*.”

It is probable that it was among the primitive forms of verse, and that its combinations and modifications gave rise at length to the chanson and the sonnet, with various others. Thus a madrigal or epigram of Sordel, where every line rhymes with the first, is called a *cobla*. From this was also derived the *stampida*, a form of verse divided, like the Italian canzone, into different stanzas. The term became Italian, as we perceive in one of the tales of Boccaccio—“ When a *stampita* and a *ballatetta* or two were sung, &c.” It also signifies in the latter language a tedious discourse.

Arnaud Daniel, according to the opinion of most historians, was the first inventor of the Sextine, a species of verse most peculiar and difficult in its structure, which was imitated by many Italians, particularly of the fifteenth century. The merit of having invented rules which must embarrass the poet to such a degree as to render it impossible for him to deserve any praise save that of ingenuity for his performance, seems to have conferred an enviable and lasting reputation upon this fortunate writer. All his poems have a character of obscurity which rendered them difficult to be understood even by his countrymen, yet he has not frequently ventured upon a style of composition of which he left the first example to posterity, very few specimens of the sextine being found in his works. This poem is composed of six stanzas of six lines each, and the words which complete the lines of the first verse, must terminate those of the remaining five. Nor does this constitute the only difficulty, as there are also rules for the order of repetition. Thus in the second stanza, the word which ends the first line must be the same that concluded the last line of the preceding verse; that ending the second line the same with the first of the first verse; the third with the fifth; the fourth with the second; the fifth with



the fourth; and the sixth with the third. The third stanza must bear the same relation to the second, that the second did to the first, and so on throughout the whole. A short commendatory verse of three lines follows the six perfect ones, in which two of the final words terminate each line. We have formed our description of this singular composition, upon a model furnished by M. Raynouard, which is certainly a genuine specimen.

Besides the *Breu doble*, of which little is known, but which is supposed to derive its name from the shortness and small number of the stanzas, the Provençals had a singular poem, called *descort* or discord, so named not only from its metrical irregularity, and the variety of airs to which it was adapted, but from the diversity of the language in which it was composed. Frequently were the different strophes in as many different tongues—Provençal, Tuscan, French, Spanish, and Latin; while sometimes they were brought into still closer contact, the language being changed with every line. These compositions are curious, as they serve to show the near relationship between the dialects of the south of Europe, and the readiness with which they were reciprocally understood.

The different kinds of poems among the Troubadours, distinguished by the subject and general character, rather than by the various forms of versification, deserve attention. These classes are more numerous than is generally supposed, their poetry being chiefly arranged under two heads, according as the subject treated was love or war. These constitute the leading divisions, while minor ones, scarcely less worthy of observation, are overlooked. One of the latter is a species of verse consecrated to funeral occasions, respecting which our author, most enthusiastic in his admiration of the beauties of these writers, their tender and impassioned sentiment, and delicate shades of thought, speaks thus,—

“What phenomenon of nature could strike so sensibly, or affect so deeply the minds of such beings, as that of death? To feel the loss of the fair object of their hearts’ idolatry, the theme of their songs, on whom they had conferred, in receiving glory—or to be deprived of the beneficent patron and lord, who had loaded his favoured minstrel with benefits and distinctions, who had rewarded the productions of fancy with wealth and honours—were sorrows which required to be celebrated in the strains of poetry, as well as lighter emotions. The most impassioned love, diverted from its earthly course, soared to a more sublime and spiritual height, while religion, though often involved in the gloom of superstition, lost not its native majesty, nor ceased to animate the inspirations of the poet. These mournful effusions constituted a species by themselves, distinguished by a graver tone of thought, appropriately expressed in lines and stanzas longer than usual; and in place of the customary envoy, terminated by a short verse denoting sorrow for the loss sustained, or a supplication to the Deity for the soul of the departed.”

This composition, borrowed from the ancients, was called *planh* or lament. The Italian *pianto* is similar to it; thus Petrarch, in his canzone on the death of Laura, styles his verse—

“Canzon mia, no, ma Pianto.”

We are reminded here of a celebrated funeral ode, composed by Cino da Pistoja upon the death of the Emperor Henry VII., and formed upon the model of those of the Troubadours. This lament is touching and elevated, and partakes of the true characters of Provençal poetry, showing how readily the early Italians adopted the poetical customs of their neighbours.

Of the *tensos* we have already spoken, where the poetical combatants exercised their skill on various subjects, the questions for controversy being connected with knighthood, morality, or religion, though most frequently pertaining to love and gallantry. The arguments on both sides were advanced alternately, either in regular stanzas, or in verses of an unequal number of lines. Lest the controversy should extend to an unreasonable length, it was the duty of one of the competitors, when he observed no signs of yielding in his adversary, to put an end to the contest by ceasing to reply, or by subjoining to his argument a direction or commendation similar to the envoy or message of the chanzos, in which he submitted his cause to the chevalier, lady, or court, by which it was to be judged, his opponent adding to his discourse a similar verse, in which he coincided with the choice of the other, or named a judge for his own side.\* Thus in a debate between Gaucelm Faidit and Perdigon, the former ends thus:—

“ Totz temps duraria ill tensos  
Perdigon, per qu' ieu voill, e m platz  
Qu' el Dalphin sia 'l plaits pausatz,  
Qu' el jutje, e la cort en patz.”

“ This everlasting game to end,  
Perdigon, it doth please me now  
That Dalphin's judgment we attend—  
To him and to the court we bow.”

To which the other replies in all courtesy,—

“ Gaucelm, tant es vera ill razos  
Qu' ieu defen, et el tan senatz,  
Que s' en lui es lo plaits pausatz,  
Voill que per lui sia jutjatz.”

“ Gaucelm, so well instructed he,  
So just the truth which I defend,  
To him, if you submit the plea,  
I dare my righteous cause commend.”

But the decision was not often committed to a single umpire—the opponents choosing separate arbiters, who were to decide with deliberation and with united voice; thus giving rise to the courts of which we have given some account. It is probable that most of the poetry in which these discussions were conducted, was uttered without previous preparation, though the evident care bestowed on its construction, and the frequent recurrence of rhyme,

\* If more than two combatants sustained the debate, it was called a *Ternaymen*.

have induced many to suppose it generally the production of the closet. The frequency with which the same rhymes were employed is indeed surprising, and might almost justify Tiraboschi's belief that the name of Troubadour was suggested by their facility in finding or inventing rhymes. The disposition, however, to protract the debate, as well as the enmity and jealousy often existing between the combatants, precludes the idea of any coalition between them to deceive the spectators and the court. Their talent of extemporaneous composition is less wonderful than the same art displayed among the modern Italians, since in the heat of contest the accomplished Troubadour would naturally be stimulated to a rapid utterance of his thoughts, and the excitement of emulation would have an effect in polishing and improving his lays.

It appears that the *sirventes*, though the term afterwards denoted poems of a satirical nature or the stirring songs of war, were originally the mere expressions of humble devotion or supplication. The appellation itself favours this opinion; and Roquefort in his Glossary gives the following definition to the word—"Chanson, sonnet, ou chant royal composé sur la Divinité, ou en l'honneur de la Vierge, ou sur des sujets sérieux, qui avoient toujours pour but l'obtention d'une grace, soit de la Vierge, soit du souverain, ou d'une maitresse, etc." By degress, as in the progress of society, the passions of men began to overpower the primitive feelings which engendered involuntary respect for the poet and his lofty creations, the lays consecrated to religious humility assumed the aspect of moral precepts, designed to direct to the path of virtue by the force of salutary admonition. The excesses and immoralities of the clergy especially provoked severe remonstrance, at first confined to their class, until the *sirvente*, from the lowly aspiration after the mercy or favour of superiors, either earthly or celestial, rose to the dignity of a poem professedly satirical, in which the follies or vices of no rank were spared, however sacred it had hitherto been held. A new meaning became attached to it, as a theme more exalted than any yet offered to the imagination was at length presented. The standard of the cross was displayed throughout the countries of Europe by its devoted followers, who, promising the pardon of sin, and immortal rewards, incited the warlike nations to rise for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of infidels. To the minds of these warriors, as motives for exertion, were presented prospects of a guerdon less remote than that of heavenly felicity—the glory to be obtained in a thousand dangers and combats, and the rich spoils of their eastern foes. The splendour of an enterprise like this failed not to kindle the vivid imagination of the bards of Provence, and was soon celebrated in their strains; and the *sirvente*, animated by the images of war, awakened the souls of those who went forth to battle, to the savage joy of vengeance, and to deeds of courage

and renown. Our author presents opposite examples of this kind of verse, in its successive stages of signification—as a pious petition—a moral lesson—and an effusion of warlike enthusiasm.

Poetry of the pastoral kind was particularly in favour among the Troubadours. Emphatically the bards of nature, and inhabiting a climate where she is most propitious, they delighted to draw their images from her beauties, and to associate their admiration of her charms with the fantasies of love. Their *Pastoretas*, which were a species of eclogue, were generally given in the form of dialogues between the cavalier, listlessly wandering on some secluded path, and the young shepherdess who chanced to feed her flock upon the spot, or the juvenile swain, who bewailed the cruelty of his beloved. These conversations were preceded by descriptions either of the mood of the poet, the scene of the meeting, or the beauties of the season.

Many different poems are classed under a distinct head, as being accompanied by a kind of chorus or returning stanza; and these seem to have stood high in the estimation of their authors, the repeated lines adding much to the melody for which their verse was ever distinguished. Of this kind are their amorous lays upon the dawn, or the evening; their *retrouanges*, their *baladas* or ballads, in which the words which commenced the first stanza formed the chorus of each succeeding verse; their *dansas*, and their *redondes*, whose name denoted their nature, like the *rondeaux* of the French, and the *ritondelli* of the Italians. Besides these varieties, and numerous others which it would be tedious and unnecessary to mention here, the songs of the Troubadours required new and distinctive appellations, not only from the subjects on which they were composed, but from the motives which gave rise to their production. Thus a *comjat* or leave-taking was a lay in which the lover, despairing of pity from his relentless mistress, formally renounced his allegiance to her, and professed his intention of seeking a gentler service. Again—the *escondig* or vindication contained the reply of some abused yet faithful lover to false accusations, giving occasion for the repetition of assurances and protestations. The celebrated canzone of Petrarch, beginning “*S’ i’ l’ dissi mai*,” vindicating himself to Laura from the charge of inconstancy, is an imitation of this species of verse. The *Prexicanza*, which might properly be classed among the sirventes, was an exhortation to the performance of some worthy deed, or the suppression of wrong or vice. A kind of poem was also in vogue, distinguished by a commentary or explanation in prose attached to each verse, which more fully unfolded its meaning. It was undignified by an peculiar appellation, save that of *ses nom*, or without a name. Thus concludes the envoy of such a composition by Rainbaut:

“Vai, ses nom; e qui t demanda qui t'a fag, digas li d'En Rainbaut, &c.”

“Go—Nameless; and whoever shall ask who has made thee, tell him of Sir Rainbaut, &c.”

Another class of compositions, not divided into stanzas, was of a character essentially different from the lyric effusions before noticed. Yet the principal distinction consisted not in the difference of measure; for though emancipated from the trammels of the regular strophe, they were still subjected to those of rhyme, which were even rendered more embarrassing by the fastidious improvements of adventurous poets. The lines were generally rhymed in couplets, though sometimes a stated number terminated in similar sounds, varied as the length of the composition might require. Thus frequently the first ten, twenty, or thirty lines were ended by the letters *anz*; a similar number succeeding in *enz*; the two different terminations being alternated to the conclusion of the whole. Sometimes the whole number of lines in the poem ended in the same letters. Raynouard cites a piece of this kind containing eight hundred and forty. This custom, though it might show the richness of the language, was observed at the expense of all the beauties of poetical conception; the composition had an artificial air, and was pervaded by a disagreeable monotony.

Although the Troubadours excelled particularly in lyric verses, they were by no means destitute of poems of a narrative kind. Nevertheless, none of their efforts approached the dignity of the epic. Many of their fables exhibit evidence that the authors were not unacquainted with those of antiquity. Their novels, undoubtedly the earliest germs from which sprang the romances of succeeding years, were short tales in verse, recounting events either in love or war, and stimulating the listener to emulate the deeds of the hero thus commemorated.

They had also poetical epistles on various subjects, such as gratitude, friendship, and love, with others moral or instructive. Some of them—*breus*—were addressed to the lady of the poet's fancy, and display a grace, a tenderness, an impassioned earnestness, unrivalled by more elaborate efforts. Others are inscribed to friends, when the bard, who painted so vividly the pangs and the delights of love, employed his influence to warn his less experienced associate against its deceptive charms. The *ensenhamen* or poem of instruction embraced a design more extensive, and embodied precepts of education and rules of conduct applicable to the various orders of society. Sometimes the poets conveyed their lessons in the garb of amusing narrations; thus giving to the charms of fiction a permanent utility, and making the sweetness of poetry an acceptable vehicle for the knowledge they sought to impart,

“—quasi museo dulci contingere melle.”

Their poems of this species were not however confined to the dispensation of instruction in the courtesies of life, or in the duties of morality and religion. They comprehended the various departments of art and science; and some treatises on such subjects are sufficiently amusing. A *tesaur* of Piere da Corbiac, after giving a summary of the sacred history of the world, treats of astronomy, physic, and numerous other sciences, which are severally despatched in a few lines. A celebrated Troubadour has left a poem of more than three thousand lines on the different kinds of birds of prey, in which their various habits, distinguishing qualities, and the methods of guarding against diseases peculiar to them, are detailed with ludicrous minuteness. The Troubadours had also prayers in the verse without stanzas, which differed from other poems of invocation, inasmuch as they were divested of the glowing imagery and elaborate ornament of lyric poetry, and simply expressed the emotions of religious humility or thankfulness.

We have curtailed as much as possible the foregoing imperfect observations, in the fear of becoming tiresome to our readers; yet if any should be incited by our brief notice to further research, and disposed to acquire a knowledge of the different forms of verse among the Troubadours, we would confidently recommend to their use the Italian work of which we have already spoken. The reader will find there a store of information inaccessible elsewhere within so small a compass; which will afford him valuable assistance in his study of the Provençal language and poetry. In conclusion, we hope that the knowledge of this literature, possessing as it does an interest apart from its intrinsic claims to attention, will not always be limited to a few. We owe to it an incalculable debt; not only for the gentle and elevating influence it has exerted upon our own poetry, in common with that of other nations, but for absolute enjoyment derived from the legends to which it has given rise. And though the age of chivalry has long passed away, and its brilliant and heart-stirring fictions are deemed but the idle creations of fancy, yet the records of the adventures, triumphs, and rewards of the heroes of romance, gorgeous as is the veil thrown over them by the enchantments of poetry, still awaken sympathy in our hearts, and render us less disposed to congratulate ourselves upon the cold superiority of an incredulous age.

---



ART. III.—*Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws, Foreign and Domestic, in regard to Contracts, Rights, and Remedies; and especially in regard to Marriages, Divorces, Wills, Successions, and Judgments.* By JOSEPH STORY, LL.D., Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University. Boston: 1834.

JUDGE STORY, whose distinguished ability and industry have contributed so much to the exalted reputation of the Supreme Court of the United States, finds time, in the intervals of judicial duty, to favour the profession and the public with treatises upon important subjects of legal science, as Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University. The title of this work indicates the interesting nature of its topics. The contrariety of laws existing among different nations, and the rules of comity, which give effect to the laws of one country in those of others, involve considerations of the highest interest and delicacy in international jurisprudence. In the United States of America, with a few exceptions provided for in the Constitution, the law is equally applicable to the several states of the Union, now amounting to twenty-four in number, and receiving a constant and rapid increase.

The subject of Judge Story's work is no less recommended by its novelty than its importance. There exists no treatise upon it in the English language. Until a comparatively recent period, neither the English lawyers nor judges seem to have had their attention drawn towards it, and their researches are less profound and satisfactory than their expositions of municipal law. Even among the foreign jurists of continental Europe, there exists no systematical treatise embracing all the general topics.

Such a work is not only necessary to be studied attentively by all professional men, and particularly by the liberal advocates of America, but most of its topics, from their universality and deeply interesting nature, deserve a more extended circulation among other classes of the community. It is for the last reason chiefly that this work requires to be noticed in a popular journal, and its principles diffused among those to whom a mere law book in general presents few attractions.

The work is dedicated to Chancellor Kent, to whom is ascribed the honour of having been the guide and instructor of the American youth, in this branch of international jurisprudence.

Before entering upon any examination of the various heads which a treatise upon the Conflict of Laws will naturally embrace, it is necessary to advert to a few general maxims or axioms, which constitute the basis upon which all reasonings on the subject must rest.

1. Every nation possesses an exclusive sovereignty and jurisdiction within its own territory. The laws of every state affect

and bind directly all property, whether real or personal, within its territory, and all persons who are resident within it, whether natural born subjects or aliens, and also all contracts made, and acts done within it. A state may therefore regulate the manner and circumstances under which property, whether real or personal, or in action within it, shall be held, transmitted, bequeathed, transferred, or enforced; the condition, capacity, and state of all persons within it; the validity of contracts and other acts done within it; the resulting rights and duties growing out of these contracts and acts; and the remedies and modes of administering justice in all cases calling for the interposition of its tribunals, to protect, vindicate, and secure the wholesome agency of its own laws within its own domains.

2. No state or nation can by its laws directly affect or bind property out of its own territory, or persons not resident therein, whether they are natural born subjects or others. This is a natural consequence of the first proposition.

3. From these two maxims or propositions there flows a third, and that is, that whatever force and obligation the laws of one country have in another, depends solely upon the laws and municipal regulations of the latter; that is to say, upon its own proper jurisprudence and polity, and upon its own express or tacit consent. A state may prohibit the operation of all foreign laws, and the right growing out of them, within its own territories. It may prohibit some foreign laws, and admit the operation of others. It may recognise, and modify, and qualify some foreign laws; it may enlarge or give universal effect to others. It may interdict the administration of some foreign laws; it may favour the introduction of others. When its code speaks positively on the subject, it must be obeyed by all persons who are within the reach of its sovereignty. When its customary, unwritten, or common law, speaks directly on the subject, it is equally to be obeyed, for it has an equal obligation with its positive code. When both are silent, then and then only can the question properly arise, what law is to govern in the absence of any clear declaration of the sovereign will. Is the rule to be promulgated by a legislative act of the sovereign power, or is it to be promulgated by courts of law, according to the analogies which are furnished in the municipal jurisprudence? This question does not admit of any universal answer, or rather it will be answered differently in different communities, according to the organization of the department of each particular government. Upon the continent of Europe, some of the principal states have silently suffered their courts to draw this portion of their jurisprudence from the analogies furnished by the civil law, or by their own customary or positive code. In England and America, the courts of justice have hitherto exercised the same authority in the most ample manner, and the legislatures

have, in no instance, it is believed, in either country, interfered to provide any positive regulations. The common law of both countries has been expanded to meet the exigencies of the times as they have arisen, and so far as the practice of nations, or *jus gentium privatum*, has been supposed to furnish any general principle, it has been followed out with a wise and manly liberality.

The real difficulty is, to ascertain what principles, in point of public convenience, ought to regulate the conduct of nations on this subject in regard to each other; and in what manner they can be best applied to the infinite variety of cases arising from the complicated concerns of human society in modern times. No nation can be justly required to yield up its own fundamental policy and institutions in favour of those of another nation; much less can any nation be required to sacrifice its own interest in favour of another, or to enforce doctrines which, in a moral or political view, are incompatible with its own safety or happiness, or conscientious regard to justice and duty.

The true foundation on which the administration of international law must rest is, that the rules which are to govern are those which arise from mutual interest and utility, from a sense of the inconveniencies which would result from a contrary doctrine, and from a sort of moral necessity to do justice, in order that justice may be done to us in return.

Mutual utility presupposes that the interest of all nations is consulted, and not that of one only. This demonstrates, that the doctrine owes its origin and authority to the voluntary adoption and consent of nations. It is therefore in the strictest sense a matter of the comity of nations, and not of absolute paramount obligation, superseding all discretion on the subject.

*National Domicil.* As perpetual reference is made to the domicil of the party, in the discussions upon the subjects hereafter to be examined, it is proper to ascertain the meaning of the term.

In a strict and legal sense, that is properly the domicil of a person, where he has his true, fixed, permanent home, and principal establishment, and to which, whenever he is absent, he has the intention of returning. Two things must concur to constitute domicil; first, residence—and secondly, intention of making it the home of the party. In many cases, actual residence is not indispensable to retain a domicil after it is once acquired. Thus, if a person go on a voyage to sea, or to a foreign country for health or pleasure, or business of a temporary nature, with an intention to return, such transitory residence does not constitute a new domicil, or amount to an abandonment of the old one. It is sometimes a matter of great difficulty to decide in what place a person has his domicil. The residence is often of a very equivocal nature, and the intention still more obscure. Both are sometimes to be gathered

from slight circumstances of mere presumption, and conflicting acts.

Some of the more important rules, which have been generally adopted as guides in cases of most familiar occurrence, are:

1. The place of birth of a person is considered as his domicil, if it is at the time of his birth the domicil of his parents.
2. The domicil of birth of minors continues until they have obtained a new domicil.
3. Minors are generally deemed incapable of changing their domicil during their minority: if the parents change their domicil, that of the infant children follows it; and if the father dies, his last domicil is that of the infant children.
4. A married woman follows the domicil of her husband.
5. A widow retains the domicil of her deceased husband until she obtains another.
6. *Prima facie*, the place where a person lives is taken to be his domicil, until other facts establish the contrary.
7. Every person of full age having a right to change his domicil, it follows, that if he removes to another place, with an intention to make it his permanent residence, *animo manendi*, it becomes instantaneously his place of domicil.
8. If a person has actually removed to another place, with an intention of remaining there for an indefinite time, and as a place of present domicil, it becomes his place of domicil, notwithstanding he may entertain a floating intention to return at some future period.
9. The place where a married man's family resides is generally to be deemed his domicil, but it may be controlled by circumstances; for if it is a place of temporary establishment for his family, or for transient objects, it will be otherwise.
10. If a married man has his family fixed in one place, and he does his business in another, the former is considered the place of his domicil.
11. If a married man has two places of residence at different times of the year, that will be esteemed his domicil which he himself selects or describes, or deems to be his home, or which appears to be the centre of his affairs, or where he votes or exercises the rights and duties of a citizen.
12. If a man is unmarried, that is generally deemed the place of his domicil, where he transacts his business, exercises his profession, or assumes municipal duties or privileges; but this rule is of course subject to some qualifications in its application.
13. Residence in a place, to produce a change of domicil, must be voluntary. If, therefore, it be by constraint, or involuntarily, as by banishment, arrest, or imprisonment, the antecedent domicil of the party remains.
14. Mere intention to acquire a new domicil, without the fact of removal, avails nothing, neither does the fact of removal without the intention.
15. Presumptions from circumstances will not prevail against positive facts, which fix or determine the domicil.
16. A domicil once acquired remains until a new one is acquired.
17. If a man has acquired a new domicil different from that of his birth, and he removes from it with an intention to resume his native

domicil, the latter is re-acquired, even while he is on his way, *in itinere*, for it reverts from the moment the other is given up.

Persons who are born in a country, are generally deemed citizens and subjects of that country. A reasonable qualification of this rule would seem to be, that it should not apply to the children of parents who were *in itinere* in the country, or abiding there for temporary purposes, or for health, or occasional business. It would be difficult, however, to assert that in the present state of public law, such a qualification is universally established.

Ambassadors and other foreign ministers retain their domicil in the country which they represent, and to which they belong. A different rule, generally, applies to consuls and other commercial agents, who are presumed to remain in a country for purposes of trade, and therefore acquire a domicil where they reside. Children born upon the sea, are deemed to belong and have their domicil in the country to which their parents belong. Domicil is of three sorts—domicil by birth, domicil by choice, and domicil by operation of law, as that of the wife, arising from marriage.

The operation and effect of foreign laws are to be considered in relation to persons, their capacity, state, and condition. These are, for the most part, held by foreign jurists to be of absolute obligation every where, when they have once attached upon the person by the law of his domicil. The exceptions and distinctions, however, which they are compelled to make, go far to limit if not to impair its force. Where a person has had different domicils, a domicil by birth, and a subsequent domicil by choice, which is to prevail? And is the law of the domicil of origin, or that of the domicil of the contract, to govern?

In England it has been held, in a case where money had been advanced for a minor during his stay in Scotland, who seems to have had his general domicil in England, that the question whether in an English court a recovery could be had for the money so advanced, depended upon the law of Scotland; for the general rule was, that the law of the place where the contract is made must govern the contract.

In respect to contracts of marriage, the English decisions have established the rule that a foreign marriage is held to be valid or invalid, according to the law of the place where celebrated. But where the laws of England create a personal incapacity to contract marriage, that incapacity will in some cases be held to have a universal operation, so as to make a subsequent marriage in a foreign country a mere nullity, when litigated in a British court. Indeed, the general principle adopted in England in regard to cases of this sort, appears to be, that the *lex loci contractus* shall be permitted to prevail, unless where it would work injustice, or be *contra bonos mores*, or be repugnant to the settled principles and policy of its own laws. By the law of Scotland for instance, illegitimate

children become, by the subsequent marriage of the parents, legitimate, and may inherit as heirs; but such persons cannot inherit landed property in England. Yet a person illegitimate by the law of his domicil of birth, will be held illegitimate in England. By the law of England, marriage is an indissoluble contract except by act of parliament, and it is held that a marriage between British subjects in an English domicil, cannot be dissolved by a divorce obtained under the laws of a foreign country, to which the parties may temporarily remove. Thus an English marriage cannot be dissolved under such circumstances by a Scotch divorce, regularly obtained according to the law of England, by persons going thither for that purpose, who have their domicil in England.

In the American courts, the doctrine as to capacity or incapacity to marry, has been held to depend generally on the law of the place where the marriage is celebrated, and not on the place of domicil of the parties. An exception would doubtless be applied to cases of incest and polygamy. But in affirmance of the general principle it has been held, that if a person divorced from his first wife, is rendered by the law of the place of the divorce incapable of contracting a second marriage, still if he contracts marriage in another state, where the disability does not exist, the marriage will be held valid; and a marriage celebrated in a foreign state, to evade the law of the place of domicil, is on the same account held valid.

At this day in France, the age of majority of males is twenty-five, and of females twenty-one; and France has ventured upon the bold doctrine that the marriages of Frenchmen in foreign countries shall not be deemed valid, if the parties are not by its own law competent to contract, from their being under the parental power. There can be little doubt that foreign countries, where such marriages are celebrated, will follow their own law, and disregard that of France.

The rules which seem best established in the jurisprudence of England and America, are 1. The capacity, state, and condition of persons, according to the law of their domicil, will generally be regarded as to acts done, rights acquired, and contracts made in the place of their domicil. 2. As to acts done, and rights acquired, and contracts made in other countries, the law of the country where they are done, acquired, or made, will generally govern in respect to the capacity, state, and condition of persons. 3. In regard to questions of minority or majority, competency to marry, incapacities incident to coverture, guardianship, emancipation, and other personal qualities and disabilities, the law of domicil is not generally to govern, but the law of the place where the contract is made, or the act done. 4. Personal disqualifications, not arising from the law of nature, but from the principles of the customary or positive law of a foreign country, and especially such as are of



a personal nature, are not generally regarded in other countries where the like disqualifications do not exist. 5. In questions of legitimacy, the *lex loci* of the marriage will generally govern as to the issue subsequently born. 6. No nation will suffer its own subjects to evade the operation of its own fundamental policy or laws, or to commit frauds in violation of them by acts or contracts made in a foreign country; and it will judge for itself how far it will adopt or reject such acts or contracts.

Let us next examine into the effects of marriage upon the property of the husband and wife, and their rights over it. Where there has been an express contract on the marriage, that will generally be admitted to govern all the property of the parties, not only in the matrimonial domicil, but in every other place, under the same limitations and restrictions as apply to other cases of contract. Where there is no express contract, and no change of domicil, perhaps the most simple and satisfactory exposition of the subject, or at least that which best harmonizes with the analogies of the common law, is, that the law of the place of celebration should govern the rights of the parties in respect to all personal estate, moveable, wherever acquired and wherever it may be situate; but real estate (immoveable) should be left to be adjudged by the *lex loci sitæ*, as not within the reach of any extra-territorial law. Where there has been a change of domicil, 1. As to property acquired before the removal. 2. In relation to property acquired afterwards in the new domicil—various opinions prevail among foreign jurists.

The following propositions may be laid down as those which, though not universally established or recognised in America, have much of domestic authority for their support, and none in opposition to them.

1. Where there is a marriage between parties in a foreign country, and an express contract respecting their rights and property, present and future, that, as a matter of contract, will be held equally valid every where, unless under the circumstances it stands prohibited by the laws of the country where it is sought to be enforced. It will act directly on moveable property every where; but as to immoveable property, in a foreign territory, it will at most confer only a right of action, to be enforced according to the jurisprudence *rei sitæ*. 2. Where such an express contract applies in terms or intent only to present property, and there is a change of domicil, the law of the actual domicil will govern the rights of the parties as to all future acquisitions. 3. Where there is no express contract, the law of the matrimonial domicil will govern, as to all the rights of the parties to their present property in that place, and as to all personal property every where, upon the principle that moveables have no *situs*, or rather that they accompany the person every where. As to immoveable property, the law *rei*

*sitæ* will prevail. 4. Where there is no change of domicil, the same rule will apply to future as to present acquisitions. 5. But where there is a change of domicil, the law of the actual domicil, and not of the matrimonial domicil, will govern as to all future acquisitions of moveable property; and as to all immoveable property, the law *rei sitæ*. 6. And here also, as in cases of express contract, the exception is to be understood, that the law of the place where the rights are sought to be enforced, do not prohibit such arrangements; for if they do, as every nation has a right to prescribe rules for the government of all persons and property within its own territorial limits, in a case of conflict, its own law is to prevail. 7. Although, in a general sense, the law of the matrimonial domicil is to govern in relation to the incidents and effects of marriage, yet this doctrine must be received with many qualifications and exceptions. No other nation will recognise such incidents or effects, when they are incompatible with its own policy, or injurious to its own interest. A marriage in France or Prussia may be dissolved for incompatibility of temper; but no divorce would be granted from such a marriage, for such a cause, in England, Scotland, or America.

The principle maintained by foreign jurists is, that with reference to personal rights and rights of property, the actual or intended domicil is to be deemed the matrimonial domicil; or the law of the place where, at the time of marriage, the parties intend to fix their domicil, is to govern all the rights resulting from the marriage. The place of the marriage contract is not so much to be deemed the place where the nuptial contract is made, as that in which the parties contracting matrimony intend to live.

*Divorce.* It is deemed by all modern nations to be within the competency of legislation to authorize, directly or indirectly, a dissolution of the matrimonial state, and in some form and for some causes, to release the parties from all future obligation. And there is no doubt, that a divorce regularly obtained, according to the jurisprudence of the country where the marriage was celebrated, and where the parties are domiciled, will be held a complete dissolution of the matrimonial contract in every other country. The real difficulty is, to lay down appropriate principles to govern cases where the marriage is celebrated in one place, and the parties are domiciled in another; where there is a change of domicil by one party without a similar change by the other; where, by the law of the place of celebration, the marriage is indissoluble or dissolved only under peculiar circumstances, and by the law of another it is dissoluble for various causes, and even at the pleasure of the parties.

In Scotland it is decided, 1. That a marriage between English subjects in England, and indissoluble there, may be lawfully dissolved by the proper Scottish court, for a cause of divorce good

by the law of Scotland, when the parties are within the process and jurisdiction of the court. 2. That a Scotch marriage by persons domiciled at the time in England, is dissoluble in like manner by the proper Scottish court. 3. That in case of a marriage in England, it will make no difference that the parties are Scottish persons, domiciled in Scotland, or are afterwards *bona fide*, and permanently domiciled there. The mere fact of the marriage having been celebrated in England, whether between English or Scottish parties, is not, *per se*, a defence against an action of divorce, for adultery committed there.

Upon the continent of Europe there has long existed a known distinction between the Catholics and Protestants, on the subject of divorce. The former, according to the doctrine of the Romish church, considers marriage as a sacrament, and in its effects to be governed by the Divine law, and according to their interpretation of that law, it is indissoluble. The Protestants, on the contrary, have not always considered it as a sacrament, but many, if not most of them, have considered it mainly as a civil institution, subject to the legislative authority, as matter of public police and regulation.

*Foreign Contracts.* Generally speaking, the validity of a contract is to be decided by the law of the place where it is made. If valid there, it is, by the general law of nations, *jine gentium*, held valid every where, by tacit or implied consent. 2. The same rule applies *vice versa* to the invalidity of contracts; if void or illegal by the law of the place of the contract, they are generally held void and illegal every where. 3. An exception to the rule as to the universal validity of contracts, respects those which are in evasion or fraud of the laws of a country, or the rights or duties of its subjects; contracts against good morals, or religion, or public rights; and contracts opposed to the national policy or institutions. It is to be regretted, that in the jurisprudence of the common law it is an established principle that no regard will be paid to the revenue laws of another country, and that the contracts of its own subjects, to evade or defraud the just rights of other nations, will be enforced in its own tribunals.

In the interpretation of contracts, the law and custom of the place of the contract is to govern.

When the contract is either expressly or tacitly to be performed in any other place than that where the contract is made, there the general rule is, in conformity to the presumed intention of the parties, that the contract as to its validity, nature, obligation, and interpretation, is to be governed by the law of the place of performance. In general, it may be said, that if no place of performance is stated, or the contract may indifferently be performed any where, it ought to be referred to the *lex loci contractus*. If the transactions between two merchants residing in different countries

are all on one side, as in case of sales and advances by a commission merchant in his own country for his principal abroad, then the contracts may well be referred to the country of the commission merchant, and the balance be deemed due according to its laws. The debt is due where the advances are made, and payment may be insisted on there. Upon principle, it may perhaps be found most easy to decide, that each transaction is to be governed by the law of the place where it originated; advances by the law of the place where advanced, and sales of goods by the law of the place where received. The importance of the true rule is peculiarly felt in all cases of interest to be paid on balances.

A merchant in America orders goods to be purchased for him in England. In such a case, the law of England ought to govern, for there the final assent is given by the person who receives and executes the order of his correspondent.

If a like contract of purchase is made by an agent without orders, and the correspondent ratifies it, it is to be deemed a contract in the country of the purchase, because the ratification has reference back to the time and place of the purchase. A like rule applies, if a merchant in one country agrees to accept a bill drawn on him by a person in another country. It is deemed a contract in the place where the acceptance is to be made.

A merchant in one country sends a letter to a merchant in another, requesting him to purchase goods, and to draw on him for the amount of the purchase money by bills. When such advances are made, the undertaking is to replace the money at the same place, and therefore the party advancing will be entitled to interest on the advances, according to the law of the place of the advances. So, if advances are made for a foreign merchant, at his request or security given for a debt in like manner, the party paying or advancing is entitled to repayment in the place of the advances or security given, unless some other place is stipulated. So, when a loan is made in one state, and security is to be given therefor in another state, by way of mortgage, the law of the place where the loan is made is to govern. But if the mortgage is actually to be executed in a foreign country, and the money to be paid there, the loan will be deemed to be there completely made, although the money may have been actually advanced elsewhere.

Official bonds with sureties to the government of the United States, are to be treated as delivered, and to be performed at the seat of government, upon the ground that the principal is bound to account there, and the parties look to that as the place of performance by the law of which they are to be governed.

As to interest, the general rule is, that interest is to be paid on contracts, according to the law of the place where they are to be performed, in all cases where interest is expressly or impliedly to be paid. Loans made in a place bear the interest of that place,

unless payable elsewhere; and on this account, a contract for a loan in a foreign country may stipulate for interest higher than that allowed at home. If the contract for interest be illegal there, it will be illegal every where. But if it be legal where it is made, it will be of universal obligation even in places where a lower interest is prescribed by law. Analogous to the rules respecting interest, would seem to be the rule of damages, in cases where the contract is not strictly pecuniary, or where the right arises *ex delicto*. Thus, if a ship be illegally converted in the East Indies, the interest there will be allowed by way of damages. So the damages on a bill of exchange will be according to the *lex loci contractus* of the particular party.

Suppose a negotiable bill of exchange is drawn in Massachusetts on England, and is endorsed in New York, and again by the first endorser in Pennsylvania, and by the second in Maryland, and the bill is dishonoured; what damages will the holder be entitled to? The law as to damages in these states is different, (in Massachusetts 10 per cent., in New York and Pennsylvania 20 per cent., and in Maryland 15 per cent.) What rule then is to govern? The answer is, that in each case the *lex loci contractus*. The drawer is liable according to the law of the place where the bill was drawn, and the successive endorsers, according to the law of the place of their endorsement, every endorsement being treated as a new and substantive contract. The consequence is, that the endorser may render himself liable upon a dishonour of the bill for a much higher rate of damages than he can recover from the drawer. But this results from his own voluntary contract, and not from any collision arising from the nature of the original contract.

A defence or discharge, good by the law of the place where the contract is made or is to be performed, is to be held of equal validity in every other place where the question may be litigated. In England and America the same rule has been adopted, and acted on with a most liberal justice. Thus infancy, if a good defence by the *lex loci contractus*, will be a valid defence every where. A tender and refusal, good by the same law, either as a full discharge or as a present fulfilment of the contract, will be respected every where. Paper in paper money bills, or in other things, if good, by the same laws will be deemed a sufficient payment every where. And on the other hand, where a payment by negotiable bills or notes is by the *lex loci* held to be conditional payment only, it will be so held even in states where such payments under the domestic law would be held absolute. So, if by the law of the place of a contract, (even though negotiable,) equitable defences are allowed in favour of the maker, any subsequent endorsement will not change his right in regard to the holder; the latter must take it *cum onere*. By our law, the acceptance

of a bill of exchange is absolute and binding in every event; yet if, by that of the foreign country it is merely a qualified contract, it is governed by that law in all its consequences. Acceptances are deemed contracts in the country where they are made, and the payments are regulated by the law thereof.

In the United States, it is not doubted that the state may pass insolvent laws, which shall discharge the person, or operate in the nature of a *cessio bonorum*, provided such laws do not discharge or intermeddle with the obligation of contracts made antecedently to their passage. But the states may constitutionally pass such laws operating upon future contracts. Their influence is confined to contracts made within the state, and between citizens of the same state. If, however, a creditor voluntarily makes himself a party to the proceedings, under an insolvent law of a state which discharges the contract, and accepts a dividend declared under such law, he will be bound by his own act. Of course, the constitutional prohibition does not apply to insolvent or other laws passed before the adoption of the constitution, operating upon contracts and rights of property vested and *in esse* before that time.

It is a universal principle, that personal property has no locality; that it is subject to that law which governs the person of the owner, both with respect to the disposition of it and to the transmission of it, either by succession or by the act of the party. When we speak of moveables as following the person of the owner, and as governed by the law of his domicil, we of course except those moveables which become annexed to immoveables, either by incorporation or as incidents, and then they take the character of the latter.

The general convenience and freedom of commerce require the enlargement of the rule, so as to render valid the sale of personal property actually situate in a foreign country, and made according to the forms prescribed by its laws.

It is the settled law of England, that an assignment under the bankrupt law of a foreign country, passes all the personal property of the bankrupt locally situate or owing in England. That an attachment of such property by an English creditor after such bankruptcy, with or without notice to him, is invalid to overreach the assignment. That in England, the same doctrine holds under assignments by his own bankrupt law, as to personal property and debts of the bankrupt in foreign countries. That upon principle, all attachments made by foreign creditors, after such assignment in a foreign country, ought to be held invalid. That a British creditor will not be permitted to hold the property acquired by a judgment under any attachment made in a foreign country after such assignment. That a foreign creditor, not subjected to British laws, will be permitted to retain any such property acquired under any such judgment, if the local laws (however incorrectly upon



principle) confer on him an absolute title. The weight of American authority is the other way, as to assignments by operation of law. The assignees are considered in the same situation as the bankrupt himself in regard to foreign debts.

The general principle is, that the laws of the place where real or immoveable property is situate, exclusively govern in respect to the rights of the parties, the modes of transfer, and the solemnities which should accompany them. The title, therefore, to real property can be acquired, passed, and lost only according to the *lex rei sitæ*.

*Wills and Testaments.* It is a well settled principle in the English law, that a will of personal property, regularly made according to the law of the testator's domicil, is sufficient to pass such property in every other country in which it is situate. The same doctrine was firmly established in America, and has the general consent of foreign jurists.

As to wills of immoveable property, the doctrine of the common law is, that the law of the place where the property is locally situate, is to govern as to the capacity of the testator, the extent of his power to dispose of the property, and the forms and solemnities to give the will its due attestation and effect. Among foreign jurists, there is great weight of authority in favour of the general principle.

As to the right of succession in cases of intestacy, the universal principle now recognised by the common law, and supported by the generality of foreign jurists, is, that the succession to personal property is governed exclusively by the law of the actual domicil of the intestate at the time of his death.

The descent and heirship of real estate is exclusively governed by the law of the country within which it is actually situate.

The rights and powers of guardians are considered as strictly local, and not as entitling them to exercise any authority over the person or personal property of their wards in other states.

It is a general doctrine of the common law, recognised both in England and America, that no suit can be brought by or against any foreign executor or administrator in the courts of the country in virtue of his foreign letters testamentary or of administration; but new letters of administration must be taken out, and new security given, according to the general rules of law prescribed in the country where the suit is brought. The right of the foreign executor or administrator to take out such new administration is usually admitted as a matter of course, unless some special reasons intervene, and the new administration is treated as merely ancillary or auxiliary to the original foreign administration, so far as regards the collection of the effects and the proper distribution of them. Still, however, the new administration is made subservient to the rights of creditors, legatees, and distributees resident

within the country, and the residuum is transmissible to the foreign country only when the final account has been settled in the proper domestic tribunal, upon the equitable principles adopted in its laws.

Where the estate is insolvent, are the funds found here to be distributed among creditors here exclusively, or *pro rata* with the foreign creditors?

The established rule now is, that in regard to creditors, the administration of the assets of deceased persons is to be governed altogether by the law of the country where the executor or administrator acts, and from which he derives his authority to collect them, and not by that of the domicil of the deceased.

A voluntary payment to a foreign executor or administrator, is a good discharge of the debt.

In Pennsylvania, contrary to these doctrines, it is held, that letters of administration granted in a sister state, are sufficient to maintain a suit in Pennsylvania.

It is universally admitted and established, that the forms of remedies, and the modes of proceeding, and the execution of judgments, are to be regulated solely and exclusively by the laws of the place where the action is instituted, or as the civilians uniformly express it, according to the *lex fori*.

As to foreign judgments, if the court had a lawful jurisdiction over the cause and the parties; if the matter in controversy is land or other immoveable property; or if it be a proceeding *in rem* as to moveable property, within the jurisdiction of the court pronouncing the judgment, the judgment of the *forum rei sitæ* is held absolutely conclusive. In England, such judgments are held conclusive as to all points and facts which they professedly or incidentally decide. And in some of the American states the same doctrine prevails; while in other American states, the judgments are held conclusive only *in rem*, and may be controverted as to all the incidental grounds and facts on which they profess to be founded. As to judgments *in personam*, which are sought to be enforced by a suit in a foreign tribunal, the present inclination of the English courts of common law is, to sustain the conclusiveness of such judgments. The general doctrine maintained in American courts in relation to foreign judgments certainly is, that they are *prima facie* evidence, but that they are impeachable. But how far, and to what extent, this doctrine is to be carried, does not seem to be definitely settled. It has been declared that the jurisdiction of the court may be inquired into, and its power over the parties and things, and that the judgment may be impeached for fraud.

In the United States, an act of Congress, in pursuance of the Constitution, declares, that judgments of state courts shall have the same faith and credit in other states, as they have in the state where they are rendered. They are therefore put upon the same footing as domestic judgments. But this does not prevent an

inquiry into the jurisdiction of the court in which the original judgment was rendered to pronounce the judgment, or into the right of the state to exercise authority over the parties on the subject matter.

The common law considers crimes as altogether local, and cognizable, and punishable, exclusively in the country where they are committed. No other nation, therefore, has any right to punish them, or is under any obligation to take notice of, or to enforce any judgments rendered in such cases by the tribunals having authority to hold jurisdiction within the territory where they are committed.

There is another point which has been a good deal discussed of late, and that is, whether a nation is bound to surrender up fugitives from justice who escape into its territories, and seek there an asylum from punishment. The practice has prevailed as a matter of comity, and sometimes of treaty, between some neighbouring states, and sometimes also between distant states having much intercourse with each other. It has been treated by some distinguished jurists as a strict right, and as constituting a part of the law and usage of nations, that offenders charged with a high crime, who have fled from the country in which the crime had been committed, could be delivered up and sent back for trial by the sovereign of the country where they are found. Of this opinion are Vattel, Grotius, Heineccius, Burlamaqui, and Rutherford. There is no inconsiderable weight of common law authority on the same side, and Chancellor Kent has adopted the same doctrine. On the other hand are Puffendorf, Martius, Lord Coke, and a decision of Chief Justice Tilghman of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, delivered in 1823. Judge Tilghman states, that in but one instance, that of Robins, was a fugitive from Europe surrendered, whose case was provided for in the British Treaty. In two instances where a demand was made, it was refused; one was by the Governor of Pennsylvania, and the other by the Executive of the United States. If the President of the United States should cause a person to be imprisoned for the purpose of delivering him to a foreign power, the judges might issue a habeas corpus, and inquire into the legality of the proceeding. The question would be, whether, under the existing constitution and laws, the President has a right to act for the nation, or whether he must wait until Congress think proper to legislate on the subject. The opinion of the Executive hitherto has been, that it has no power to act. In that case the arrest was made at the request of a private person. Quere—Whether the Executive of the United States, or of Pennsylvania, has a right to apply to a magistrate to arrest a fugitive criminal.

The established doctrine now is, that no court takes judicial notice of the laws of a foreign country, but they must be proved

as facts. Generally speaking, authenticated copies of written laws, or other public instruments of a foreign government, are expected to be produced. The usual modes of authenticating foreign laws, as of foreign judgments, are by an exemplification of a copy under the great seal of a state, or by a copy proved to be a true copy, or by the certificate of an officer authorized by law, which certificate must itself be duly authenticated.

Foreign unwritten laws, customs, and usages, may be proved, and indeed must ordinarily be proved by parol evidence. The usual course is, to make such proof by the testimony of competent witnesses, instructed in the law, under oath; sometimes, however, certificates of persons in high authority have been allowed as evidence. The public seal of a foreign sovereign proves itself; the seal of a foreign court (except courts of admiralty) must be established by competent testimony.

The mode by which the laws, records, and judgments of the different states of the Union are to be verified, has been prescribed by Congress under the Constitution.

The author thus concludes his work:

"It will occur to the learned reader, upon a general survey of the subject, that many questions are still left in a distressing state of uncertainty, as to the true principles which ought to regulate and decide them. Different nations entertain different doctrines and different usages in regard to them. The jurists of different countries hold opinions opposite to each other, as to some of the fundamental principles which ought to have a universal operation; and the jurists of the same nation are sometimes as ill agreed among themselves. Still, however, with all these deductions, it is manifest, that many approximations have been already made towards the establishment of a general system of international jurisprudence, which shall elevate the policy, subserve the interests, and promote the common convenience of all nations. We may thus indulge the hope, that at no distant period, the comity of nations will be but another name for the justice of nations; and that the noble boast of the great Roman orator may be in some measure realized. *Non erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthæ; sed et omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna et immortalis continebit.*"

In a work involving such a multiplicity of subjects, it has been thought more useful to state the result upon the principal points, than to enter into any reasoning or discussion upon disputed matters. This abstract will give an idea of the various and important topics treated of, but will not supersede the necessity of resorting to the work itself of Judge Story, in which all the necessary explanations are given to render the subjects perfectly intelligible. A perusal of the work, too, will show the great number of authors whose books have been examined, and the endeavours to reconcile conflicting opinions, when it was possible to do so. The work on the Conflict of Laws will have a decided influence in realizing Cicero's wish, and in bringing about a consummation so much desired—a uniformity of laws among the different nations of the world.

---

ART. IV.—*A Sermon preached in St. Michael's Church, Charleston, February 13th, 1833, before the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of South Carolina, by the Rev. J. ADAMS, D. D., President of the College of Charleston, South Carolina, and (ex officio) Horry Professor of Moral and Political Philosophy. Published at the request of the Bishop and Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church of South Carolina.*

THE author of this sermon is well known throughout South Carolina, as an accomplished scholar, a learned divine, and a gentleman of exemplary purity of life. We have occasionally heard him lecture on moral philosophy—and never without pleasure. His extensive literary attainments, his clear and simple style, his mild demeanour, and the respect which his character commands, qualify him peculiarly for the instruction of youth.

We have heard him also with pleasure in the pulpit. His discourses are generally argumentative, and abound with manly sentiments and moral reflections. But in the sermon now before us, Mr. Adams has aimed a blow at the Constitution of the United States. With a rash hand, he has endeavoured to overturn one of the main pillars of our liberty. He has invaded, and attempted to destroy freedom of conscience, and on its ruins to erect intolerance and odious discriminations for religion's sake.

We are aware that Mr. Adams would unhesitatingly deny that he had any such intention. But such is the inevitable tendency of the doctrines he advocates.

Before we proceed any further we would remark, that we are humble believers in the truth of the Christian Scriptures. The argument of Mr. Hume against the belief of miracles is not, in our opinion, entitled to much consideration. It is more probable, he contends, that human testimony is false, or that men are mistaken, than that the miracles should be true.

We readily admit that men are often mistaken, and that they sometimes lie "for the lie's sake," as Lord Bacon truly, though coarsely expresses it. We should therefore examine their testimony in favour of miracles with the most scrupulous care, and, if there be a reasonable room for doubt, reject it. But we must not shut our eyes against the light. We must not reject as wholly insufficient that evidence which would satisfy us in the most important transactions of life. In fact, human testimony is the only kind of evidence we can have in the case. Let that which appears miraculous occur every day, and it will soon cease to be considered a miracle; it will be regarded as the natural operation of fixed laws. No one will deny, we presume, that God *can* perform a miracle—that he *can*, if he think fit, suspend the ordinary operation of natural laws; for to deny this, is to limit his power. If a

miracle occur then, and we ourselves do not witness it, we can only learn it from evidence.

Now, what evidence have we that the miracles mentioned in the New Testament were performed?

1. It is proved by the testimony of eye-witnesses; of persons who actually saw them performed, and who had no interest in deceiving us.

2. These witnesses suffered persecution, and even laid down their lives in support of what they said.

3. The miracles were not denied for centuries after by the opponents of Christianity, who, on the contrary, admitted that they were performed, but attributed them to the power of evil spirits.

We consider this evidence as strong as the nature of the case will admit. But if a shadow of doubt as to the truth of the Christian Scriptures were left by the external evidence, that is removed by the internal evidence of their Divine authority. The wonderful and exact fulfilment of the prophecies, cannot otherwise be accounted for. That in pretending to foretell events, an individual might occasionally hit upon a truth, we have no doubt. But that so many predictions, such precise prophecies, should be so exactly fulfilled, can only be accounted for on the supposition of a Divine inspiration. Mr. Channing delivered, some years ago in Boston, an admirable essay on the internal evidence of Christianity. It is written in a glowing style, and with much force of argument. In it he urges, that if there were no other proof of the truth of Christianity, this would be sufficient, viz. the fact that twelve ignorant, uneducated men, without any extraordinary advantages of mind, had prescribed a code of morals infinitely superior to any that the wisest and most learned men of antiquity framed: a code of morals not only adapted to the then situation of the world, but to all the various changes and modifications that have since taken place—and which, the more man improves in civilization, seems better and better adapted to the high purposes for which it was framed. This argument is entitled to greater consideration, from the reflection that time, which is thus continually developing the excellence of Christianity, exhibits defects in all *human* institutions.

We will not fatigue our readers by dwelling longer on arguments in favour of Christianity, arguments with which they are sufficiently familiar, and to which we have nothing new to add. Our object was rather to express our belief, than to “give a reason for the faith that is in us.”

While, however, we are believers and followers of Christ, we must declare ourselves decidedly opposed to any connexion between church and state. Such a connexion will necessarily create a marked distinction between those who believe, and those who do *not* believe the religion upheld and protected by law. Hence a discrimination in civil rights will gradually arise. One set, or



rather one sect of men, will be protected and rewarded, while another will be proscribed and persecuted. Freedom of conscience will be invaded. With freedom of opinion freedom of speech must fall—and liberty will soon expire.

This is not a picture drawn by an over-excited imagination; it is the truth, as portrayed by the pencil of history. Yet Mr. Adams has the boldness to hazard the following assertion,—

“If the Roman emperors had been satisfied to receive the new religion *without distinction of sects, as the broad ground of all the great institutions of the empire*, it is impossible to show or to believe, that such a measure would not have been both *wise and salutary*. The misfortune was, that there soon came to be a legal preference of one form of Christianity over all others.” Page 5.

Now, Christianity may be considered but as one of the larger sects into which mankind is divided. Any argument that would prove the wisdom of making one particular form of religion the ground of all the great institutions of an empire, would prove the wisdom of making one form of Christianity the ground of those institutions. Let us take a case, and apply the argument.

The Roman Catholic religion is deemed by many a system of idolatry, of bigotry, and of superstition. We have heard several intelligent and well educated persons contend that it is opposed to civil liberty—that its fundamental doctrines interfere with the right of free judgment—impose an unnatural and tyrannical restraint on the mind, and inculcate a slavish submission to persons in authority. We have heard the same individuals contend that Unitarians are not, in the strict sense of the term, Christians—because, say they, the Unitarians deny the divine nature of Jesus, which is of the essence of Christianity; teach the most shocking and blasphemous doctrine on the nature of the Godhead; and are gradually introducing a culpable carelessness about religious concerns, infidelity, and even atheism.

A person entertaining these views, may be supposed to argue in the following manner:—

“The Unitarian sect, by introducing carelessness concerning the duties of religion, are gradually, though perhaps unconsciously, undermining the only sure foundation of public morals. Their influence on society must therefore be baleful. So too with the Roman Catholics. By dispensations and indulgences, by absolution and an absurd belief in purgatory, their religion gives a sanction to immorality and licentiousness, and destroys the sense of moral responsibility. Thus do extremes meet. The superstition of the Catholic is not less pernicious than the irreligion of the Unitarian. In vain do we look to monkish records for the mild spirit and beneficial effects of Christianity. For them we must look to **THE REFORMATION**. **THE REFORMATION** has done much for individuals. It has inculcated charity, peace, and good-will among men. It has destroyed superstition, introduced purity of morals, and taught us that the path of virtue is the road to God.—It has done much for nations. It has taught them to do good to one another. It has taught them that the prosperity and happiness of neighbouring nations, is a source of mutual comfort and enjoyment. It has diminished the horrors of war, by softening the lot of captives, abolishing the odious practices of the dark and gothic ages, and in a word, by teaching that the rights of humanity should never be disregarded. Why should not then

Christianity, as established at the reformation, be incorporated in our laws? Why should not a religion so pure, so beneficial, be connected with, and protected by our laws and constitutions?"

How would Mr. Adams answer this, if it were urged by one expressing the opinions of a large majority of the people? He is precluded from arguing that civil government can not rightly interfere with religion. We have heard him already assert that it would have been both "*wise and salutary*" to connect one form of religion with all the great institutions of government. If "one form of religion," why not "one form of Christianity?"—especially when that is the only true form.

There is, and there can be, no middle ground between perfect liberty and tyranny on this subject. Give government the right to interfere, to pass laws for the protection of Christianity, and it will necessarily have to determine what is Christianity, and what laws are necessary for the *protection* of Christianity. In other words, it will have an unlimited power on the subject.

In page nineteenth, the author, addressing himself to this point, says:—

"No power less efficacious than Christianity, can permanently maintain the public tranquillity of the country, and the authority of law. We must be a Christian nation, if we wish to continue a free nation."

And, that he may not be misunderstood, he adds in a note:—

"With a view of illustrating this subject, by uniting high authority with great clearness of argument, the author subjoins a part of the opinion of the late Chief Justice Parsons, of Massachusetts, in the case of *Barnes vs. First Parish in Falmouth*, contained 6 Mass. Reports, p. 404, &c. In this case, the Court had occasion to vindicate Art. 3. Part I. of the Constitution of that State (p. 29.) So far as the Massachusetts' Constitution and the argument vindicating it make a discrimination between *Christian* denominations, they do not meet the concurrence of the author, but he considers the main positions of the Chief Justice incontrovertible, and his course of reasoning highly instructive and convincing."

The reasoning of the late Chief Justice Parsons of Massachusetts, is to the following effect: There are moral duties flowing from the disposition of the heart, and not subject to the control of human legislation. Secret offences cannot be prevented unless civil government derive assistance from some superior power, whose laws extend to the temper and disposition of the human heart. Legislators have, therefore, in all ages, had recourse to religion. It is not against freedom of conscience to establish a particular form of religion by law, and to compel persons to pay a tax for its support, although they may think the established religion false. It is simply a call on the citizen for money for the public use, and is in no sense a matter of conscience. The public has a right to levy taxes, and make appropriations; and no individual is at liberty to withhold the tax, because he dislikes the appropriation. Otherwise, there will soon be an end of all government. The

object of a public religious establishment is, to teach and enforce a system of correct morals—and to secure obedience to important laws by a Divine sanction.

Now, “the main positions of the Chief Justice,” which Mr. Adams pronounces “incontrovertible,” and “the course of reasoning” which he is pleased to declare “highly instructive and convincing,” urge the necessity for government to call in religion to its aid, and the right of government to establish and protect by law, and uphold by taxes, any religion it may deem proper. Why not Unitarianism then?—or Catholicism?—or Protestantism?—if the majority think fit. It is true, that Mr. Adams censures discriminations between *Christian* denominations; but he urges no reason for this censure—and we venture to assert that he can urge none—which will not apply with equal force to all religious discriminations. Admit his principle—which, veil it as he may, is discrimination between religious denominations—and a discrimination in favour of a particular sect will follow, as a matter of course. Admit the giant’s foot, and his body will soon appear.

The truth is, the main positions of Chief Justice Parsons are utterly indefensible, and his argument is worse than futile. We would not detract a tithe of a hair from the just reputation of this distinguished jurist. He was indeed a man of transcendental abilities—a shining light and an ornament to the bench and to his country, fit to be ranked with the Kents and Marshalls. We venerate his memory—but we cannot venerate his errors. Upon the principles advocated by him, in the opinion cited with high commendation by the author of the sermon now before us, it would be impossible to prove *any* tax improper.—We pass by this, however, and confine ourselves to the point immediately before us.

Civil government is intended for the regulation of social man—for the promotion and security of human happiness here on earth. It is intended for this world—not the next. It should protect us in the enjoyment of our personal rights and property. It should not interfere with our opinions and faith. Its business is with our temporal or present interests, not with our future or eternal welfare. As long as a citizen discharges well his duty to society, he is a good citizen. Civil government should regulate the duty of man towards man. It should not interfere with the relations between man and his Creator. Offences against society should be punished by society. Offences against God should be left to God. It argues great folly, as well as impiety, to suppose the Deity so weak as to require aid from society, or so negligent as to suffer offenders to escape with impunity. *Deorum injuriæ, diis curiæ*, was the wise and humble maxim of Pagans. We should not be less wise or humble—nor should we arrogantly usurp the province of the Almighty.

What is religion? The term is derived from *re* and *ligo*—to

bind back—to tie again. It is the tie or bond that unites man to the Deity. It consists in the service of God. He alone can judge who worships in sincerity and truth.

Opinion is involuntary. A man cannot believe as he wishes. I am writing with a candle before me. Can I believe that there is no such thing before me? I look at my hat; it is black. Can I, if I wish to do so, believe it white? I cannot. I am forced to believe the evidence of my senses. My very nature, my organization, my structure, compels me to do so.

I am a Christian. I have examined the evidence, internal and external, for and against Christianity. I am forced to believe it true. It is the conclusion of my mind after a candid examination. I cannot believe otherwise. Suppose I were in Turkey. Would the Turkish government have a right to punish me because I am not a Mahometan? Can an involuntary opinion be the subject of praise or blame? Can government rightly interfere with religious opinions? It cannot. Every man has, by the eternal law of nature, a right to worship God according to his own conscience. In the eloquent language of Mr. Brougham—now Lord Brougham—"The great truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, that man shall no more render an account to man for his belief, over which he has himself no control. Henceforward, nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or to blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature. Civil government, we repeat, cannot rightly interfere with religious belief or opinion. It should look simply to the actions, to the conduct of individuals. History paints in strong colours the danger of a connexion between religion and government. Church and state have never been united without making the former subservient to the latter—without making religion, which should purify and ennoble the mind, a base instrument of tyranny and oppression."

In South Carolina, legal provision was made for the establishment of religious worship according to the church of England, for the erecting of churches, and the maintenance of clergymen. Mr. Adams notices this, and subjoins the following remarks:

"It is the testimony of history, however, that ever since the time of Constantine, *such an union of the ecclesiastical with the civil authority, has given rise to flagrant abuses and gross corruptions.* By a series of gradual, but well contrived usurpations, a Bishop of the Church, claiming to be the successor of the Chief of the Apostles and the Vicar of Christ, had been seen for centuries to rule the nations of Christendom with the sceptre of despotism. The argument against the use of an institution arising from its abuse, is not valid, unless, when after sufficient experience, there is the best reason to conclude, that we cannot enjoy the use without the accompanying evils flowing from the abuse of it. Such perhaps is the case in regard to the union between any particular form of Christianity and civil government. IT IS AN HISTORICAL TRUTH, ESTABLISHED BY THE EXPERIENCE OF MANY CENTURIES, THAT WHENEVER CHRISTIANITY HAS IN THIS WAY BEEN INCORPORATED WITH THE CIVIL POWER, THE LUSTRE OF HER BRIGHTNESS HAS BEEN DIMMED BY THE ALLIANCE."

Now, Christianity has never been incorporated in any other way with the civil power. It became a religion exclusively established by law, for the first time, under Constantine, in the year of our Lord 325. Ever since that time, then, according to Mr. Adams, "the union of the ecclesiastical with the civil authority has given rise to flagrant abuses and gross corruptions!" No matter under what particular form Christianity has been united with civil government, invariably "the lustre of her brightness has been dimmed!!" Is not this evidence sufficiently strong to prove the impropriety of a connexion between church and state? Is the experience of fifteen centuries not enough? Must we again make an experiment, founded on a principle that has ever proved a fruitful source of evils? Shall we thus tamper with human happiness? We trust not. Christianity stands in need of no unequal protection. Give her a fair field, and the legitimate weapons of reason, and she must and will prevail. The fortress of error will be compelled to surrender, and the gentle sway of the Gospel will be universally acknowledged.

Having thus briefly pointed out the impropriety of any connexion between church and state, we will proceed to a more particular examination of Mr. Adams's sermon. He introduces his subject in the following manner:

"No nation on earth, perhaps, ever had opportunities so favourable to introduce changes in their institutions as the American people; and by the time of the Revolution, a conviction of the impolicy of a further union of Church and State according to the ancient mode, had so far prevailed, that all the States, in framing their new constitutions of government, either silently or by direct enactment, discontinued the ancient connexion.

"A question of great interest here comes up for discussion. In thus discontinuing the connexion between Church and Commonwealth—did these States intend to renounce all connexion with the Christian religion? Or did they intend to disclaim all preference of one sect of Christians?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Did the people of the United States, when, in adopting the Federal Constitution, they declared, that 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,' expect to be understood as abolishing the national religion?"—pp. 7, 8.

It is an historical question, says Mr. Adams, and to arrive at a correct conclusion, recurrence must be had to the ordinary means for adjusting inquiries of this nature. Accordingly he refers,

1. To the charters of the colonies, and other similar documents as to the settlement of this continent.
2. To the rise and progress of our colonial growth; and
3. To the Constitutions of the several States, and to the Constitution of the United States; from which he deduces this principle:—

"THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES HAVE RETAINED THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AS THE FOUNDATION OF THEIR CIVIL, LEGAL, AND POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS; WHILE THEY HAVE REFUSED TO CONTINUE A LEGAL PREFERENCE TO ANY ONE OF ITS FORMS OVER ANY OTHER."—pp. 12, 13.

It is evident, on the first blush of the question, that the "colonial charters," and "the rise and progress of our colonial growth," can have nothing to do with the question, whether, under our present constitutions, there is any connexion between religion and civil government. That is a question to be decided by the constitutions themselves. But let us examine the three sources whence Mr. Adams draws his conclusion.

And 1. as to "the charters of the colonies, and the settlement of this continent." He contends, that the originators and early promoters of the discovery and settlement of this continent, had the propagation of Christianity before their eyes, as one of the principal objects of their undertaking—and refers, as an evidence of this, to the charters of Massachusetts, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island—(pp. 8, 9.) Now, granting this to be true, although we doubt that it is so, what reference has it to the question, whether we have an established "**NATIONAL RELIGION**?" We answer, none. The United States had no national existence previous to the 4th of July, 1776, when they first assumed a station among the nations of the earth. Indeed, even then, and under the Articles of Confederation, they can scarcely be considered as having done more than prepared for the establishment of civil national institutions. The Constitution of 1789 is the very basis, the foundation-stone of those institutions—and with that Constitution our inquiries should commence. But the inquiry is concluded by the Constitution itself—*i. e.* by the first article of the amendments to the Constitution, which says, "*Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.*" In a legal and constitutional sense, then, we have no "*established national religion.*" The language is inapplicable to the United States; it is unconstitutional language—language at war with the great principles of freedom on which our institutions are built. Mr. John Adams was right, when he wrote to the Dey of Algiers, that "the Constitution is, in no sense, founded on the Christian religion."

Our author, having cited the colonial charters, and paid a well merited compliment to our ancestors, remarks:—"We very much mistake, if we suppose ourselves so much advanced before them, that we cannot be benefited by becoming acquainted with their sentiments, their characters, and their labours." The mistake against which Mr. Adams here warns us, is a creature of his own imagination—a man of straw, set up by himself, that he may obtain a fancied victory. No one supposes it useless to learn the sentiments, characters, and labours of our ancestors. They serve, in some instances, as beacons, to warn—in others, as examples, to imitate. We acquire wisdom from the experience of our predecessors, and should live to little purpose, if we were to shut our eyes against the light of history.



We come now to the second source whence Mr. Adams draws his conclusion. "If we advert," says he, "for a moment, to the rise and progress of our colonial growth," we will find, that "wherever a settlement was commenced, a church was founded," and that "according to the views which had prevailed in Europe, since the days of Constantine, a legal preference of some one denomination over all others, prevailed in almost all the colonies," (pp. 10, 11.) Granted, we say: but this evidently has nothing at all to do with the question under the existing Constitution. It may be instructive to read the laws passed by our ancestors on the subject of religion. But every good man, and lover of his country, blushes at the superstition, bigotry, and intolerance, with which they were too often tainted. Need we refer to history? Let us look for a moment to the pilgrim fathers, to the colony at Plymouth. Speaking of them, a judicious writer observes:

"Much as we respect that noble spirit which enabled them to part with their native soil—by some held dearer than friends, relatives, or children, and by every generous bosom preferred even to life itself—we must condemn the proceedings which ensued. In the first moment when they began to taste of Christian liberty themselves, they forgot that others had a right to the same enjoyment. Some of the colonists, who had not emigrated through motives of religion, retaining a high veneration for the ritual of the English church, refused to join the colonial state establishment, and assembled separately to worship. But their objections were not suffered to pass unnoticed, nor unpunished. Endicott called before him the two principal offenders, and though they were men of respectability, and amongst the number of original patentees, he expelled them from the colony, and sent them home in the first ships returning to England. Had this inquisitorial usurpation been no further exercised, some apology, or at least palliation, might be framed. More interesting and painful consequences, however, not long afterwards, resulted. The very men who had countenanced this violation of Christian duties, lived to see their own descendants excluded from church communion; to behold their grandchildren, the smiling infants at the breast, denied the sacred rite of baptism." \* \* \*

"The first general court was held at Charlestown, on board the ship *Arabella*. A law was passed, declaring that none should be admitted as freemen, or be entitled to any share in the government, or even to serve as jurymen, except those who had been received as members of the church; *by which measure, every person whose mind was not of a particular structure, or accidentally impressed with peculiar ideas, was at once cast out of society, and stripped of his civic rights.*"

"This fanatical spirit continued to increase. The restless disposition of Williams had caused his banishment from Salem; and Coddington, a wealthy merchant of Boston, having, with seventy-six others, been banished from Massachusetts, for holding eighty erroneous opinions, and favouring the religion of Ann Hutchinson, purchased an island—and named it Rhode island—which includes the previous settlement by Williams. They received a charter from the British Parliament. By this it was ordered, that none were ever to be molested for any difference of opinion in religious matters. Yet the very first Assembly convened under this authority, excluded Roman Catholics from voting at elections, and from every office in the government. In 1656, a number of Quakers having arrived from England and Barbadoes, and given offence to the clergy of the established church, by the novelty of their religion, at that time, certainly, a little extravagant, were imprisoned, and by the first opportunity sent away. A law was then made, which prohibited masters of vessels from bringing any Quakers into Massachusetts, and themselves from coming there, under a penalty, in case of a return from banishment, as high as death. In consequence of this several were hanged. Toleration was preached against, as a sin in rulers that would bring down the judgment of Heaven upon the

land. Mr. Dudley died with a copy of verses in his pocket, of which the two following lines make a part :

Let men of God, in court and churches watch,  
O'er such as do a toleration hatch.

The Anabaptists were the next object of persecution. Many were disfranchised, and some banished."

But why multiply examples? It affords us no pleasure to dwell on the follies of our ancestors. They cannot affect the question at issue between us and the author of the sermon now before us. To know the connexion of Christianity with the civil government of the United States, we must look to the Constitution of the United States, and that declares, as we have already seen, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Jews, Turks, Infidels, Christians, *ALL* stand on the same footing. Mr. Jefferson, in a letter acknowledging the receipt of a discourse on the consecration of a synagogue, says: "Your sect, by its sufferings, has furnished a remarkable proof of the universal spirit of religious intolerance, inherent in *every* sect; disclaimed by all while feeble, and practised by all when in power. Our laws have applied the only antidote to this vice—protecting our religions, as they do our civil rights, by placing all on an equal footing. But more remains to be done; for, though we are free by the law, we are not so in practice; public opinion erects itself into an inquisition, and exercises its office with as much fanaticism as fans the flame of an *auto da fe*."

We are prepared now to examine the third source whence Mr. Adams draws his conclusion—we mean the Constitutions of the several States, and the Constitution of the United States.

"In perusing the twenty-four Constitutions of the United States," says he, p. 11, "we find all of them recognising Christianity as the well known AND WELL ESTABLISHED RELIGION of the communities, whose legal, civil, and political foundations, these Constitutions are." And again, in pp. 15 and 16, he remarks, by way of a seeming inference: "Thus, while all others enjoy full protection in the profession of their opinions and practice, Christianity is *THE* ESTABLISHED RELIGION of the nation, its institutions and usages are sustained by legal sanctions, and many of them are incorporated with the fundamental law of the country."

So far is this from being true, that, we will venture to assert, in nearly all the twenty-four Constitutions it is assumed that there is *no established* religion, and that there should be no preference of any one religious denomination over another—whether Jews, Christians, Pagans, or Turks.

Some of the State Constitutions were framed *flagrante bello*, during the storm of the Revolution—while the public mind was engrossed with political subjects. It needs be a matter of little surprise, that, under such circumstances, and when there was in

most of the colonies a legal preference of one form of Christianity over all others, there should be found some provisions in favour of Christianity. Thus, in the Constitution of *Maryland*, adopted 14th April, 1776, Article 35 prescribes, that every person, before entering on any office of honour, profit or trust, shall make a declaration of belief in the Christian scriptures—thereby excluding from office all Jews. In the Constitution of *New Jersey*, adopted July 2d, 1776, the nineteenth section declares “all persons, professing a belief in the faith of any *Protestant* sect, eligible to offices of profit or trust.” And in the Constitution of *North Carolina*, adopted December 18th, 1776, the thirty-second section provides, that no person who shall deny the being of God, or the truth of the *Protestant* religion, or the Divine authority either of the Old or New Testament, or who shall hold, &c., shall be capable of holding any office or place of profit or trust in the civil department within that state. So that these two states went a step farther than *Maryland*, and excluded Roman Catholics as well as Jews.

The Constitutions of *New Hampshire*, (Part 1, Art. 6,) and of *Massachusetts*, (Part 1, Art. 3,) invest the respective legislatures of those states with “power to require, and direct them to require, the several towns, parishes, precincts, and other bodies politic, or religious societies, to make provision for the support and maintenance of public *Protestant* teachers of piety, religion, and morality.” These provisions are utterly indefensible. Nothing can justify the power thus given to the legislatures to invade the rights of conscience, and to compel an individual to pay for the propagation of a doctrine which he believes to be false, and fraught with mischief!

The Constitution of *Virginia* refers to Christianity, but gives it no preference over other religious denominations; on the contrary, the sixteenth article of the “Bill of Rights,” made by *Virginia* June 12, 1776, and prefixed to her Constitution of 1830, expressly provides against such preference. So, in the third article of the “Declaration of Rights” of the inhabitants of *Vermont*, July 4, 1793, after declaring the right of all men to worship God according to their own consciences, it is laid down, that “no authority can or ought to be vested in, or assumed by any power whatever, that shall in any case interfere with, or in any manner control the rights of conscience, in the free exercise of religious worship.”

The Constitution of *Maine*, adopted October 29th, 1819, does not contain the word *Christian*. It is not even said to have been adopted “in the year of our Lord,” &c., but simply, “in Convention, October 29th, 1819.” It declares the natural and unalienable right to worship God according to conscience, and rejects all religious tests and discriminations. (See Article 1, Section 8.)

So, too, in the Constitution of *New York*, the word *Christian* is

not to be found. It is dated, "Done in Convention at, &c., in the year 1821." Art. 7, Sec. 3, provides, that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall for ever be allowed in this state to all mankind."

In like manner, *Kentucky*, in the 3d and 4th Sections, Art. 10, of her Constitution, recognises the rights of conscience, and declares, "that no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious societies or modes of worship: That the civil privileges or capacities of any citizen shall in no wise be diminished or enlarged on account of his religion." The style of its date is similar to that of Maine or New York. It is this: "Done in Convention at Frankfort, the 17th day of August, 1799."

The Constitution of *Illinois*, adopted 26th August, 1818, recognises the right of all men to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, and provides against any preference to religious establishments and against religious tests. (Art. 8, Sec. 3 and 4.

The Constitution of *Alabama*, adopted in 1819, is equally explicit. Article 1, Section 7, is in the following words: "There shall be no establishment of religion by law; no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious sect, society, or denomination, or mode of worship; and no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under this state."

The 4th and 5th Sections of the 13th Article of the Constitution of *Missouri*, adopted in 1820, run thus: "All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences: no man can be compelled to erect and support, or to attend any place of worship, or to maintain any minister of the gospel or teacher of religion: no human authority can control or interfere with the rights of conscience: no person can ever be hurt, molested, or restrained in his religious professions or sentiments, if he do not disturb others in their religious worship." "No person, on account of his religious opinions, can be rendered ineligible to any office of profit or trust under this state. No preference can ever be given by law to any sect or mode of worship: and no religious corporation can ever be erected in this state."

*Indiana*, in the 1st Article, 3d Section, of her Constitution, adopted in 1816, makes similar provisions in language equally strong.

*Louisiana*, in her Constitution, makes no reference to the subject of Christianity. No religious tests are prescribed; but offices and honours are open to all citizens.

The Constitution of *Georgia*, Article 4, Section 10, after declaring the rights of conscience, &c. provides: "No one religious society shall ever be established in this state in preference to any

other; nor shall any person be denied the enjoyment of any civil right, merely on account of his religious principles.

The Constitution of *Ohio*, Article 8, Section 3, has a similar provision. True, it declares that "religion, morality, and knowledge shall for ever be encouraged by legislative provision," but it adds, "not inconsistent with the rights of conscience." Besides, it provides that "no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious society or mode of worship."

The Constitution of *Pennsylvania*, (Article 9th, Section 3d,) and the Constitution of *Tennessee*, (Article 11th, Sections 3d and 4th,) assert the rights of conscience, and declare that "no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishments or modes of worship." It is true, the latter, in 8th Article, Section 2d, and the former in 9th Article, Section 4, exclude from office "those who deny the existence of God, or a future state of rewards and punishments." But this is no provision in favour of Christianity. The followers of Mahomet, the Jews, and most Pagans, believe these.

Mr. Adams has misrepresented the Constitution of *Delaware*, by garbling the 1st Article, Section 1. The Constitution declares, that "through Divine goodness, all men have by nature the right of worshipping and serving God according to the dictates of their consciences." It then proceeds:

"ARTICLE 1, § 1. ALTHOUGH it is the duty of all men frequently to assemble together for the public worship of the author of the universe; and piety and morality, on which the prosperity of communities depends, are thereby promoted; yet no man shall, or ought to be compelled to attend any religious worship, to contribute to the erection or support of any place of worship, or to the maintenance of any ministry, against his own free will and consent; and no power shall or ought to be vested in, or assumed by any magistrate, that shall in any case interfere with, or in any manner control the rights of conscience, in the free exercise of religious worship. Nor shall a preference be given by law to any religious societies, denominations, or modes of worship.

§ 2. No religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under this state."

Mr. Adams omits the word "although" in the first section, and ends with the word "promoted," leaving out all that we have italicised. Even in the mangled form presented by him, the section simply expresses the duty of all men publicly to assemble and worship God—a duty which Jews and others feel as well as Christians. But in its proper form, it denies the right of any human power to interfere with religious opinions.

Mr. Adams cites Article 7, Section 1, Constitution of Connecticut, which makes some regulations for Jews and Christians, and the manner in which they may exercise their religion; but he does not notice the very first Article, in the Constitution, which declares, that "the exercise of religious profession and worship without control, hindrance or force, be to all persons in this state."

We have now briefly examined the constitutions of all the states except South Carolina, and have fully sustained our assertion, that in nearly all the twenty-four constitutions freedom of conscience has been recognised as one of the unalienable rights of man, and that no preference is allowed to any religious denomination—whether it consist of Jews, Christians, Pagans, or Turks. The principle obtained from the foregoing examination is then this—*VIZ.* THE PEOPLE OF THE SEVERAL STATES—ALTHOUGH A VAST MAJORITY OF THEM WERE CHRISTIANS—RESOLVED, IN FRAMING THEIR CONSTITUTIONS, TO DESTROY ALL CONNEXIONS BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE. Of course, we except those who have, in spite of reason and the experience of more than fifteen centuries, established a preference for certain sects—a preference which Mr. Adams himself affects to deprecate.

In order to complete our examination of the constitutions, we must refer to the Constitution of South Carolina and the Constitution of the United States. Before we do so more particularly, we will notice two expressions which are to be found not only in those constitutions, but in several already examined. We do this, not because the expressions themselves call for any comment—but because an ingenious though sophistical argument has been built upon them.

The expressions are: 1. “If any bill shall not be returned by the president (or governor) within ten days, (the number differs in different states,) *SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,*” &c. 2. “Done in Convention, &c., in the *YEAR OF OUR LORD,*” &c.

Upon the first expression, Mr. Adams has borrowed the argument of Mr. Frelinghuysen in the United States’ Senate. Upon the second, so far as we are informed, he is entitled to the credit of originality. Both expressions, he contends, are recognitions of Christianity.

We have already remarked, that many of the state constitutions were framed in the midst of war and confusion—when the public mind was engrossed with political subjects. Ninety-nine hundredths of the people were, and still are thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Christian scriptures. The exception of Sundays, above cited, notwithstanding the many political reasons which may be urged in its favour, is to be attributed to this general conviction. Public opinion will have its effect; and we are only surprised that more expressions of this occasional kind are not to be found in the constitutions. But to infer from this that the people of the several states have retained the Christian religion as the foundation of their civil, legal, and political institutions, is worse than absurd. It is building up weakness. It is like an attempt to construct an inverted pyramid—to rear an immense superstructure with a point for a base. But if we are shocked at so sweeping an inference from such premises, what must we think, when we reflect



that the inference is directly contradicted by the various provisions already cited from the constitutions themselves?

These remarks will apply with equal, perhaps greater force, to the dates of some constitutions—“*Done, &c., &c., in the year of our Lord.*” Besides, it has become a sort of fashion in dating papers to say, “in the year of our Lord.” C’est une façon de parler—a mere mode of speech. This perhaps may be traced to the fact, that we are Christians. It does not show that Christianity is the foundation of our civil, legal, and political institutions. On the contrary, assuming with our author that the date of the Constitution of the United States—“*in the year of our Lord*”—refers back to the words, “We the people of the United States,” it would only amount to this, that the people of the United States, although professing themselves Christians, were so thoroughly convinced of the impropriety of any and every connexion between church and state, that they laid it down as a fundamental law, “Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.”

We will now examine more particularly the Constitution and laws of South Carolina, so far as this subject is concerned. Mr. Adams refers to the Carolina charters of 1662–1663, and of 1665. But these have nothing to do—as we have already seen—with the relation of Christianity to civil government under the present Constitution. We therefore dismiss them. In like manner we would dismiss the Constitution of South Carolina, 1778; but Mr. Adams contends, that the Constitution of 1790, which is at present the fundamental law of the state, is no more than an alteration or amendment of the Constitution of 1778. Let him speak for himself:

“This Constitution itself *decides*, that it is no more than an alteration or amendment of the preceding Constitution of the State. (See *Constitution of South Carolina of 1790, Art. 8. Sect. 2.*) The Constitution of 1778, then, is still in force, except so far as it has “been altered or amended” by the Constitution of 1790; and the 38th Section of the former is still in force, except so far as it has “been altered or amended” by Article 8th of the latter. Note E, p. 37.

What is the 38th section, alluded to by our author?

It declares the Christian Protestant religion the established religion of the state. It then provides that Protestant societies may be incorporated, provided fifteen members subscribe the following articles—and not otherwise:—

1. That there is one God, and a future state of rewards and punishments.

2. That God is publicly to be worshipped.

3. That the Christian religion is true.

4. That the Old and New Testaments are of Divine inspiration, and the rule of faith and practice.

5. That every witness, when called on, shall speak truth, &c.  
We have studied with some attention the Constitutions of South

Carolina, and cannot but express our surprise at Mr. Adams' assertion, that the Constitution of 1790 itself, decides that the Constitution of 1778 is still of force, except so far as it has been altered or amended. There is not a word in the present Constitution to support the assertion. The Constitution of 1790, wholly superseded that of 1778. But Mr. Adams refers for support to the 2d Section, 8th Article Constitution of South Carolina. This relates solely to the rights preserved to corporate bodies and societies. No constitutional lawyer of any reputation can be found bold enough—we had almost used a harsher term—to say, “that the Constitution of 1790 leaves Christianity, *i. e.* Christianity without distinction of sects—precisely as it found it established by the Constitution of 1778.” The Constitution abolishes all distinction of religious denominations. The follower of Moses is seated in our legislative hall by the follower of Jesus. The object of each is alike his country's honour, and his country's good.

We cannot argue the seal off the bond: we cannot argue the words out of the Constitution. The language is too clear to be misunderstood. Let us read the 8th article, to the 2d section of which Mr. Adams refers:—

#### “ARTICLE VIII.

SECTION 1. The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, WITHOUT DISCRIMINATION OR PREFERENCE, shall for ever hereafter, be allowed within this State to all mankind, &c.

SECTION 2. The rights, privileges, immunities, and estates of both civil and religious societies, and of corporate bodies, shall remain as if the Constitution of this State had not been altered or amended.”

The meaning of this is palpable. The civil and religious societies, which have under the old Constitution acquired property and rights, shall not be deprived of their estates and privileges. But henceforth the free exercise of religious worship and profession, *without discrimination or preference*, shall for ever be allowed within this state to all mankind. Yet Mr. Adams contends that Christianity—without distinction of sects—is the established religion of the state! “It is too manifest,” says he, “to require argument, that the Constitution of 1790 leaves Christianity—that is, Christianity without distinction of sects—precisely as it found it established by the Constitution of 1778.” So that, according to him, “the free exercise of religious profession and worship,” means only “the profession of Christianity!” And the establishment, the legal and constitutional establishment of Christianity, makes no discrimination or preference between the Jew and the Christian. The framers of the Constitution built no temple for intolerance. The cornerstone of their structure was liberty—liberty in its broadest and most general sense—liberty of speech, liberty of the press, liberty of conscience—the right to worship God in any way man thinks fit.

But Mr. Adams says:—

“It has hitherto been supposed, that our judges, our legislators, and our statesmen, ought to be influenced by the spirit, and bound by the sanctions of Christianity, both in their public and private conduct; but no censure can be rightfully attached to them for refusing to comply, if nothing of this kind is required by the commissions under which they act, and from which their authority is derived.”—Page 16.

How is this? Jews hold offices of honour and trust under the general government: many hold commissions in the militia of the several states; many in the army and navy of the United States: Jews have been sent abroad as consuls: Jews are to be found in the legislative halls of South Carolina, New York, &c. Are *they* bound by the sanctions of *Christianity*, in their public and private conduct? Do the commissions under which they act, require any thing of this kind? Will they not consider this constitutional doctrine of Mr. Adams somewhat strange? We have dwelt too long on this point. Proceed we to another.

Mr. Adams says:—

“The statute of December 12th, 1712, in adopting the Common Law of England as the Law of South Carolina, (*Grimke's Laws of South Carolina*, p. 99,) made Christianity a part of our fundamental law, it being a well established principle that Christianity is a part of the Common Law of England.”\*

We would remark now, in the first place, that in adopting the common law of England, South Carolina did not adopt it unreservedly. She only adopted such portions of it as were consistent with her Constitution and laws. She did not, and she could not deprive herself of the power of altering that common law, when applied to herself. If Christianity, then, were a part of the common law, she certainly had a right to abolish it if she thought proper. This right she exercised in framing her Constitution in 1790.

This is a complete reply to the argument, that the statute of 1712 incorporated Christianity with the laws of South Carolina, even if we admit his dictum—that it is a well settled “principle, that Christianity is a part of the common law of England.”

But we deny that Christianity ever was a part of the common law of England. We do not know how we can better express our opinion on this subject, than by copying the following extract of a letter from Mr. Jefferson to Major Cartwright, dated Monticello, June 5, 1824.

\* “Sec. 11, Sergeant & Rawle, pp. 400, 401, where the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania says, that ‘from the time of Bracton, Christianity has been received as part of the Common Law of England.’ To this effect, the opinions of Lord Chief Justice Hale, (the great and good Lord Hale) Lord Chief Justice Raymond, and Lord Mansfield, are quoted. The Court refer to the *King vs. Taylor*, 1 Vent. 293, 3 Keb. 607—*The King vs. Woolston*, 28 tra. 834. Fitz. 64. Raym. 162. Fitz. 66.—*Evens vs. Chamberlain of London*. *Furneaux's Letters to Sir W. Blackstone*. Appx. to *Black. Com.* and 2 Burns' *Eccles. Law*, p. 95—also, 8 Johnson, 292, where the Supreme Court of New York quote the same authorities, and add Emlyn's Preface to the *State Trials*, p. 8. Whitlock's Speech, 2 *State Trials*, 273. *Tremaine's Pleas of the Crown*, 296. & C. *The King vs. Williams*, tried before Lord Kenyon in 1797.”

"I was glad to find in your book a formal contradiction at length of the judiciary usurpation of legislative powers; for such the judges have usurped in their repeated declarations that Christianity is a part of the common law. The proof of the contrary which you have adduced is incontrovertible, to wit, that *the common law existed while the Anglo-Saxons were yet Pagans; at a time when they had never yet heard the name of Christ pronounced, or knew that such a character had existed.* But it may amuse you to show, when and by what means they stole this law upon us.

"In a case '*quare impedit*,' in the Year Book, 34. H. 6. fo. 38 (1453), a question was made, how far the ecclesiastical law was to be respected in a common law court? And PRISOT, C. 5., gives his opinion in these words: '*A tielx Leis que ils de Saint Eglise ont en ancien scripture, covient a nous a doner credence; car ceo common Ley, surquel tous mans leis sont fondees. Et auxy Sir, nous sumus obliges de conustre nostre ley. Et, Sir, si poit apperer a nous que l'evesque ad fait comme un ordinary fera en tiel cas, a dong nous devons ces adjuger bon, ou autrement nemy,*' &c. See S. C, Fitzh. Abr. qu: im. 89. Bro: Abr. qu: imp. 12. FINCH, in his first book, c. 3. is the first afterwards who quotes this case, and misstates it thus:—'*To such laws of the church as have warrant in holy scripture, our law giveth credence,*' and cites PRISOT, mistranslating '*ancien scripture*' into '*holy scripture*;' whereas PRISOT palpably says, '*to such laws as those of holy church have in ancient writing, it is proper for us to give credence;*' to wit, to their ancient written laws. This was in 1613, a century and a half after the dictum of PRISOT. WINGATE, in 1658, erects this false translation into a maxim of the common law, copying the words of FINCH, but citing PRISOT. (*Wingatis max. 3.*) And SHEPPARD, tit. religion in 1675, copies the same mistranslation, quoting the Y. B., FINCH and WINGATE. HALE expresses it in these words; '*Christianity is parcel of the laws of England.*' 1. *Ventr.* 293: 3. *Keb.* 607; but quotes no authority.

"By these echoings and re-echoings, from one to another, it had become so established in 1728, that in the case of the *King vs. Woolston*, 2 Str. 834, the court would not suffer it to be debated, whether to write against Christianity was punishable in the temporal courts at common law! WOOD, therefore, 409, ventures still to vary the phrase, and says, '*that all blasphemy and profaneness are offences by the common law,*' and cites 2. Str.

"Then BLACKSTONE, in 1763, N. 59, repeats the words of HALE, that Christianity is part of the common law of England, citing *Ventris and Strange*; and finally, LORD MANSFIELD, with a little qualification, in *Evans' case*, in 1767, says, '*that the essential principles of revealed religion are parts of the common law,*' thus engulfing bible, testament, and all, into the common law, without citing any authority.

"And thus far we find this chain of authorities hanging, link by link, one upon another, and all ultimately upon one and the same hook, and that a mistranslation of the words '*ancien scripture*,' used by PRISOT. FINCH quotes PRISOT; WINGATE does the same: SHEPPARD quotes PRISOT, FINCH, and WINGATE: HALE cites nobody; the court in *Woolston's case* cites HALE; WOOD cites *Woolston's case*; BLACKSTONE quotes *Woolston's case* and HALE; and LORD MANSFIELD, like HALE, ventures it on his own authority.

"Here I might defy the best read lawyer to produce another scrip of authority for this judicial forgery; and I might go on further to show how some of the Anglo-Saxon clergy interpolated into the text of Alfred's laws, the 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d chapters of Exodus, and the 15th of the Acts of the Apostles, from the 23d to the 29th verse. But this would lead my pen and your patience too far. What a conspiracy this between church and state!!!"

We might safely rest here; but the question before us is too important to suffer us to pass by other authorities.

Richard Carlisle published "*Paine's Age of Reason.*" In 1818, he was prosecuted for blasphemy and convicted, and sentenced on the 19th November, 1819, to three years' imprisonment, and to fines of £1500. He was, under various indictments and convictions, confined six years.

On the 30th June, 1825, Mr. Brougham presented a petition to the House of Commons in his behalf. In the petition it is urged,

"That Lord Hale was the first who asserted Christianity to be part or parcel of the law of the land: that but a few years before this unfair addition to the common law, Lord Chief Justice Coke, always considered as good an authority as Sir Matthew Hale, distinctly laid it down as law in mentioning the case of *Caudrey*; so in causes ecclesiastical and spiritual, as *blasphemy*, apostacy from Christianity, heresies, schisms, &c., *the conusance whereof belongeth not to the common law of England*; the same are to be determined and decided by ecclesiastical judges, according to the king's ecclesiastical laws of this realm; and he gives as a reason, for as before it appeareth the deciding of matters, so many and of so great importance is not within the conusance of the common law.\*

"That before the abolition of the star chamber, and the decay of the ecclesiastical courts, no cases of blasphemy towards the Christian religion were known to the common law courts.

"That no statute can be found which has conferred authority on the common law courts, to take conusance of a charge of blasphemy toward the Christian religion, as assumed by Sir Matthew Hale.

"That it therefore clearly appears, that *that* and the subsequent conusance of such cases by the common law courts, have been an unjust usurpation of power, and an unlawful creation of law, contrary to the common and statute laws of this realm.

"That later in the middle of the 18th century, Lord Mansfield decided, that the common law did *not* take conusance of matters of opinion: whence it appears, by this and the authority of Lord Coke, the immediate predecessor of Sir Matthew Hale, that the judges are not unanimous on the subject; and that Sir Matthew Hale evidently warped the common law to punish an individual who had not committed an infringement of that or any other law; and that such has been the conduct of the judges in the case of your petitioner and others."

Mr. Brougham supported the petition in a very able and eloquent argument. None of the law officers of the crown attempted a reply. The fine was remitted by a warrant of the king, dated 12th November, 1825.

We will now refer to the argument of Carlisle, in 12 Repub. 652. It was to the following effect.

The common law has been loosely described as that to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. But the time of legal memory has been more accurately defined, to be any time within the first year of Richard I.

Now the Christianity that existed before that time was that of the Roman Catholic church—and that Christianity the church of England pronounces "*idolatrous and damnable*."

Parliament, in 1713, pronounced it blasphemy to impugn the doctrine of the Trinity; and in 1813 declared it lawful to impugn that doctrine.

What then is the Christianity which is part and parcel of the common law of England?

We would ask Mr. Adams what was the Christianity which South Carolina adopted, in adopting the common law of England, when the Protestant religion was the established religion of the

\* 5 Coke's Rep. IV. a. 33d year of Elizabeth.

state? Was the *Protestant* religion ever a part of the common law? We have seen that it was not. But if ever, it was clearly repealed, when South Carolina in her Constitution declared, that the free exercise of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, should for ever be allowed within her limits to all mankind. Mr. Adams refers to the speech of Whitelock, 2 State Trials, 275. The reference is unfortunate; in that very page we find the lord commissioner, Whitelock, mentioning a case where the bishop committed a man for *heresy*, "for denying that tithes were due to the parson." Does Mr. Adams acknowledge this to be law?

The reference to Emlyn's preface to the State Trials is equally unfortunate. The preface contains some judicious remarks—among them, the following concerning indictments for blasphemous libels: "It is customary to insert the words '*falsò et malitiosè scripsit, &c.*' and indeed they are the very gist of the indictment, and absolutely necessary to constitute the offence; for as no words can be blasphemy, (*viz.* a reproachful reflection on God or religion,) which are true—(for truth can be no reflection on the God of truth)—so no opinion, however erroneous, can merit that denomination, unless uttered with a malicious design of reviling God or religion. Yet how often have persons been found guilty on these indictments, without any proof of the falsehood of the positions, or of the malice of him who wrote them. Nay, sometimes there is a great deal of reason to think they were published from no other principle but a sincere love and regard for truth."

We come now to the decision in the case of the *People vs. Ruggles*, cited by Mr. Adams from 8th Johnson's Reports, 292. In that case, the Supreme Court of New York relied on the authorities already examined, and shown to be illegal. Their positions are utterly untenable. The decision was made in 1811; we have not the then Constitution of New York by us, but it is clear as the sun at mid-day, that the case is overruled by the 7th Art. 3d Sec. Constitution New York, adopted in 1821. The words of the section are: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall for ever be allowed in this state to all mankind." We will not dwell longer on this point; but in taking our leave of it, we must advise Mr. Adams, who seems fond of quoting decisions, whenever he again assumes the part of a lawyer, to bear in mind what the books say, *viz.* "The *LAW* and the *opinion of the judge* are not always convertible terms, or one and the same thing; since it sometimes may happen that the judge may *mistake* the law."

It appears then that the assertion, that Christianity is a well established principle of the common law, is *erroneous*. It is a judicial forgery, a usurpation of legislative powers by the court, a bench-made, judge-enacted law, unsupported by proper legal



authority. They who wish to see this subject fully treated, will do well to peruse "Cooper's Law of Libel"—particularly that portion of it which treats of ecclesiastical libels. It is replete with learning and argument; its style is clear, vigorous, and striking, although occasionally rough and abrupt; it is sometimes witty, and sometimes eloquent; it exhibits great power of condensation, notwithstanding it is frequently disfigured by repetitions; it is always fearless in the expression of opinions, and its legal argument is unanswerable.

Mr. Adams, having noticed the common law, proceeds to quote an act passed by South Carolina in 1712, prohibiting persons from travelling on Sunday, or employing their slaves at work on that day. But this law is obsolete. Persons are continually travelling on Sunday. The mail is carried and opened on Sunday. Passengers crowd the stages on Sunday. In fact, this act of 1712 is repealed by the Constitution of 1790. With regard to not employing slaves at work on Sunday, we would observe, that public opinion—which is stronger than the law—causes this to be observed. Independently of our own individual religious profession, which induces us to observe the Sabbath, we are satisfied that in a political point of view, the observance of the day is attended with beneficial effects. These have been frequently pointed out. It is a day of rest for those who have laboured hard throughout the rest of the previous week. As such, it invigorates both body and mind. The certain prospect of a holiday is exceedingly exhilarating. It diffuses cheerfulness over the heart. It gives the poor an opportunity to prepare for its enjoyment. It insures them a period of rest, which would otherwise depend on the caprice of the task-master. Sunday is indeed a day of jubilee and rest, of enjoyment and ease. Ordinary occupations are suspended: and if a cheerful heart be pleasant in the sight of God, to that day He must look with peculiar delight! It is unnecessary to dwell on the advantages of Sunday as a period of rest for cattle—for horses, mules, oxen, &c.

These and other considerations, make it politic to have a fixed day of rest: and no reason can be given for preferring any other day to Sunday.

Mr. Adams seems to have a high relish for old laws on the subject of religion; and, we have no doubt, will pay equal reverence to those which regulate the conduct, and those which regulate the belief of individuals. There is an act intended to provide for the security of the province of South Carolina, and more especially of church-going people. It is to be found in pages 185 and 186, *Grimké's Public Laws*. It was enacted in 1743, made perpetual by revival act of 1783, and has never since been repealed. We commend it to Mr. Adams' notice. It enacts that "all male persons, under sixty years of age, who shall go on Sunday or Christ-

mas-day, to any church or place of worship, without a gun or a good pair of horse-pistols in good order and fit for service, with at least six charges of gunpowder and ball; or who shall not carry the same into the church or other places of Divine worship, shall forfeit and pay the sum of 20s. current money." We trust that hereafter Mr. Adams will not neglect the duty prescribed by this act, and that every Sunday he will be seen with a gun on his shoulder, in conformity with the law.

We have thus, at the risk of being tedious, in most instances laid before our readers the very words of the several provisions in most of our constitutions, on the subject of religion. It is the only fair way of examining the question now before us—a question of vital importance—a question between liberty and tyranny, between the rights of conscience on the one hand, and intolerance, bigotry, and superstition on the other. The argument on the common law will apply to most of the states—so that while we have apparently been confining ourselves to the law of South Carolina, we have in truth been discussing the general law of the country.

We have seen that the connexion of Christianity with civil government has been, for fifteen centuries, invariably productive of the most flagrant abuses and the grossest corruptions. We have shown that there is, and there can be no middle ground between perfect liberty of conscience and despotism—since to give government power to protect Christianity for instance, is to give it power to declare what *is* Christianity, and what is necessary for its protection—in other words to give it unlimited power. We have shown also that opinion, faith, belief, are involuntary; that no human power can rightly interfere with them; that the object of civil government should be the regulation and promotion of human happiness here on earth; and that it should confine itself to the *conduct* of individuals, and regulate the duty of man towards man; but should not interfere with the relation between man and God. We have shown that most of the states, in framing their constitutions, have been influenced by these considerations; that in our country, Christianity has no connexion with the law of the land, or our political institutions; but that although a vast majority of the people of the United States are Christians, they have refused to give the general government power to make any laws on the subject, and have guaranteed to every man liberty of conscience, without discrimination or preference of any sect.

Christianity requires no aid from force or persecution. She asks not to be guarded by fines and forfeitures. She stands secure in the armour of truth and reason. She seeks not to establish her principles by political aid and legal enactments. She seeks mildly and peaceably to establish them in the hearts of the people.

---

ART. V.—*Sketches*, by MRS. SIGOURNEY. 12mo. pp. 216. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle: 1834.

“It may be asked,” says the editor of a late Review, “are American writers to be treated thus rigidly? Will not some allowance be made for them because they are American? Is it not incumbent on every one animated with a proper feeling of patriotism, to cherish every literary effort of a fellow-countryman, especially if he happen to be one who occupies a prominent position in the public esteem, his reputation being then a part of the reputation of the country itself? These questions there is no hesitation to answer in the negative. They imply a wholly inadequate impression of the condition and present prospects of American literature; they tacitly assume it to be in an infant state, instead of having already advanced into at least the first stage of a vigorous manhood; and they betray an exaggerated estimate of the influence of criticism. American literature is no longer a sickly and sorry bantling, that must be kept alive by being ever held on the knee and fed with the milk of encouragement, or the pap of flattery. It can now support itself without a prop, and is capable of digesting even the strong meat of reproof, occasionally administered to it by a reviewer, without any danger of sinking under the operation.”

The sentiments contained in this short extract, though not perhaps free from error, are we think well adapted to the present state of American literature. That the great body of our authors, even including those who hold the highest rank in the estimation of their countrymen and of foreigners, stand in need rather of severe and impartial criticism, than of blind and undistinguishing flattery, is a truth, important as regards our further literary advancement, but by many disbelieved or disregarded. The time has gone by, if indeed such a time there ever was, when shame crimsoned the cheek of the American at the reproach and ridicule which transatlantic nations cast upon his intellectual labours; but our rapid advance in the paths of learning has not yet brought us to that state of perfection which would render criticism unavailing, and require us to lavish upon every production expressions of unbounded applause, without the trouble of exercising a discriminating judgment. Many persons seem to suppose, that because the works which issue from our press are often read with avidity and with approbation in other countries, even in those where, but a short time ago, it seemed to be the common interest to decry all American publications as infantile and unworthy of an enlightened age, we have therefore attained all that is desirable, and that we need no longer make use of means

adapted to promote further improvement. We do not say that such an opinion is ever expressed in the words which we have employed, or that any one, if the question were asked, whether, in this age of universal and rapid progression, our literature alone be not susceptible of greater improvement; whether it alone has, to all appearance, gained its highest elevation and utmost extent, would answer in the affirmative; but what then is the meaning of those who talk of the proud maturity, the full and vigorous strength of this literature? What signification can be attached to such expressions, reiterated as they are by so many tongues, if not that the greatest attainable degree of literary excellence has been already reached? But since this mistake is so palpable, and since it may be considered as owing to confusion of ideas, or to the misuse of words, rather than as the offspring of a deliberate judgment, we leave it, after these remarks, and pass on to the consideration of a second error in regard to this subject, of greater moment than the first, since it is more widely diffused, and, at the same time, does not want its open and strenuous advocates. It is this error which is particularly combated in the remarks which we have quoted above, though perhaps not so much at large as the extent of its influence demands.

The great majority, indeed we may say all of those who have formed any deliberate and settled opinions respecting the present character and future prospects of American literature, must be agreed, that in this, as in every other field of labour, there is room for extensive improvement; but all are not agreed in regard to the means best adapted to foster the *spirit* of improvement, to promote a more full and manly development of mind. Many persons, while they willingly admit, that unsparing censure of the worthless productions of mere pretenders to literary fame, or of the accidental failures and eclipses of an acknowledged but unequal genius; that sober and enlightened praise, bestowed where justly merited; in short, that impartial and discriminating criticism have done much for the promotion and advancement of intellectual enterprise in other countries, where learning has flourished for a longer period, and where the press sends forth a greater flood of publications than in our own; yet at the same time ask, in the language which we have quoted, "Are American writers to be treated thus rigidly?" Would it not be advisable to use less severity in judging of their productions, and even to withhold deserved reproof, for fear of damping literary ardour and enterprise? Or, in other words, are there not cases in which lenity is to be preferred to strict justice? To these inquiries is added still another, founded upon the feeling, that as countrymen we ought to look upon ourselves as members of a sort of masonic brotherhood, bound to support each other in every endeavour, whether laudable or the contrary. It is demanded, "Is it not incumbent on every one,

animated with a proper feeling of patriotism, to cherish every literary effort of a fellow-countryman?"

In answering these questions, it will be necessary to make some methodical arrangement of the thoughts which occur to us. What then is the end to be attained in the cultivation and improvement of our national literature? That there is some end, must be evident to every mind. It cannot be our object merely to increase the number of American authors, and to raise the standard of genius; to pour forth from our press a greater supply of books in every department of learning, and these of greater excellence than heretofore. This would be but to labour in perfecting a powerful piece of machinery, without intending to apply its powers to any useful purpose. The only possible end to which the results of literary exertion can be applied, is the instruction and improvement, or the amusement of the community. Perfection in book-making would be altogether unavailing, were there no readers to be profited or pleased. Now, after this view of the subject, let us ask what stand the critic ought to take in consideration of his duties as a patriot? Let us suppose, for a moment, though we shall hereafter endeavour to prove the supposition incorrect—let us suppose that praise, bestowed indiscriminately upon every American production, simply because it is American, would have the beneficial result of cherishing our literature, and increasing the number of good writers; what effect would it produce among the reading portion of the community? It certainly would not be the part of the patriot, indulging, as he is supposed to do, a noble interest in the welfare and improvement of every one bearing the American name, to commend, by unmerited praise, the works of an inferior author, destitute alike of instruction or amusement, to persons anxiously searching after both. If we cannot rely upon the impartial justice of those capable of sitting in judgment upon the character of a work, what must be done? As it is impossible to read every thing, in order to judge for ourselves, we must either read whatever chances to fall in our way, sometimes meeting with proper food for our minds, but oftener with that which is unwholesome; or we must read nothing, if we would wish to avoid constant fatigue, disappointment, and injury. It would be as well that we had no national literature, if that literature were useless; it would be far better that we had none, were it really injurious.

But we have said that we thought the supposition made above to be entirely incorrect, and that we would endeavour to support this opinion. In doing so, we give an answer to the questions which we have before noticed, in regard to the expediency of treating American authors more leniently than others, for the encouragement of literary effort. We would not say, that those who can seriously propose these questions "betray an *exaggerated* estimate of the influence of criticism," but that they betray a very

*erroneous* estimate; that they have formed a very hasty and unwarrantable conclusion. This distinction is made from the idea, that just criticism produces the uniform effect, of advancing the cause of learning; and, if the influence which is able to foster national literature, to elevate and extend its field, to exercise a sort of creative power, is greater than that which can but retard or destroy, then, certainly, that can hardly be called "an *exaggerated* estimate," which would attribute to criticism a destructive influence—an influence less powerful than it really does exert. What we shall next endeavour then to show is, that the most impartial justice always exercised towards American publications, in judging of their merits, and giving this judgment to the public, will have the same effect in this country which it has ever had in others; viz. that of promoting the advancement of learning. But our remarks will not be limited in their application to the literature of the United States; the same principles, in regard to the effects of criticism, apply universally.

We have spoken of the manner in which the interests of the community at large, the reading community, would be affected by a system of indiscriminate flattery of authors. It remains to be determined whether, at the same time that endeavours were thus made to cherish our national literature at the expense of the public, there would not be a powerful reflex influence exerted, entirely destructive to this literature. The perusal of inferior works, when we know them to be such, can do us little injury, excepting as time, never to be recalled, is thrown away. But when such works come into our hands commended by the unqualified praises of an accredited and able critic, then it is that a more injurious result may be anticipated, especially if we have not yet formed any fixed and distinct ideas respecting literary merit. In the latter case, it may reasonably be thought that our taste will be vitiated, and that we will soon be prepared to lavish, in our turn, praises upon all that is low and groveling in literature, but with more honesty than those *patriotic* and *sagacious* critics, to whom we are beholden for the "*cherished*" obliquity of our judgment. It is easy to understand that when a vitiated taste pervades society, and when the senseless productions of mere tyros and scribblers can greedily, and with relish, be devoured by readers of all classes, who, at the same time, are unable to appreciate the excellence of real genius, no adequate encouragement will be given to the labours of the latter; and when all incentive to intellectual exertion is wanting; when the cold hand of neglect presses with paralysing effect upon the brow of genius; the noblest mental gifts, the finest sensibility of soul depart, leaving but a feebly animated body, fit only for the intercourse of an icy world. On the contrary, the effect of criticism is to form and refine the public taste for literary productions, to render the reading community more difficult to be



pleased, and, at the same time, more willing to reward that merit, which it is able both to distinguish and to admire.

It is an established maxim of civil government, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*" And what would be the consequence were this maxim disregarded? Would that judge be held pardonable, who should be in the habit of treating criminals with lenity, simply because they were fellow creatures, or fellow countrymen, or because he supposed that such a course would have the unprecedented result of retarding the progress of crime? He would be committing in this case a double injustice; first, to the community at large, by neglecting to punish offenders, and by turning them loose, to renew their offences; and, secondly, to all innocent persons brought before his bar. For what pleasure would an innocent man feel in his acquittal, when the criminal shared in the same joy? Though conscious of his freedom from guilt, yet, in his very release, must he feel himself associated with the guilty. The same is the case with the author arraigned before the tribunal of the critic, who praises all on whom he sits in judgment; in consequence of which, the loftiest mind receives the same meed of applause as the most groveling; a reward which it cannot value; which excites it not to greater efforts. It may indeed be said, that flattering alike all literary productions, would increase the number of writers, for that hundreds would, in all probability, be induced to write, from the simple consideration of its being so easy to please the public: but this would be an increase of scribblers only, not of instructive and amusing authors; an increase of those, whose works would be better adapted to illumine the hearth than the head.

It is a great mistake too to suppose, that less severity should be employed in reproving the occasional failures of writers, who may have already gained some degree of celebrity by their productions, who "occupy a prominent place in the public esteem, their reputation being then a part of the reputation of the country itself." No mistake can be more dangerous than this, especially to the character which we sustain abroad. How much better that we should show ourselves perfectly qualified to form a sound judgment in every case, than that we should appear servilely bowing down to a celebrated name, and dazzled by its splendour, unable to discover the most palpable shade cast upon its brightness. An author, so long as he sustains a high reputation, sheds a lustre upon the literature of his country; but when his mental powers decline, or wander, that literature does not necessarily suffer, unless he be its only luminary. What estimate are other nations to make respecting our claims as a literary people, when one, who is reputed to stand among the first of our writers, sends forth into the world a work which is either totally devoid of genius, or at least presents no redeeming excellence, but which, notwithstanding its defects, is received and perused with every expression of satisfac-

tion, and is greeted, both by the reviewer and by the public, with the same full praise to which the ablest work would be entitled? Well might they reason—if this be the *chef d'œuvre* of their boasted author, what can be the productions of those who are his inferiors in genius? What can be the general literature of such a people? Hence it is, that in order to sustain our literary reputation, it is even more necessary to censure the failures of good, than those of indifferent authors.

We said in the commencement of these remarks, that the sentiments contained in the passage which we had quoted, were not perhaps free from error; and if the views which we have taken in the preceding pages be correct, one error at least is very apparent. The author seems to take for granted, that if American literature were any “longer a sickly and sorry bantling,” it “must be kept alive by being ever held on the knee, and fed with the milk of encouragement, or the pap of flattery.” If, however, the effects of able criticism be such as we have represented, it would always, in every possible condition—even in the infant state of literature, produce the beneficial result of reforming the public taste, of causing a due appreciation and reward of genius, and, at the same time, of discountenancing, as far as might be possible, by stern severity, every useless and injurious production. But as regards this, we do not believe that the most severe censure, much less undeserved flattery, is able to do much toward the discouragement of petty book-makers, who always form comparatively so large a class. Literary ardour is not so easily damped as we might at first suppose; and indeed, it may be remarked, that bad writers are generally discouraged with the most difficulty: and even a superior author is often found to defend, with the greatest degree of spirit and determination, the most deformed child of his genius. It is when they are labouring under an overwhelming load of censure, that we find writers most resolute, and most tenacious of their imagined rights. All that can be done by criticism, in most cases, is to elevate the standard of real excellence, to increase the number of those who come up to this standard, and, as we have just said, to improve the public taste. With this we finish our remarks upon the effects and importance of criticism. The inference which we would draw from them is simply this, that we may venture to express a candid opinion in regard to the publication, under the title of which we write, without fear of being judged either unpatriotic, or unconcerned in the encouragement of American literature.

But before proceeding we must ask another question. Not how Americans should be treated, but what is equally important, how much deference should be paid to a lady, in bringing her before the public, in the pages of a review? Even if we should escape the charge of wanting patriotism or prudence, may we not

be obnoxious to that of being deficient in gallantry, if any thing not strictly complimentary should escape? As "Ladies' Books," "Mothers' Magazines," and other similar periodicals, devoted to the "fair sex," are constantly making their appearance, we hope the day is not far distant, when a Ladies' Review, conducted by some favoured editress, supplied with matter principally or entirely by female critics, and having for its object the revision of the literary productions of the rapidly increasing sisterhood of American authoresses, will show its "illuminated" pages, and meet with proper encouragement. When that day arrives, it will no longer be necessary for the other sex to interfere; but until then we must endeavour, however lamely and ungallantly the task may be performed, to supply the deficiency.

Mrs. Sigourney is doubtless one of those whose "reputation is a part of the reputation of the country itself." Her poetical genius, in particular, has given her a high rank among American authors, and her countrymen have justly appreciated her merits. This, however, as it has before been said, renders it only the more necessary, that when arraigned at the critics' bar, she should be judged with strict impartiality. It should be remembered that *her* writings, with all their excellence, are not the standard of genius; and though many of them may have come fully up to the real standard, the possibility of partial and temporary, or even of entire and continued failure, is not thereby precluded. It may be thought from such an exordium, that we intend to express ourselves in terms of unmeasured severity and censure in regard to the volume, the title of which is placed at the head of these remarks. But we hasten to correct such an anticipation. Were we thus to express ourselves, *we* should feel, as many others undoubtedly would, that impartiality at least could not be our boast, though we had avoided that indulgent flattery, which we have before so much deprecated. There are certainly many things in this volume which do credit to the lady; but still, as a whole, we must think it unworthy of her former reputation; and though singly, it may have little effect upon her literary character, a few such publications must give the impression, not that Mrs. Sigourney is devoid of genius (for the contrary has been already satisfactorily established,) but that she manifests great inequality of genius. Our chief objection to this book is, that it ever was a book. A sweeping objection truly. But we proceed to explain ourselves. We certainly do not mean to say, that the tales of which it is composed should never have been made public. They would have suited very well the ephemeral pages of a newspaper, or of a miscellaneous magazine, where they would have made a less pretending appearance, would have been examined less critically, and would sooner have been forgotten. Here they might have pleased; and if high expectations had not been excited by

the name of the authoress, might have been read without disappointment. But when they assume the more permanent, we may add, the more imposing form of a separate volume, with the name of a favourite writer emblazoned upon its title, "*Sosiorum pumice mundus*," greater pretensions to merit are always supposed, and greater disappointment is the consequence of failure to excite interest. What, it may be asked, is it the cloth and boards of a binding, or the embellishment of a title-page, which excite expectation in regard to the literary character of a work? What can they have to do with any preconceived estimate of talent? Even a binding, or a title-page, speak to the public. They often tell the author's own opinion of the product of his labours; and if this author stands high in the esteem of any, with them *his* opinion passes for something, though it be in regard to his own work. When a writer chooses to embody his productions in a book, rather than to publish them in a more "fugitive" manner, does it not imply that he supposes they have sufficient merit to indemnify him for the additional trouble and expense of the undertaking, or that they are calculated to adorn the more conspicuous place which they will thus take among the publications of the day? It is true, that Mrs. Sigourney's work comes to us under the apparently unassuming name of "*Sketches*;" but even "*Sketches*" should be of sterling excellence, to merit this style of publication.

We will now speak more particularly of this volume, and endeavour, in the course of a brief "sketch" of its contents, to point out some of those faults which we have observed, and at the same time, as justice and impartiality require, to commend to notice whatever beauties it may contain; for we have already remarked, that it is not entirely devoid of merit. And first we may observe, that it is without advertisement, preface, or introduction. This of course is noticed, not as a defect of genius, but merely of judgment. To some it may appear too trifling to deserve mention; but certainly the usual practice of authors sanctions the opinion, that such an "*avant courier*" to a work is not without its uses. The object of an exordium, says the Roman orator, is "*Reddere auditores, benevolos, attentos, dociles*," and we think the same may be said of a preface: if so, its importance is obvious. We may also remark, that in a preface, the author seems to present himself more immediately to the reader. It is here that he is seen unshaded by his subject—a corporeal, instead of a mere imaginative or intellectual being.

But to proceed; these "*Sketches*" are six in number. The first is entitled "*The Father*," and its object is to portray paternal affection, "the love of a father for a daughter." The subject of this tale is uninteresting, because it is common-place, and there is not enough incident to feed the reader's imagination. The authoress seems here to have aimed rather at beauty of style, than

at a pleasingly invented narrative; and, indeed, taking this piece as a whole, more attention has apparently been paid to the mere composition, than in any of those which follow. In one respect, it may be said, that Mrs. Sigourney has succeeded; for certainly much of the sketch is beautiful as regards style simply. That it is so, we may show by a few quotations from this part of the book; and first, from the short introduction to the piece:

"But my present purpose is to delineate a single and simple principle of our nature—the most deeply rooted and holy—the *love of a father for a daughter*. My province has led me to analyze mankind; and in doing this, I have sometimes thrown their affections into the crucible. And the one of which I speak has come forth most pure, most free from drossy admixture. Even the earth that combines with it, is not like other earth. It is what the foot of a seraph might rest upon, and contract no pollution. With the love of our sons, ambition mixes its spirit, till it becomes a fiery essence. We anticipate great things for them—we covet honours—we goad them on in the race of glory; if they are victors, we too proudly exult—if vanquished, we are prostrate and in bitterness. Perhaps we detect in them the same latent perverseness, with which we have waged warfare in our own breasts, or some imbecility of purpose with which we have no affinity; and then, from the very nature of our love, an impatience is generated, which they have no power to sooth or we to control. A father loves his son as he loves himself—and in all selfishness there is a bias to disorder and pain. But his love for his daughter is different and more disinterested; possibly he believes that it is called forth by a being of a higher and better order. It is based on the integral and immutable principles of his nature." P. 10.

And again, after "the father," who himself speaks in this tale, has introduced to the reader his daughter, as one "beautiful in infancy, to whom every year added some new charm to awaken admiration or to rivet love;" after he has spoken of his own unceasing labours to cultivate and adorn this beloved, this idolized daughter's intellect, and of the success which attended his exertions; after he has dwelt with fondness upon her symmetry of form, her grace of manner, and her filial piety, he adds:

"Sometimes, the turmoil and fluctuation of the world threw a shade of dejection over me: then it was her pride to smooth my brow and to restore its smile. Once a sorrow of no common order had fallen upon me; it rankled in my breast like a dagger's point; I came to my house, but I shunned all its inmates; I threw myself down in solitude, that I might wrestle alone with my fate and subdue it. A light footstep approached, but I heeded it not. A form of beauty was on the sofa by my side, but I regarded it not. Then my hand was softly clasped, breathed upon—pressed to ruby lips. It was enough. I took my daughter in my arms, and my sorrow vanished. Had she essayed the hackneyed expressions of sympathy, or even the usual epithets of endearment, I might have desired her to leave my presence. Had she uttered only a single word, it would have been too much, so wounded was my spirit within me. But the deed, the very poetry of tenderness, breathing, not speaking, melted 'the winter of my discontent.' Ever was she endued with that most exquisite of woman's perfections, a knowledge both *when* to be silent, and *where* to speak—and so to speak, that the frosts might dissolve from around the heart she loved, and its discords be tuned to harmony." P. 13, 14.

But notwithstanding the beauty of the style, Mrs. Sigourney has undoubtedly failed to give a deep absorbing interest to her tale; which, we think, may be attributed to the fact, that mere beauty of composition, unless that beauty be of the highest order,

cannot compensate for poverty of invention, and the want of an interesting subject. And, after all, her's is often rather a beauty of words and figures, than of originality and thought. Such at least is the impression which we have received; and we think that any one, after rising from the perusal of this story, will agree with us in saying, that it is destitute of the power to interest the feelings, (that is, in any high degree,) to excite the imagination, or even to rivet the attention. It will be remembered, that all our remarks apply to this work only, not to any of her former or subsequent productions.

But to continue: the father, blessed as he imagines with all that can be desired in the possession of such a daughter, "challenges"—to use his own words—"challenges the whole earth to add another drop to his felicity." But he is soon roused from the delusive slumber, in which he dreams of perfect happiness, to the dreadful consciousness of misery. The gift, which heaven has bestowed upon him, wants that permanency which alone can render lasting his happiness. The idol, with all her perfections, is not exempted from the common lot of mortality. In a word, his daughter dies; "the Corinthian capital that he had erected and adorned," crumbles and moulders in the dust. But by this unexpected, this overwhelming calamity, the father is not at once prostrated. While his heart is withered by the blast, the fountains of his eyes remain closely sealed: he is denied the wretched consolation of tears; and in the presence of others, a supernatural energy seems to support him: he "is like Mount Atlas, bearing unmoved the stormy heavens upon his shoulders." It is when in solitude alone that he mourns. "Every night he goes to his daughter's grave; he lays himself down there, in unutterable bitterness," but still "he weeps not."

"I have implied (he says) that my intellect faltered. Yet every morning I went to the scene of my labours. I put my shoulder to the wheel, caring not though it crushed me. I looked at men fixedly and haughtily with my red eyeballs. But I spoke no word to betray the flame feeding at my vitals. The heart-strings shrivelled and broke before it, yet the martyrdom was in silence.

"Again, night drew her sable curtain, and I sought my daughter's grave. Methought its turf covering was discomposed, and some half-rooted shrubs that shuddered and drooped when placed in that drear assemblage of the dead, had been trampled and broken. A horrible suspicion took possession of my mind. I rushed to the house of the sexton—'Has any one troubled my daughter's grave?' Alarmed at my vehemence, he remained speechless and irresolute.

"'Tell me,' I exclaimed, in a voice of terror, 'who has disturbed my daughter's grave?' He evaded my adjuration, and murmured something about an injunction to secrecy. With the grasp of a maniac, I bore him to an inner apartment, and bade him satisfy my question. Trembling at my violence, he confessed that the grave had been watched for ten nights.

"'Who has watched my daughter's grave?' Reluctantly he gave me the names of those friends—names for ever graven upon my soul.

"And so, for these ten long wintry nights, so dreary and interminable, which I had cast away amid the tossings of profitless, delirious, despairing sorrow, they had been watching, that the repose of that unsullied clay might remain unbroken.



"A new tide of emotion was awakened. I threw myself down as powerless as the weaned infant. Torrents of tears flowed. The tenderness of man wrought what the severity of heaven had failed to produce. It was not the earthquake, nor the thunder, nor the tempest, that subdued me. It was the still small voice."—P. 19, 20.

It is here, we think, in the sequel, that Mrs. Sigourney has most completely and obviously failed. Her hero is brought into a serious difficulty, and must in some way be relieved. Tears must be *made* to flow, since they do not appear voluntarily. She has, indeed, succeeded in accomplishing the object, but in a very unnatural and awkward manner. This last incident has the appearance of being "*trop recherché*," of arising out of the necessity rather than out of the subject. It is natural enough that the father should be alarmed and horror-struck at the idea that his daughter's remains had been disturbed; that the sanctity of the tomb—the tomb of one so beloved—had been violated; but that the friends who with care watched the grave, to guard it from desecration, should unheedingly have discomposed the sods which covered it, and broken the surrounding shrubs, as seems to be implied; or that the knowledge of their nightly vigil should produce such an overpowering effect upon the father, are circumstances which appear forced and unnatural. The reader, too, is at first as confident of an untimely resurrection, as the father himself; but in the case of the former, disappointment instead of relief is the consequence of the subsequent disclosure. We know that the reader's expectations should not always be regarded, but when they are disappointed, this disappointment should be an agreeable one. The issue should be more interesting, more stirring than he had anticipated; or at least should not fall short of such anticipations. We would not be understood as advocating the introduction of such a catastrophe as the violation of the daughter's grave in this place; we only pretend to point out the fault, not to suggest what would have been a proper expedient for accomplishing the end, which the authoress appears to have had in view.

Though we have already spent more time upon the first of these Sketches than we intended, we must yet be indulged in a few further remarks. In saying that it is here the authoress has most completely failed, we would be understood as speaking only of the literary character of the tale; and nothing else have we as yet considered. But we think a more serious charge may be brought against "*The Father*," than any mere literary consideration would warrant. A London periodical work, in noticing this volume, says,

"Mrs. Sigourney is the Mrs. Trimmer of the United States, and her labours for the moral guidance of youth, and indeed the instruction of all ages, have raised her to deserved and distinguished popularity. We are, therefore, glad to see this volume, containing

six of her most characteristic tales, among our English publications. It will do good wherever it is read."

This can hardly be considered as any thing more than a book-seller's puff. It would, we think, be somewhat difficult to determine the exact points in which our authoress resembles Mrs. Trimmer; but without racking our brains to discover such resemblance, we would pass to the inquiry, whether this book be so eminently adapted to "the moral guidance of youth," or "to do good wherever it is read," as is here stated. What is the moral conveyed in the sketch which we have just analyzed; or rather, is there *any* moral inculcated? It is customary for authors to represent their principal characters, and especially their heroines, in a highly exaggerated manner; but neither this custom, which of course will not warrant an unbounded license, nor the force and tenderness of a father's love, is sufficient to justify the extravagant and absurd description given of the natural endowments and artificial accomplishments of the daughter. Had she been a very angel, her character could scarcely have been depicted in brighter colours. She is represented as "early surpassing her cotemporaries," as possessed of no common powers of mind, as "gifted with intuitive eloquence," as "bearing the palm of female grace and loveliness," as "evincing a dignity surpassing her sex," as "in symmetry restoring the image of the Medicean Venus," as "the object of every eye, the theme of every tongue," and withal, entirely free from the least shade of vanity, that almost universal failing; in short, perfection, both of body and mind, are attributed to this highly favoured mortal. But again; "the love of a father for a daughter" is characterized as the "most deeply rooted and holy principle of our nature." And is this paternal love, as described by Mrs. Sigourney? Nothing short of adoration, of idolatry. The reader is led to believe that a picture of natural and commendable affection is exhibited, while, in fact, that which meets his eye, is an exhibition of morbid, irrational, and blameable devotion; a devotion which blinds to the imperfections of its object, and excludes all else that is worthy of love. "The father" has a wife, but she is scarcely mentioned in the course of the narrative. We might imagine that she had no place in her husband's affections, but that they were entirely centered upon the daughter, and radiated not beyond the influence of her endearments. It may be said, that the intention of the authoress was to portray paternal love only, and that it was therefore unnecessary to dwell upon his tender attachment to his wife, even if such attachment existed. But allowing that there was no such necessity, surely his adoration of the daughter should not be described as so absorbing, as to preclude the possibility that any other could be equally beloved. What could have been the depth of his affection for the mother, when the child was his support under affliction, his "comforter," his "idol;" when the latter

was, in his view, the chief ornament of the domestic circle, the source of all his happiness; insomuch, that when relieved from the cares and business of the day, when the time was come to seek repose and pleasure in the endearments of domestic life, it was with thoughts of her, whom he calls "his morning and evening star," that he "quicken'd his homeward step." Even in the house of God, he "gazed upon his glorious creature," while "tears of thrilling exultation moistened his eyes," and "his whole soul overflowed with a father's pride." And such love as this is "*the most holy principle of our nature*." When death has removed his idol, we might imagine, from the nature of his grief, that she was the last object of earthly affection; that no one was left who could in the least supply her place. The father "returns to his *desolated* abode:" "*desolated*," although a wife, who should be his consolation, if he still felt the tender influence of his first love, yet survives. In conclusion, we would ask, what good effect can possibly be produced, upon our moral and social feelings, by the perusal of a tale, which represents the grossest idolatry as the purest and most heavenly affection?

The "Legend of Oxford," the next sketch in order, is written in a much more simple, and apparently unlaboured style, than the former; which is, indeed, an almost necessary consequence of its being more historical, or narrative, in its character. Oxford, a small town in Massachusetts,—"*originally*," as the authoress tells us, "a colony of French Protestants," who were driven from France by the persecutions attendant on the revocation of the edict of Nantes,—is the scene of the narrative, which comprises the relation of three distinct occurrences in the history of this town. It commences with its first settlement, and carries on the reader, through a period of a few years, to the time when the Huguenots were obliged, on account of savage cruelties, to desert it, and take refuge in the neighbouring colony of Boston. These emigrants, after their arrival in Massachusetts, fix upon a spot in Worcester county as a residence, and give the name of Oxford to this new settlement. But before a single year has elapsed, they are threatened with destruction by a numerous band of Indians, who intercept their path, as they are returning from rural labour, in a field at some distance from their houses, and are just about to commence the attack, when a mysterious personage suddenly appears, and drives, with unresisted authority, the terrified savages from the field, thus rescuing the colonists from the impending danger. One of their number, who, unknown to his companions, had been seized by the Indians and dragged off into the forest, is also delivered from his captors by the intervention of the same personage. He, after a time, is discovered to have been one of the regicide judges, who had taken refuge in America. A few years of quiet and immunity from savage aggression succeed this occur-

rence, when the settlers are again made aware of their perilous situation, by the sudden disappearance of two children, who are supposed to have been carried off by the natives. The agonized parent, and Father Daillé, the pastor of this little flock, immediately set out to discover whether the supposition be correct, and if so, to demand the restoration of the captives. Their mission is successful. The Indian monarch, who had before been kindly entertained by the colonists, delivers into their hands the lost ones, although opposed by the "ancient prophet, greatly revered" by the people. Another calm followed this short though threatening storm. The good will of the king secured to the colonists a temporary protection from the cruelties of the subject; and thus freed from apprehension of immediate danger, their thoughts were turned toward the comforts of social and domestic life, and particularly toward the education of the young. There is one sentiment in regard to the subject of education, so beautiful in itself, and moreover so well expressed by Mrs. Sigourney, that we cannot refrain from inserting it in this place. It is as follows:

"Parents, who write with their own pencils, lines of heaven upon the fresh tablet of their children's souls, who trust not to the hand of hirelings, their first, holiest, indelible impressions, will usually find less than others to blot out, when the scroll is finished, and to mourn for when they read it in eternity.' What a comment upon those systems of hireling instruction for the infant mind, so prevalent in our own and other countries!"

The third occurrence which the authoress relates, is more disastrous to the emigrants. While at work in a newly cleared portion of their land, they are alarmed by the sudden firing of muskets in the direction of their habitations; and on hurrying thither, the awful sight of a whole family, father, mother, and children, weltering in blood, meets their eyes. After a fruitless pursuit of the savage murderers, during which they hear of the death of the friendly king, who had fallen under the weapons of his own discontented tribe, the colonists assemble for consultation, and determine to remove immediately beyond the reach of danger. The next day, which chanced to be the "fourteenth anniversary of their colonial existence," was set apart for the burial of the dead. At the graves of these unfortunate victims, the venerable pastor's voice was raised in consolation to the survivors, and in a mournful valedictory to surrounding scenes. "They turned from the place of sepulchres, and the next sun saw their simple habitations desolate." Removing to Boston, they there took up their residence, and soon became completely incorporated with the other inhabitants. The authoress gives a few "statistical facts" in relation to this band of Huguenots, thus doubly exiles, and the sketch ends.

We may remark, generally, in regard to this tale or legend, that it is much more interesting than the preceding: but still it has

only a negative excellence—a freedom from great faults, rather than any positive recommendation. In short, we think it has few, if any, of those qualities which would evidence superiority of talent in the authoress. It may be well to notice a single error, into which we think she has fallen, although it may not be one that is very important, or even very apparent. The principal features in the character of our North American Indians are perhaps more bold and striking than those of almost any other race of people. Some persons might therefore imagine, that these distinctive characteristics could be more easily delineated, in a vivid and faithful manner, than if they were less strongly marked. But as the most sublime and beautiful objects are ever the most difficult to present, with lively force and truth, to the mind, so the most striking features of human character require commensurate abilities to portray them in a proper manner. The American Indians have been celebrated for their native powers of oratory. The principal, we may say the distinguishing traits of this eloquence, so far as concerns matter, were a luxuriant richness in figure, strength of conception and expression, and joined to these qualities, a simplicity which marked the unaided hand of nature. We will adduce a specimen of Mrs. Sigourney's attempted copy of this bold original, and then endeavour to determine how far she has given a faithful representation. The example which we extract, is the speech of the enraged prophet, counselling the death of Laurens, who, as we before mentioned, was seized by the natives, but saved by the interposition of the regicide judge.

“‘Thou art deceived, son of Philip!’ answered the Prophet. ‘They are moles, mining around thine habitation. Their path is in silence and in darkness, and thy heart is simple as the babe. Ere thou art aware, thou shalt struggle like the fish in the net, and who can deliver thee? The crested snake cometh forth boldly, and the poisonous adder worketh her way beneath the matted grass. Are they not both the offspring of the deadly serpent? This man, and his brethren, and they who have long slaughtered us, are all of one race. They are but the white foam of that ocean, which the Great Spirit hath troubled in his wrath. *Art thou, the son of Philip*, standing still, till its billows sweep thee and thy nation away? That lion-hearted monarch was not so. Rivers of blood flowed before him in battle. Even now, his soul is angry at the sight of white men. Last night, in visions, it stood beside me. Its brow was like thine, O King, but frowns of vengeance made it terrible. His eye was dark like thine, but the lightning of the brave made its glance awful. His voice was hoarse and hollow, as if it rose from the sepulchre. Ice entered into my blood, as its tones smote my ear. “I cannot rest,” it said, “white men multiply, and become as the stars of heaven. My people fade away like the mist, when the sun ariseth. On their own land, they have become strangers. My son hideth, with the remnant of his tribe, in the borders of another nation. *They call him king*. Why doth he not dare to set his feet where his father’s throne stood? I see cities there, and temples to a God whom our fathers knew not. Our canoes ride no longer on the tide of the Narragansett. Proud sails are there, whiter than the curl of its waters. Doth the son of Philip sleep? Tell him, if he be a king, to write it in blood, on the grave where my bones moulder. Tell him, if he be my son, to sheath his spear in the breast of every white man, till the soul of his father is  
The spirit vanished, and the blackness of midnight glowed like a  
have spoken its message unto thee, king of a perishing race. Y  
provided by the Great Spirit. Bid it sooth the sorrowing shade of thy

Here are certainly joined two of the qualities which we have mentioned, viz. richness in figure, and force of thought; but it strikes us that the language is too refined and elegant, and would be better suited to the educated orator than to the savage warrior. It is, then, in point of simplicity that we think the style defective, and the more so, because the example which we have given does not purport to be a mere translation, but the very words of the Indians, who speak in English, a language by them imperfectly understood, or at least newly acquired. Some may think this a hyper-criticism, and certainly the error pointed out is not one of moment. In most other respects, we have been pleased with the delineation of Indian character contained in this volume.

We have said that the "Legend of Oxford" is much more interesting than the sketch which precedes it; and the next, entitled the "Family Portraits," is, in most respects, a manifest improvement upon both. We have heard it called "a foolish love story;" but be this as it may, there are few, we imagine, who would not join with us in saying, that it possesses greater literary merit, and is more entertaining, than any other part of the volume. This opinion, to be sure, is merely relative; and after what has already been said in regard to the preceding pieces, may not be considered as, of itself, a very flattering recommendation; nor do we intend it as such. It has already been remarked, that, in our view, Mrs. Sigourney has not done justice to herself in this volume, and the same may be said in regard to each tale, considered as a whole; though in the one now before us, while there are great faults, there are also some good qualities, and these more worthy of attention than any we have yet noticed. The episode upon "Inoculation for the Small-pox," which is introduced near the commencement of the sketch, might we think have been dispensed with, since it is not one of Sterne's "digressions," contributing at the same time to the "progression" of the tale.

A few words will suffice to give a general outline of this sketch. Dr. Ranchon, a French physician, having married clandestinely in his native country, had taken refuge, together with his wife and her brother, Edward Beauchamp, in the new world. After a residence of a few years in Boston, the wife gave birth to a daughter, and died. This child was, of course, the object of its bereaved parent's peculiar care and affection. When arrived at a proper age, she was sent as a day scholar to a boarding school, where, among other branches of instruction, she was soon initiated by her elder companions into the deep, mystic lore of love. She even went so far as to permit the secret addresses of a professing admirer, one Captain Patten, an Irishman, of whom however she knew little more than the name. As her father was bent on her marrying a Frenchman, she feared to divulge the secret of her rash affection, and at last, urged by her pretended lover, and



pressed by the continual solicitations of her maid Madelaine, who pleaded her father's example, she reluctantly consented to an elopement. A night when her uncle, whose penetration she most feared, had left home, was fixed upon for the opening of the drama. It may not be amiss to insert Mrs. Sigourney's own description of this scene.

"As they reached the landing-place, they heard a gentle tap at the glass door which led into the garden. It was the black servant, come to see if all was ready, and to convey the package to the carriage, which waited at the avenue passing the foot of the garden. He was admitted, and Madelaine ran hastily to the chamber of her mistress, for the clothes which had been prepared. At her return, she saw him setting down a champaign glass, which, having stood near a bottle upon a table in the recess, he could not resist the temptation of filling, and decanting through his lips. The moment she observed him, forgetting her own reiterated injunctions of breathless silence, she shrieked——

" 'Mon Dieu! the black whale has swallowed all my rings!—the ruby—the beautiful emerald—and the turquoise that was given by——Oh, Lord!—and the superb hair-locket too! Did'nt that stick in your throat, you insatiable hawk?'

"The bereaved waiting-woman had thrown her jewelry, *en passant*, into this casual place of deposit, that her hands might be more at liberty in packing for her mistress; for since the access of years had rendered them somewhat more lean and skinny, the ornaments of her buxom youth were in continual danger of escaping from her attenuated fingers, when summoned to any active duty. Her distress at the rifling of her most beloved treasures, quite annihilated the unities of time and place, and her first shriek was passionately loud. But she had scarcely a moment to compute the probabilities of the extent of its echo, ere the door from the dining-room burst open, and Dr. Ranchon appeared in his night-dress, advancing a long rusty rapier. Suddenly awakening, and anticipating no enemy but thieves, he armed himself with great despatch, and stood forth a formidable antagonist, with great personal strength and equal courage. Great was his astonishment to find his daughter arrayed as for an expedition, and fainting in the arms of Madelaine. The negro, profiting by the moment of consternation, dropped the package and vanished.

" 'What, in God's name, is the meaning of all this?' exclaimed the hoarse, harsh voice of the old gentleman, raised to its upper tones.

" 'Oh! take her in your arms—support her, my dear master, till I run for some hartshorn, or she'll die,' screamed the waiting-maid, anxious to turn his attention to an object that would disarm his rage, and still more anxious to convey her own person out of reach of the rapier. She soon saw him engaged in loosing the ligatures of his daughter's dress, and too much occupied with her situation, to inquire the cause. Carefully measuring her distance, so as to be out of range of the weapon, she commenced a plea of defence, forgetful of the impatience which a moment before she had testified, to obtain some remedy for her fainting lady.

" 'Oh! that I had never seen this night,' she cried, sobbing. 'Thousands of times have I tried to dissuade her from leaving her poor dear father. Hours without number have I set before her the deadly sin of an elopement.'

" 'Who told you 'twas such a deadly sin, you meddling Jezebel?' vociferated the father.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This colloquy, or rather soliloquy, was terminated by Beauchamp, who rushed in at the garden door, and as Mary feebly retired with Dubelde, still in a state of doubtful consciousness, he exclaimed——

" 'Clumsily executed, by the gods! This same elopement is a true Irishman's bull. A carriage in full view, beneath a full moon, scarcely a stone's throw from the house—a tattling chambermaid for confidante and mistress of ceremonies, and a devilish negro despatched to receive the dulcinea. This bog-trotter is either a fool, or desirous of being discovered.' " Pp. 118—122.

Beauchamp, instead of being absent from town, as his niece imagined, had stationed himself in the garden, for the purpose of frustrating a scheme which, from several circumstances, he had been led confidently to expect; but "finding that an underplot was accidentally got up in the house, he had varied the last act of the drama," by attacking the Irish lover, who immediately taking to his heels, had dropped in the hurry of flight his cloak and pocket-book. In the latter was found a scarcely legible fragment of a letter, from —— his wife, in Ireland—he was already married. Mary Ranchon, whose youthful passions were somewhat tempered by this occurrence, was afterwards joined to a Huguenot, the object if not of her "first love," yet of the "perfection of love."

The characters in this tale are, for the most part, well sustained. The waiting-maid, it is true, sometimes uses language not altogether maid-like, but this is not a very material failing. We have noticed here, as well as in the preceding sketches, a few errors of expression, but they are of so much less consequence than others which we have pointed out, that we have thought them scarcely worth mention. We would only remark, what we suppose to be a typographical fault, viz. that a large number of the French words made use of, are either mis-spelt or wrongly accented.

Of the remaining three tales we shall speak very briefly. They are less interesting than those which we have particularly examined. "Oriana," it is true, presents some beauties of style, and some originality of subject; but more than this can scarcely be said in commendation. As to "The Intemperate," and "The Patriarch," we cannot account for their publication in this place, unless the object were to add a few more pages to the volume; they are certainly altogether unworthy of the authoress. We observe, in conclusion of these remarks, that the opinion which we have given in regard to the work under consideration, is at least candid, though some may be disposed to think it severe. If we are not mistaken, this book has already passed through three editions, for which fact, we must confess, we are unable to account, unless Mrs. Sigourney's name, on the outside of the volume, has tended to strengthen the impression produced by the contents.

---

ART. VI.—*Memoir of Tristram Burges; with Selections from his Speeches and Occasional Writings.* By HENRY L. BOWEN. Providence: 1835.

It is too well established and self-evident a proposition, that popular governments are alone auspicious to the cultivation of the art of public speaking, to require any comment or stress. At the same time it is unquestionable, that the condition of the free states of antiquity was more conducive to its highest excellence, than that of similar nations in modern days; and that the former were illustrated by more glorious efforts of eloquence, however their pre-eminence in other respects may be disputed, is a fact almost universally admitted. Milton and Tasso may stand undismayed in the presence of Homer and Virgil; Shakspeare may even command homage from Æschylus, and Euripides, and Sophocles, and Aristophanes; Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, may be placed by the side of Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus; the halo around the brows of Cæsar is not so dazzling as that which encircles the head of Napoleon; and the laurels which cluster about the memory of Epaminondas or Cincinnatus fade before the immortal verdure of those of our own Washington; but as yet the names of Demosthenes and of Cicero remain apart in unrivalled splendour—stars of unequalled magnitude and effulgence in the firmament. None can contend with them for the palm of the loftiest species of oratory; not because the native power has been wanting to rise to their elevation, but because means of equal efficacy have not been afforded in furtherance of its exertions. The plant may have possessed as vigorous a root, but the dews have not been as refreshing—the sun has not been as genial.

The main cause of this circumstance is the pre-eminence which was assigned in ancient times to eloquence over every other pursuit. Not only did it open the sole civil road to political preferments and honours, but it was deemed the noblest achievement of human genius, and imparted the most enviable and glorious fame to him whose devotion to it was signalized by the greatest success. Emulation here was excited to the utmost pitch, for, if we may use the homely language of honest Sancho, both “pudding and praise” were the sure rewards of it alone. The tongue was the sceptre with which Pericles swayed the destinies of his country, exhibiting an intellectual dominion over freemen more sublime, as has justly been observed, than any which the proudest despot ever exerted over his slaves; and when Demosthenes spoke, all Greece crowded to hear him. Every other study, accordingly, was more or less subservient to that of eloquence. All other attainments both, in literature and philosophy, were valued mostly as the means of reaching perfection in the

master art. By its aid alone could they be rendered available to the full extent of ambition. Through it alone could the mass be universally influenced. The press was not then at hand to lend its assistance in disseminating throughout the community the thoughts and the feelings of every one who chose to record them on paper. Written literature had little or no bearing upon the public. Manuscripts must have been too costly to be possessed in any material degree by the poorer classes of the state, who then formed its controlling power. The outpourings of the mind were thus forced into the channel of eloquence, which, swollen by all the tributary streams that gushed from the common source, rolled along in a current, "deep, majestic, full, and strong," fertilizing and vivifying the soil over which it now flowed, now rushed—although at times also, it must be acknowledged, bursting its proper barriers, and causing wide-spread devastation and ruin.

To the press, undoubtedly, is the decline of the estimation and the perfection of eloquence to be in some measure ascribed. The facilities which it affords for the diffusion of ideas, and operating upon the public mind at large, in every variety of mode, necessarily affects the value of public speaking, as far as those objects are concerned. A discourse can be heard by those alone who are assembled at the spot where it is pronounced—a volume may be read simultaneously throughout the civilized world. At the same time, this circumstance has materially conduced to the formation of audiences very different from those of antiquity; and the predominant influence of the character of the audience upon that of the speaker, has been testified by both Demosthenes and Cicero themselves. What a contrast, indeed, between the assemblies that hung upon the accents of those almost inspired men, and the congregations to whom the words of modern orators are addressed! The public harangues, with the exception of the drama, were the only intellectual food upon which the people could gratify their craving after knowledge—a prominent trait in the character, at least of the Athenians. To their assemblies they flocked with eagerness, not because it was a matter of duty or necessity, but because they were there provided with a repast in which they took the highest delight. As they frequented them for the purpose of receiving information, their minds were open to every word of the orator, by which the most potent stimulus at the moment was given to his efforts—the probability of accomplishing the immediate object in view, that of infusing his own soul into his audience, and directing them at will. By the constant habit, also, of listening, *con amore*, to speeches, they had rendered themselves peculiarly alive to the beauties of eloquence, so as to be almost entitled to the appellation of assemblages of trained critics; the consequence of which was, that they could only be addressed

in polished and elegant phrase. Vulgarity of style would have fared no better at their hands, than it would fare at the present day, with an audience composed of Edinburgh reviewers, collected for the very purpose of criticism. The orator had to do with ears which Cicero terms *teretes et religiosas*; and however pointed the anecdote may be, of Phocion's asking what foolish thing he had said when his auditors applauded, it is not equally calculated to convey a just idea. If nonsense could only have elicited the applause of the Athenians, Demosthenes and Æschines would certainly not have been their favourite orators; and Phocion himself would have disdained to speak to them, or at least have endeavoured to utter more foolish things than he did.

Such was the description of persons for whom Demosthenes poured forth his breathing thoughts and burning words; and such, to a certain extent, were those to whom Tully discoursed *ore rotundo*. But what now, we may ask with Marmontel, "What now, in these modern times, are the functions and the sphere of popular eloquence? Where is the country in which, when a question is to be agitated of peace or war, or the election of a magistrate, or the choice of a general for the army, a citizen may exercise the right which he possessed at Rome, of asking an audience of the people, and giving his opinion? Where is the city in which, on the occasion of every public and important event, the senate and the people are assembled as at Athens; or where the tribune is open to any one who chooses to ascend it, and where a crier is heard demanding with a loud voice, 'what citizen above fifty years of age wishes to harangue the people, and what other citizens wish to speak in their turn?'" No such inspiring circumstances now-a-days. The very aspect of the most important of our modern audiences is enough to chill the genial current of a speaker's soul in the very outset. It requires almost as much fortitude as the old poet deemed indispensable for the man who first dared to encounter the perils of the main, to bear up against the dispiriting influence of the spectacle presented by a legislative assemblage, in this happy land especially. It is much worse in the United States than in England, for there, if an orator is permitted to proceed for awhile in his discourse, he may enjoy the consolatory reflection, that at all events he is not a very great bore, or else he would have been coughed down; and every now and then, perhaps, a cheer from some quarter of the House may inspire the fond hope that he is not altogether wasting the sweetness of his eloquence. But in our rendezvous of talkers, commonly called Congress, when a speaker sees his audience engaged in every other way than listening to his accents; when he beholds a portion in one direction amusing themselves in familiar converse, others conning over newspapers or books, and the rest inditing epistles, or packing up and sending reports and divers other par-

liamentary documents to their constituents; when he surveys such a scene as this, what doggedness of resolution, what fondness for hearing the music of his own voice, are not requisite to enable him to prosecute his oratorical journey to the end? These indeed would scarcely be sufficient for the purpose, were there not another stimulus by which his tongue and his patience are rendered inexhaustible—the reflection, that although his words are falling lifeless upon the ears of his ostensible audience, they will be heard and devoured by other and real auditors in that *angulus terræ*, dearer to him than all the rest of the world, that chosen spot where all his hopes are centered—the district in which dwell his constituents. It is to them that the speech is addressed, as much as to the surrounding crowd; and we ask, what can be more prejudicial to genuine eloquence than such a state of things? How can a speaker achieve the highest triumph of eloquence, the persuasion of his hearers, when his mind is distracted between two sets of auditors, of a very different character, who are to be operated upon in very different modes? The one is to be affected by the spoken, the other by the written discourse; the first fatigued by a perpetual recurrence of words of mouth, involved in a multiplicity of business, careless or restless, with their minds already complacently made up about the matter in discussion, and not to be changed but by super-human efforts, and desiring brevity in the extreme; the other, reading for the most part scarcely any other discourses than those of its representative, doing this at leisure and with the kindest feelings towards the author, better satisfied the more he gives them, and not at all exorbitant with regard to cogency of logic or beauty of rhetoric. To adapt a discourse to both is impossible.

The main reason, however, why eloquence does not reach its highest elevation in the United States, where so ample a theatre is provided for its efforts, is the want of due training and cultivation in its professors. When we advert to the assiduous manner in which the ancient orators prepared themselves for their function; the knowledge which they deemed it indispensable to possess for its adequate exercise; the private practice of declaiming to which they resorted, before venturing upon a public harangue; the intellectual armour, in short, in which they had encased themselves, and the dexterity they had acquired in the management of their oratorical weapons, previous to entering the lists, so as to be equally prepared for attack or defence—when we contemplate Demosthenes at midnight, in his solitary cave, forging, if we may so speak, those thunderbolts which were to “fulmine o’er Greece” and the world; or, with a pebble in his mouth, to overcome a physical defect, haranguing on the sea-side the boisterous waves, fit emblems of those popular billows which he was afterwards to agitate from their inmost depths, and control with a trident as



powerful as that of Neptune, and to whose turbulence he was thus habituating himself by anticipation—when we see Cicero, after years of indefatigable study at home, repairing to Greece to imbibe at the fountain-head the knowledge which he coveted, and so employing himself there as to excite the sorrow of his Attic preceptor, by the evidence which he afforded that on his return he would complete the Roman triumph, by robbing her prostrate rival of even her intellectual pre-eminence—when we reflect upon all this, and regard the mode in which our speakers of the present day qualify themselves for the functions which they attempt to discharge, we cannot be surprised at the difference which strikes us, between the eloquence of the ancient and modern republics.

The greatest British orators, likewise, have all been among the first scholars of their day. Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Wyndham, Canning, Mackintosh, were all men of whose attainments any university might be proud—minds of the most refined and comprehensive culture. The same may be said of the living speakers in Parliament of the highest eminence; Grey, Brougham, Peel, Burdett, Stanley, Macauley, Grant—to all of them the ample page of knowledge, filled with the richest spoils of time, had been unfolded, before they presumed to communicate instruction.

We suppose it would be supererogation to attempt to prove that this discipline, of which we have spoken, is indispensable for the attainment of excellence in eloquence, as in every thing else; and that he who possesses the fullest and best arranged mind in general, will be most able to give due effect to “that art or talent by which a discourse is adapted to its end.” When Horace observed that

“Cui lecta, &c.  
Nec facundia, &c.”

he did not mean that a mere exclusive study of a particular theme is sufficient for the effects which he describes, but that they would be the results of a *powerful* knowledge of it—in other words, a mastery of it in all its bearings. And this cannot be obtained by the former species of study. So nicely linked are the various branches of human knowledge, that he who contents himself with such a practice, will possess but a very superficial and partial acquaintance with his subject, and may often run the risk of being “shipwrecked in the very harbour.” It was on this account that the ancient writers on eloquence, judging from the examples which they had before their eyes, insisted upon that almost impossible combination for the accomplishment of a consummate orator, which it would seem to demand as much of intellectual force to effect, as would be required of physical power to hurl the rock of Diomed, of which, now-a-days, “not two strong men the enormous weight could raise.” But because all cannot be achieved,

that is no reason why a great deal may not be done. Perfection can be approached, if not attained.

As to the cry about *natural* eloquence, so pertinaciously raised by those who would shield their own indolence and deficiencies by degrading the rest of the world to their level, it is unfortunately too certain that the nature of man is as likely to lead him astray, intellectually as morally—that the original sin with which he is born is as operative upon his mind as his soul—and that he might as well hope to reach the summit of virtue by journeying along the broad and flowery path which leads to destruction, in pursuance of the impulse of nature, as to climb to the heights of art by listless sauntering in the groves around the castle of indolence. It may, doubtless, happen occasionally, that in the same way as once in a million of cases a person ignorant of swimming, who falls into deep water, may contrive, in the desperation of the moment, to keep his head above the element, the better energies of nature, strongly aroused, may unassisted accomplish in eloquence the utmost that can be done; but, as a general rule, uncultivated nature is much more prone to put ridiculous than sublime expressions into the mouth. We are accustomed to talk very enthusiastically about the eloquence of our “children of the forest,” and would fain elevate it even above that which opposed a barrier more formidable to the ambition of Philip, than the united arms of Greece; but strip it of the illusions with which it presents itself to our minds, of its associations with the courage, the fortitude, the elevation of soul, and so forth, with which we love to invest the Indian; of its novel and indefinite phraseology and style, and we shall have just what might be expected—what may be very well suited to children in intellect, but little to which maturity can hearken with satisfaction. It is only by *élans*, by starts, that nature is eloquent, when vehemently excited by absorbing interests or passions—as when, if we may quote instances, a captain of the first caliphs, seeing his soldiers flying, cried out, “where are you running? the enemy are not there!”—or when Rafi, another moslem leader in the time of Mahomet, perceiving the Arabs in a state of affright because their general, Dérar, was killed, exclaimed, “what matters it if Dérar be killed? God is living and beholds you; march!”—or when the English sailor, who was the cause of the war of 1740, between England and Spain, having been mutilated by the Spaniards, and threatened with death, said, “I recommend my soul to God, and my revenge to my country.” In such cases nature is the same in both the cultivated and the uncultivated—in both it then bursts forth in flashes of dazzling effulgence—but in the latter, these only render visible the darkness amid which they coruscate for a moment, whilst in the former they impart splendour and glory to light.

It seems to be the general opinion in the United States, that

fluency, the power of uttering without hesitation an indefinite quantity of words upon any and every subject, no matter what their import, is the grand ingredient of eloquence; and were it so, there could be little question as to our title to the palm. In respect to natural glibness, and facility of speech-making, we certainly are a very remarkable people. What village is there in the land, which is not amply provided with its spouters—what stump that languishes for its declamatory occupant? Where else, in what age or clime, have there been congregated such multitudes of “word-grinders” as our legislatures present, any one of whom almost could “spin a thousand such a-day” as the speeches delivered in the British parliament, as far as length is concerned? What true-blooded American is there who cannot make use of his tongue *pro bono publico*, whenever occasion requires? No one who has been in England could have failed to remark the superiority of the daughter over the mother in this respect. Whatever may be the reason, it is certain that few of the M. P.’s can express themselves extemporaneously without a degree of hesitation productive of the most uncomfortable effect upon the nerves of their hearers, whilst scarcely an individual in our Congress is unable to pour forth at the instant, a speech of learned length and thundering sound, with an elocution as rapid as if he had enjoyed the three days of previous reflection which Moliere’s Marquis required for his *improvisations*. “If ours are *stump* orators,” said an indignant Yankee to an Englishman who had so denominated them in derision, “there is only this difference between them and yours, that yours are always *stumped*.” We were really surprised during an attendance upon an English election, at the paucity of fluent speakers who mounted the hustings. Most of them consumed more time by the intervals between their words and syllables, than by their sentences. One of the candidates whom it was our lot to hear—a young gentleman of immense fortune, who had come from London in a splendid equipage to solicit the votes of the good people of the borough, furnished his intended constituents with an admirable proof of his qualifications as a lucid advocate of their interests. Wishing to impress them with a fine idea of the moderation of his principles, “Gentlemen,” said he, “I—I never will go—go—I say, Gentlemen, I never will go to—to extremes—I—I, Gentlemen, will always steer—” and here the poor steersman seemed completely to lose his helm, causing the vessel of his oratory to toss about, as if it were really at the mercy of winds and waves; all sorts of inarticulate sounds proceeded from his mouth whilst he was endeavouring to think of some strait between Scylla and Charybdis through which he might pass, until at length, a flush of exultation passing over his countenance, as if he had found the object of his search, he repeated with triumphant energy, “Yes, Gentlemen, I will always steer—*between right and wrong*.”

This circumstance, however, of the universality of ready, fluent talkers, so far from being a subject of national congratulation, is the very reverse. It is one to be deprecated for various evils which it produces, not the least of them being the harm which it does to eloquence. The standard of this is lowered by it in the most lamentable manner. The habit of extemporaneous speaking, which is so much prized, is only valuable when it is “out of the fulness of the mind and the heart that the mouth speaketh”—when adequate preparation has preceded. But acquired as it is here, in early life for the most part, before an adequate knowledge of even words is possessed, it is a most serious obstacle to the improvement of the speaker. Delighted with the applause which he receives upon the stump, or the barrel, or the hustings, from the multitudes surrounding them, who shower their plaudits most copiously upon him who talks fastest, and longest, and loudest, he is satisfied with the faculty of saying “an infinite deal of nothing,” which has thus ministered to his self-complacency; devotes his almost exclusive attention to the cultivation of a prompt loquaciousness instead of genuine eloquence; and throughout his entire oratorical career, exhibits a remarkable resemblance to Boileau’s garrulous dame, “qui parle toujours, et ne dit jamais rien.”

“Words are like leaves, where most they do abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.”

The Roman orator deemed it a matter of great difficulty to speak on the sudden without full preparation—*magnum opus est disputare de rebus aliquibus subito, egetque exercitatione non parvâ*—but our orators seem to consider it the easiest thing in the world. And so it is as they manage it; but how much time would be saved to the nation, and how much injury to good taste would be spared, if they held the opinion which we have just quoted, of the master of the art; if they believed with the same illustrious person, that the mind ought to be filled with things before the mouth is opened, and that an orator should possess the subtlety of dialecticians, the science of philosophers, almost the diction of poets, and the voice and the gesture of the greatest actors. It was the complaint of Plato against the rhetoricians of his day, that they endeavoured to persuade before having learnt what they should persuade—what would he say, if he were to hear the discourses of some of our legislators upon the most important subjects?

Great, however, as seems to be the attachment of most of our speakers to mere words, they do not take more pains with them, as far as quality is concerned, than with more substantial matters. Provided a certain quantity of them is uttered, the whole object appears to be attained, and whether they be choice or the reverse, is an affair of little moment. A speech is a speech, although *there’s nothing in it, save sound of some description.* The style,

consequently, of the majority of our discourses, is sadly deficient in those attributes which would compensate, to a certain extent, for the absence of nobler requisites; and as these discourses constitute a staple commodity, as we have already intimated, and exert an important influence, the detriment inflicted upon the public taste in regard to the use of language by such bad models of the vernacular, such looseness of diction, ungrammatical constructions, and low and often unidiomatic phraseology, may easily be estimated. The evil would not be so serious, were it confined to the mere mass of speakers; but unfortunately this inattention to style, as if it were a matter of insignificance, is observable in the most distinguished. Yet the great importance of appropriate expression would appear too manifest to need remark, for a vulgar apparel may often render the most exquisite beauty unattractive if not repugnant. The ancient orators were as solicitous about the dress of thought as about the thought itself; and the marvellous perfection of style in their productions, may be deemed a principal cause of their preservation and the universal admiration which they receive. Cicero, indeed, in the treatise in which he depicts the complete orator, attaches almost more consequence to diction than to any other part of eloquence, laying the greatest stress even upon the harmony which results from the choice and arrangement of words; and this even in places the most striking from the strength and beauty of the idea, where the orator might seem at liberty to dispense with all care as to the disposition of the phrase. "I was present," he says, "when C. Carbo exclaimed in a harangue to the people; *O Marce Druse, patrem appello; tu dicere solebas sacram esse rempublicam; quicumque eam violavissent, ab omnibus esse eis pœnas persolutas; patris dictum sapiens temeritas filii comprobavit*; this dichorea, *comprobavit*, extorted by its harmony a shout of approbation from the assemblage; but, (he adds,) if the orator had finished the period thus, *comprobavit filii temeritas*, there would have been nothing in it—*jam nihil erit*." This, to be sure, is rather an instance indicative of the musical susceptibilities of the Latin tongue, and the exquisite delicacy of ancient ears, than an example for imitation to be proposed to those who have to do with less pliable and harmonious idioms, and less sensitive audiences; but the lesson which it inculcates may be turned to good account.

We certainly do not wish to be understood as denying, by what we have said, the existence of a high order of eloquence in the country. Our remarks are meant to apply to the average character of our public speaking, which, unquestionably, is susceptible of great improvement. It requires, however, an inordinate degree of patriotism to assert that any of our most distinguished orators are models, and could not, with the natural faculties which they possess, have attained a loftier elevation than they have reached, by an adequate use of their resources. The cir-

cumstance which Hume mentions as a conclusive proof that none of the English speakers of his day were really masters, that there were "above a half-dozen speakers in the two houses, who, in the judgment of the public, had reached very near the same pitch of eloquence," might be adduced also as evidence that none of our congressional gentlemen are altogether the rivals of Cicero or Demosthenes. There was no doubt as to the pre-eminence of these over hosts of competitors; but who could affirm the superiority of his favourite in the Senate or the House, without having it plausibly disputed by the advocates of several conflicting pretensions? Yet it is unquestionable that we have had, and still have, speakers who have given irrefragable proofs of as great native power, perhaps, as has ever been evinced in modern times—men who might have rivalled altogether, as they do in parts, the richest eloquence of the British parliament, had they duly nursed their genius; who, even, had they been afforded such opportunities as were enjoyed by him who swayed the "fierce democracy" of Greece, might have left specimens of the power of the human intellect little inferior to the Oration upon the crown itself. The perfection of this, indeed, in almost every way, can scarcely be a matter of wonder, when we regard the circumstances under which it was pronounced—circumstances which called forth every faculty of mind and soul, and strained them to the very "top of their bent"—glory the reward of success, infamy the consequence of defeat, a nation for audience, the world almost spectators.

It might, indeed, be confidently affirmed that no country, at the present moment, possesses as many able speakers as this—that neither the French nor the English legislature can offer six names worthy of being ranked collectively with the same number to be found upon the rolls of Congress, which will immediately suggest themselves to the mind of the reader. It would be an interesting and instructive task to compare the actual eloquence of the three countries, but we may not attempt it on this occasion, having already too long delayed noticing the volume which has prompted these remarks—the *Memoir and Speeches* of one who, for some time past, has played a prominent part on our political stage.

The *Memoir* is sufficiently well written, and is probably as complete as it could be made; but it has one great defect, and the very one which the author, in his preface, particularly designates as the worst that can disfigure a production of the kind—that of being a panegyric rather than a biography. The picture drawn by Mr. Bowen is all light, and produces, in consequence, by no means the effect which was designed. A due intermixture of shade would have rendered it not only a much superior work of art, by imparting greater strength and verisimilitude to the whole, but would have caused the other portion to make a far more powerful and



useful impression. The merits of Mr. Burges are of a description, both as to quality and quantity, to enable his biographer to speak unreservedly concerning the failings by which they are and must be accompanied, unless he be more than man, without fear of detriment to his general character. We should, indeed, be inclined to forgive many more defects than we could have any ground for ascribing to him, in consideration of the admirable example which the story of his career offers—of the victory of energy and perseverance over all the obstacles of humble birth and adverse fortune. With such examples, it is true, the annals of our country, and especially of New England, are replete—and we know not what prouder boast a country can have—but it is one which cannot too often be held up as an incitement to similar virtue, and which can never fatigue emulous contemplation. The spectacle of such a struggle comes home to every bosom, inspiring the most elevated ideas of the attributes of our common nature; whilst to an American especially, it is of double interest and value, by the eloquence with which, in its success, it speaks of the excellence of those institutions that lend such efficient succour to the efforts of merit.

Tristram Burges was born on the 26th of February, 1770, in the First Parish of Rochester, Massachusetts. His father was a cooper by trade, and the proprietor of a small farm. Tristram was the youngest of his three sons, who assisted him in the occupations of his shop during the winter, and the cultivation of his land in summer. It was not until he was about fifteen years of age that the subject of this memoir enjoyed the advantage of attending a school. He had previously, however, been taught to read by his eldest sister, and his father had given him some instruction in writing and arithmetic. From a sea captain, also, named Matthews, settled in the neighbourhood, he had obtained some insight into navigation. The schooling that he got was restricted entirely to English, but his fondness for reading enabled him to lay in no meagre stock of information, by the time he was twenty-one. Pope, Dryden, and Addison, were his principal favourites. He also devoted himself early to composition, chiefly letter-writing, that being a fashionable employment among his associates. The number of epistles which he wrote between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, in verse and in prose, to the young persons of his acquaintance, would, according to our author, fill a volume.

The first project of young Burges, when of an age to “shift for himself,” was to go to sea, not for the purpose of following it as a calling, but in the hope of making a sum which would enable him to acquire the knowledge requisite for embracing one of the liberal professions. He had made all his arrangements to join a whaling expedition, as one of the coopers of a ship commanded by an old friend of his father; but the premature sailing of the vessel frus-

trated the plan. He then determined to commence the study of medicine as well as he might. The family physician, Dr. Foster, lent him various medical works of repute, advising him, however, to study Greek and Latin, before he commenced a regular course of medicine. This counsel he was enabled to follow by applying the proceeds of the sale of his share of his father's farm, who had recently died, and the profits of a school which he kept during three or four months of the year, to the payment of his academy and college expenses. The following is our author's account of the beginning of his oratorical career. It may remind the reader of that of the great master of the art.

"Early in the spring of 1792, Tristram again returned to the academy at Wrentham, and continued there until the last of October. The hours of recreation, during this season, he devoted to improvement in speaking. His desire to excel in that department of study was earnest, and continually increasing. It was the usage of the school for each pupil, once a week, to declaim on the stage in the academy. The first time Burges attempted to speak, his success was indifferent enough. A young man, with whom he had formed an acquaintance, happened to be a fellow boarder. He was a fine scholar, and accomplished in the rules and practice of speaking; and, though kind in his disposition, yet he was honest and frank in his expressions concerning the faults and imperfections of his friend. After Burges had made his first attempt at speaking on the stage, and as they were going home together, the conversation turned upon his success. He had never been accustomed to read aloud, and whenever he commenced, he invariably hesitated, and often stammered. This imperfection was manifested in his utterance when he went on the stage, or attempted to recite from memory. His companion finally observed—'You must get somebody else to do your speaking for you.'

"To many a youth of sensibility, with but little energy of character, such advice would have opened an incurable wound, paralyzed all future effort, and rendered miserable him who promised to be an ornament to his race. But not so with the youth to whom it was addressed. He possessed too much energy, ambition, and laudable perseverance, to be vanquished by such obstacles. And to that same advice may be traced the fountain of that eloquence which sprung up in his soul; for, from that moment, he resolved 'to speak for himself.'

"The house at which he resided was situated on the east side of the road, and was sheltered on the west by a thick wood of high pines, filled up with under-wood of live oak, growing then higher than the lowest bramble of the pines, and forming an almost impervious thicket. After many attempts, the student found a path, made by the cattle and sheep, leading towards the other side of this wilderness. Pursuing this path, he discovered a recess, as if cleared away for culture, of one hundred feet in diameter, with a few scattering trees left standing. Here, thought he, is my stage; encircling me, is the all-sustaining atmosphere; and these trees before me, are the mute auditors, which will not hiss, if I *do* stammer! This was his speaking place, and hither he usually retired once a day. No human being was there to aid or interrupt. The process was simple. In conversation, he could talk very fluently; it was only when he began 'to speak,' that he began to stammer, or hesitate, or use a bad tone. He therefore commenced talking to the trees, studiously noting the movements of all the organs of utterance. In this manner, he proceeded in the study of the art of speaking, and conquered that habit of stammering and hesitating, which had attended him from his early years, and acquired to a considerable degree a natural style of speaking.

Rhode Island College, now Brown University, was the institution in which he went through his course. He entered it in September 1793, and graduated in 1796, having distinguished himself

so much as to be honoured with the task of delivering the valedictory address. In belles lettres especially, he was deemed an excellent scholar. The oration which he pronounced, on receiving his degree, had for its subject "The Cause of Man." It was considered at the time, says our author, a remarkable production. The following passage he thinks "beautifully constructed," and mentions that it has been selected as an exercise for declamation in many schools and colleges. We must have been blinded by its very brilliancy, for we confess we cannot discern its pre-eminent claims to that distinction. It is very much like the "beautiful passages" of most graduate speeches, in which a delectable conjunction of sounding phrases and magnificent tropes serves all the purposes of originality and beauty of thought.

"Guided by reason, man has travelled through the abstruse regions of the philosophic world. He has originated rules by which he can direct the ship through the pathless ocean, and measure the comet's flight over the fields of unlimited space. He has established society and government. He can aggregate the profusions of every climate, and every season. He can meliorate the severity, and remedy the imperfections of nature herself. All these things he can perform by the assistance of reason.

"By imagination, man seems to verge towards creative power. Aided by this, he can perform all the wonders of sculpture and painting. He can almost make the marble speak. He can almost make the brook murmur down the painted landscape. Often, on the pinions of imagination, he soars aloft where the eye has never travelled; where other stars glitter on the mantle of night, and a more effulgent sun lights up the blushes of morning. Flying from world to world, he gazes on all the glories of creation: or, lighting on the distant margin of the universe, darts the eye of fancy over the mighty void, where power creative never yet has energized, where existence still sleeps in the wide abyss of possibility. By imagination, he can travel back to the source of time; converse with the successive generations of men; and kindle into emulation, while he surveys the monumental trophies of ancient art and glory. He can sail down the stream of time, until he loses 'sight of stars and sun, by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and the earth shall be no more.' "

In a previous paragraph there is an instance of the misapplication of a word, very common in this country, which is altogether inexcusable in a "fine belles lettres scholar"—"anger *learn* him to resist." A short consultation with Dr. Johnson would have informed him, that the employment of the verb "to learn" in the sense of to teach, is now altogether obsolete.

After leaving college, Mr. Burges opened a school in Providence, to earn the means of prosecuting the study of the law, to which his thoughts were now directed. He continued the occupation during twelve months, teaching six hours a-day, and dedicating the same number to reading law. Having drawn a prize in a lottery of two thousand dollars, he was enabled to give up his school, and devote himself entirely to his studies, which he did with so much effect, that when admitted to practice in 1799, he was, if we may believe our author, "thoroughly versed in all the principles of the profound science he had cultivated."

At that time, according to Mr. Bowen, the bar of Rhode Island was as eminent as any in the United States; and the success of Mr. Burges was of the most decided kind. "But a few years after he was admitted to practice, he had attained signal influence as an advocate. The powers of his mind, and his enthusiastic feelings, were enlisted in every cause which he argued. So deeply was he interested, so persuaded of the justice of his side of the question, that he was never known to admit his client to be in the wrong. If doubts were suggested by the opposite party, before trial, he would repel them in an instant, as if they reflected upon his own honour and judgment. His practice was very extensive, and few important causes were argued in which he was not engaged. The power of his eloquence was supreme over judges, jurors, and spectators. When he spoke, the court-house was often thronged, and none listened without a tribute of admiration."

Mr. Burges was not so entirely devoted to the law, that he could not take an active part in political discussions. He attended public meetings, made speeches at them, and drew up various resolutions and memorials. The Embargo law was then producing a great excitement in Rhode Island, during which he occupied a conspicuous position. In 1811 he took his seat as a representative from Providence in the General Assembly of the state, and was re-elected for another term, but resigned. In 1815, Mr. Burrill having been chosen a Senator in Congress, Mr. Burges was appointed to succeed him as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the state. The selection was highly honourable to him, not more from the dignity of the office than the character of him whose place he was called to fill. He held the situation, however, only a year. The party to which he had been opposed gained the ascendancy, and deprived the state of his services; "affording a striking illustration of the folly and insecurity of annual appointments of judges."

He returned to his practice, and in addition, delivered courses of lectures on oratory and belles lettres in Brown University, having been chosen professor of these branches in the institution. Our author says that they were delivered extemporaneously—an equivocal merit at best—and that they were fine specimens of the art which he was teaching. He did not discontinue them until his election to Congress in 1825, by a considerable majority over Mr. Eddy, who had long held the seat. Since that period he has constantly been re-elected, and at present is a candidate for a seat in the Senate of the United States.

In the House, Mr. Burges has always held a prominent station, by the part which he has taken in the most important discussions. Some of the speeches pronounced by him are contained in full in the volume before us; of others, our author has furnished extracts, inserted in the body of the Memoir. But there are

many of his discourses, he says, which he has not been able to notice at all. "Indeed, so numerous are they, that it would have been impracticable to have detailed the whole. Perhaps he is never more successful than when he addresses his fellow-citizens of Rhode Island, preparatory to their elections." We extract a portion of Mr. Bowen's conclusion, in which he draws a character of the subject of his Memoir, relative to his oratory.

"Mr. Burges's style of speaking is often too vehement; occasionally, he deals in nice refinements of language: yet his style is formed on no one model, and, therefore, it resembles the speaking of no other man. It is his own, with its faults and beauties. If one word could convey a just idea of the whole, we should term it captivating. His voice is not remarkable for its sweetness; but it is strong, and in its deepest intonations, melodious. It is capable too, of an exquisite variety of tones. It will speak the calm reasonings of philosophy, and the exciting passions of the soul, with inimitable power. His cadences fall upon the ear with a prolonged beauty; and his emphasis and pauses are admirably managed. His gestures are frequent, yet employed only when the thought requires them. They are always emphatic. A wave of the hand expresses sentiments and emotions which others convey only by words. His articulation is remarkably distinct; every sentence is pronounced with a full, deliberate enunciation. One cause of Mr. Burges's success in oratory may be attributed to his knowledge of human nature. Much of that knowledge was acquired in the beginning of life. The variety of his occupations led him into frequent conflict with men; and their dispositions, pursuits, and general rules of conduct, he made a study. His profession, also, was a tributary stream, continually flowing onward, and gathering new volume, as his practice increased. The Bar is a theatre, where human nature is displayed in its darkest and finest expressions. Accustomed to watch the springs of passion, he soon acquired the art to move and enkindle the feelings of popular assemblies. Hence, few have been more successful in directing the movements of such assemblies. A general silence, an interest that never falters, attend all his efforts.

"To live in human memory, and to place on the roll of time some memorial of himself, has evidently ever been one of his cherished desires. He is ambitious; and, therefore, participates in that infirmity, as it is denominated, of great minds; the same which heaved in the breast of Washington; which has breathed in the lines of poetry; which has set in our political firmament those living stars, shining with undimmed lustre, and guiding to Union and Independence. In mechanical and agricultural employments he was ambitious. The first honours of the University, his professional accomplishments, and present distinction, all were attained by its influence. 'When we feel ourselves,' as he once beautifully remarked, 'borne along the current of time; when we see ourselves hourly approach that cloud, impenetrable to the human eye, which terminates the last visible portion of this moving estuary; who of us, although he may hope when he reaches it, to shoot through that dark barren, into a more bright and peaceful region, yet who can feel himself receding from the eye of all human sympathy, leaving the vision of all human monuments; and not wish as he passes by, to place on those monuments, some little memorial of himself; some volume of a book; or, perhaps but a single page, that it may be remembered,

*When we are not, that we have been.'*

"The mind of Mr. Burges, in all its shades and peculiarities, cannot be precisely delineated. It is difficult to balance the opposing elements of any mind, or to convey an accurate idea of all its resources and attainments. The most correct inferences may be drawn from works. We think, as before intimated, that upon them he has established a permanent and just renown. Intellectual greatness must be more conclusively defined, the true nature of genius solved, before a place can be selected in the temple of Fame, for all noble and far-reaching minds."

This is eulogistic enough. We have heard Mr. Burges, and have read some of his speeches, immediately after they were delivered, and again in this volume; but we cannot, we confess, perceive his claim to so conspicuous a station in our oratorical array, as our author would assign to him. He can scarcely be said to possess the requisites of an orator in a superlative degree, although he certainly does possess some of them to a considerable extent. The earnestness with which he speaks, the perfect conviction of the justness of what he is saying which marks his manner, whilst they are in accordance with the sincerity and directness of his character—qualities, we believe, which have never been denied, whatever sins may have been imputed to him amid the strife of party—are important traits in an orator. He also seems to be always well acquainted with his subject, and his general attainments often serve him effectually; but, judging merely from the speeches in the volume before us, we should not suppose that his erudition is very profound. It is manifested more by fits and starts, if we may so speak, by allusions and occasional observations, than by that general impress of completeness and refinement which belongs to the emanations of an intellect richly stored with classical lore; nor are those allusions always free from an aspect of affectation and display. Some of them are so far-fetched and irrelevant, as to bring to mind the anecdote of the French advocate, who, whilst indulging in a classical flight about the siege of Troy and the Scamander, was suddenly tumbled to the earth by the adverse counsel, who interrupted him, saying, “the court will please observe that my client’s name is not Scamander, but Michaut.” Were his attainments altogether such as they are described by Mr. Bowen, we think they must have been operative in disciplining his imagination and chastising his taste. His rhetoric is often of a strained and extravagant species, that would encounter little mercy at the hands of Longinus or Quintillian; “the most exact propriety and nicest truth,” which, according to the first named critic, constitute the beauty of images, being the last characteristics to which they can pretend. The peroration of the first speech which he pronounced in the House upon the judiciary, although it is extolled by our author, and extorted at the time the exclamation from a veteran member—“this speech is one of the greatest displays of eloquence ever made in this hall”—strikes us as an egregious proof of our remarks.

“Thus, Sir, you may legislate, not for twenty years only, but, by Divine aid, for twenty centuries. Your judicial edifice will be extended, with your extending country; and will subserve the wants, and satisfy the requirements of these increasing States, and the multiplying millions of this great nation; until the American Eagle shall, with one wing, winnow the breezes of the Atlantic, and with the other, hover over the quiet waters of the Pacific; until the colossal power of the republic, standing



on the lofty mountains of this continent, shall, with one hand, extend the olive branch to the peaceful nations of the earth, and with the other, wave the sword of justice over the satisfied and tranquil citizens of these widely extended regions."

What an ornithological marvel must be the bird that can, "with one wing, winnow the breezes of the Atlantic, and with the other, hover over the quiet waters of the Pacific!" The feathered monsters which excited the wonder and terror of Sinbad the Sailor, whose voracious adventures are so much the admiration of childhood, must have been mere humming-birds to such a creature. Should our "legislation"—and there is no knowing what this may *not* do—cause its pinions to assume the positions which Mr. Burges hopes they will take by the assistance of Congress, the good people of the Union will be in a condition like that of the Grecians when the Persian arrows darkened the sun, without, perhaps, desiring shade as much as the ancient warriors are related to have wished it, for the purpose of fighting more comfortably.

The "colossal power of the republic," though not quite so formidable, is hardly a less preposterous image than the foregoing. We doubt much whether "the satisfied and tranquil citizens of these widely-extended regions" would particularly relish the spectacle of "the sword of justice" constantly waved over their heads by the hand of any colossus; the sight of a sword, no matter of what kind, being never very conducive to tranquillity of spirit.

We will extract a few more samples of the bombast into which Mr. Burges frequently allows himself to be transported. The higher the authority with which they present themselves, the more imperative is the duty to set the seal of reprobation upon them. Extravagance of word and image is a vice not less incident to the youth of a nation than of an individual, and should be counteracted and reproved on every occasion.

"The policy of the gentleman from Virginia, calls him to a course of legislation resulting in the entire destruction of one part of this Union. Oppress New England until she shall be compelled to remove her manufacturing labour and capital to the regions of iron, wool, and grain; and nearer to those of rice and cotton. Oppress New England until she shall be compelled to remove her commercial labour and capital to New York, Norfolk, Charleston, and Savannah. Finally, oppress that proscribed region, until she shall be compelled to remove her agricultural labour and capital—her agricultural capital? No, she cannot remove that. Oppress and compel her, nevertheless, to remove her agricultural labour to the far-off West; and there people the savage valley, and cultivate the deep wilderness of the Oregon. She must, indeed, leave her agricultural capital; her peopled fields; her hills with culture carried to their tops; her broad, deep bays; her wide, transparent lakes, long winding rivers, and populous waterfalls; her delightful villages, flourishing towns, and wealthy cities. She must leave this land, bought by the treasure, subdued by the toil, defended by the valour of men, vigorous, athletic, and intrepid; men, god-like in all making man resemble the moral image of his Maker; a land endeared, oh! how deeply endeared, because shared with women pure as the snows of their native mountains; bright, lofty, and overawing, as the clear, circumambient heavens, over their heads; and yet lovely as the fresh opening bosom of their own blushing and

blooming June. 'Mine own romantic country,' must we leave thee? Beautiful patrimony of the wise and good; enriched from the economy, and ornamented by the labour and perseverance of two hundred years! Must we leave thee, venerable heritage of ancient justice and pristine faith? And, God of our fathers! must we leave thee to the demagogues who have deceived, and traitorously sold us? We must leave thee to them; and to the remnants of the Penobscots, the Pequoda, the Mohicans, and Narragansetts; that they may lure back the far retired bear, from the distant forest, again to inhabit in the young wilderness, growing up in our flourishing cornfields and rich meadows; and spreading, with briars and brambles, over our most 'pleasant places.' "

Any insult or injustice to the quarter of the country from which Mr. Burges comes, seems to operate upon his rhetorical propensities like the sound of the trumpet upon the war horse. Upon such occasions off starts his Pegasus, *à bride abattue*, cutting such capers as prove that no muse certainly directs his motions.

"Rhode Island threaten to dissolve the Union! Never, Sir, until by some convulsion of nature she may be plucked out from the refreshing bosom of salubrious skies and perennial waters, and cast down in that burning region where the 'dog star rages;' where 'sultry Sirius sears the sandy plains;' where the thirsty inhabitant pants, each for individual and independent dominion. With Rhode Island, Sir, this Union was a holy marriage covenant, 'and for better for worse, until God do part you.' "

What is the meaning of the following piece of sublimity? It passes our comprehension.

"All which I could not do, I shall no otherwise remember, than that I earnestly laboured after, but was unable to arrive at a performance of it. The honourable gentleman is in no condition of equal security. He does not believe this can be one of the fields of his fame; if he win he could not wear my armour. Should he fall; should the point of that truth, which, at one touch, demolished the toad, and exhibited the demon; should that glittering point reach him, in that upper region where he has long been expanding himself, and labouring his own apotheosis; aye, Sir, should the ethereal blaze of that truth, but drop into the orbit of this bright exhalation, extinguished and shrunk to its native dimensions, it must fall to the proper level of its own element."

We prefer, however, the magnificent incomprehensibility of this travestie of Milton, to the treason, it deserves to be called, of which he is guilty in another speech, in parodying one of the most splendid bursts of Demosthenes—the famous apostrophe, as it is termed, though improperly. Nothing but a state of the utmost excitement in both orator and audience, upon an occasion of absorbing interest and dignity, could give success to so daring an adjuration. Such an excitement and such an occasion did lend their aid to the Grecian orator, and enable him to produce a thrilling effect. Let us see whether Mr. Burges's copy, to dignify it with that name, bears any evidence on its face of having been similarly authorized.

"Sir, let our whole country adopt this policy (of free trade,) this English system, and from that time we are to England what Poland is to the other nations of Europe. The West will not do this; the North will not do this. Do it who may, New

England will not. So long as one soldier of '75 lives on our hills, or one soldier's dust sleeps in a grave on our battle-fields; so long as the Fourth of July is a day in the Christian calendar, New England will not. By the souls of those men who fell at Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Bennington, now beatified by redeeming mercy, New England will not chain herself to the wheels of this odious system."

This is imitation "with a vengeance." Demosthenes, after having, in a strain of almost superhuman eloquence, by which he had inflamed the minds of his hearers to a pitch at which nothing could seem extravagant to them, repelled the imputation of his adversary that his counsels had entailed the disastrous defeat at Cheronœa, and maintained that even could that event have been foreseen, the course which the Athenians had pursued by his advice was the only one compatible with their honour and glory—all at once, as if hurried by the fervour of patriotism beyond himself, "filled as it were with sudden inspiration, and transported by a god-like warmth," thunders forth an oath by the manes of the departed heroes of Greece, that they had acted as they ought in braving every danger for the safety and liberty of Greece: "You were not in the wrong, I swear it by the souls of those who perished on the plain of Marathon, by those who fought at Platea, and Salamis, and Artemisia, and by all those great citizens whose ashes have been deposited by Greece in the public monuments!" Mr. Burges is talking about taxes upon calicoes and broadcloth, asks with sublime emphasis who will consent to take them off, declares that neither this nor that portion of the country will do it, vows that New England at all events has no idea of ever lightening her pockets in such a style, and to render this "pretty considerably" evident, swears—not "by jingo" that she will not do any such thing—no, "by all the muse's fury fired" at the idea, he swears "by the souls of those men who fell at Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Bennington, now beatified by redeeming mercy"!

Occasionally, the rhetoric of Mr. Burges takes a different course from that which it follows in the foregoing instances, and instead of rising from the ground until it hides its head amid the clouds, it starts from among these, and descends in a way that the eyes of Martinus Scriblerus would have glistened to behold. In the conclusion, for example, of his speech upon D'Auterive's claim, he winds up an exhortation, in which there is some real eloquence, to preserve the Constitution, by the assertion that those who wish to avert its destruction "will not desert the ship, leave her who may; they will perform the voyage, and to the very letter, *and in the full spirit of all and singular the shipping articles*"—a praiseworthy evidence, doubtless, of exactness on the part of the navigators, although it manifests a dangerous proficiency in one of them in the art of *sinking*. We have read somewhere a piece

of verse which deserves to be transmitted to posterity in company with this specimen of prose.

“ There came a knight from Palestino  
 Mounted upon a coal black steed,  
 And he rode past like the wind,  
 And left his groom behind  
 At a very great distance indeed.”

Another fault which we have to find with the rhetoric of Mr. Burges, is the manner in which at times he accumulates and spins out illustrations of propositions which can be demonstrated far more efficaciously by a few words. Condensation and succinctness, indeed, are never very remarkable in the oratory of Mr. B. any more than in that of most of his fellow-legislators and speakers. We doubt if an anecdote will ever be related of any of them, like that recorded of Phocion, who, it is said, appearing one day as he was about to ascend the tribune immersed in reverie, and being asked the cause, replied, “ I am thinking how I shall contrive to abridge what I have to say.” The following passage is an instance of the defect we have just mentioned.

“ Sir, the principle of self-defence runs throughout the whole animated world, and is a law to ‘ man, beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see.’ Look with your glass at the living atoms which in myriads, people the light; each one is armed, and by the little wars of self-defence, preserves his own existence. He fights his brief battle, reproduces himself, and dies in the same hour when, and in the bosom of the same bright sunbeam where, he was born. The little ichneumon, deified in Egypt for his successful wars against the crocodile, not only defends himself against that ferocious enemy of so many living things, but, by courage and stratagem, he leaps into the open jaws of his powerful adversary, wins his way to his very vitals, gnaws asunder the cords of life, and then, boring a passage for himself through the side of his conquered enemy, leaves the monster dead or dying on the shore of the Nile. The leviathan of the ocean, which wars and feeds on all the families of the seas, is assailed and subdued by one of the lesser fishes, a diminutive adversary, named from the sword which he wears; endowed with the instinctive valour and skill of self-defence, he plunges, when pursued, and, rising swiftly, and with a deadly aim, under the defenceless body of his enemy, avenges and secures himself. You have seen those little birds which build their nests, and sing in the trees, near every farmstead, as you travel any part of our country. They are always on their defence; never waiting to gather themselves into brigades, each one darts singly on the coming hawk, and drives the marauder from his little neighbourhood.

“ ‘ Its power to guard itself each creature feels.’ One animal lifts his heel, and spurns his adversary; another tosses him with his horns; a third dashes at him with his armed head; and a fourth raises a paw, and strikes with no purpose of a second blow. The principle of maternity is a part of the principle of self-defence. How often does a cruel boy hardly escape with his eyes, when he climbs a tree to plunder the nest of a robin? What do you see in the farm-yard more valiant than the hen in defence of her brood? The shepherd will tell you that the sheep itself, in defence of her lamb, is no less brave than the dog trained and trusted to guard the flock. What man will do, or dare, more in defence of himself than a mother will do, or dare, in defence of her child? The right of self-defence is so incidental, and so perfectly a law of nature, that every effort made by any creature, in pursuance of this law, is cheered and encouraged by a feeling and expression of approbation in the mind, or by the voice of every beholder of it.

“ A knowledge of the right which every man has to defend his own life, has not been communicated to us by any human teachings; but was given to us at our

creation, among those primitive instincts which were wrought into the very fabric of our existence, by the hand of the Creator himself. The right of self-defence depends on no law made by man: for, unless it were a law of nature, and brought into existence with life itself, there must have been a time when, because no such law had been enacted by man, he could have had no such right; and to have defended his own life would have been a crime against his own nature. Now, by the common consent of all mankind, and without any law enacted for that purpose, every man is, by every human tribunal, justified in using so much violence in defence of his own life as will preserve himself, and prevent the assailant from attempting further aggression. Nay, Sir, this great law of our nature creates and places an obligation on every man to defend that life bestowed on him by his Creator; and if, when assailed, he does not do this by all the means in his power, he consents to his own murder, and is guilty of a crime, in the forum of conscience, equal, at least, in its enormity, to that of suicide itself."

This "principle of self-defence" would have fully authorized, we think, those who were listening to the above establishment of it, to shut their ears and turn their attention to something else before it was half completed. How different the mode in which Cicero demonstrates the same proposition, although compression is certainly not his predominant trait. The passage is worth extracting here, by way of contrast, often as it may have been quoted:

"Est igitur hæc, Judices, non scripta, sed nata lex: quam non didicimus, accepimus, legimus; verum ex natura ipsa arripuimus, hausimus, expressimus: ad quam non docti, sed facti; non instituti, sed imbuti sumus: ut si vita nostra in aliquas insidias, si in vim, si in tela aut latronum, aut inimicorum incidisset, omnis honesta ratio esset expediendæ salutis. Silent leges inter arma, nec se expectari jubent; cum ei, qui expectare velit, antè injusta pœna luenda sit, quàm justa repetenda."

Who would not be more disposed to acquiesce in the Roman, than in the American orator's assertion? The very pains which are taken to prove its truth by Mr. Burges, seem to involve it in doubt; whilst the careless boldness with which it is urged in the other place, may be said to compel conviction. A few powerful strokes, by the hand of the master, and the object to be made manifest is brought out into the fullest relief, vivid with light, and resistless in its impression; whilst all the elaboration and minuteness of the less gifted pencil serve only to distract attention and weaken the effect.

This same fault of diffuseness is also too often observable in the logic of Mr. Burges, energetic and powerful as it frequently is, to enable us to apply to his oratory the remark of Hume upon the eloquence of Demosthenes, that "It is vehement reasoning without any appearance of art: it is disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument"—or that of Fenelon: "*C'est un raisonnement serré et pressant, ce sont des sentimens généreux d'une ame qui ne conçoit rien que de grand, c'est un discours qui croît et qui se fortifie à chaque parole par des raisons nouvelles, c'est un enchaînement de figures hardies et*

touchantes; vous ne sauriez le lire sans voir qu'il porte la république dans le fond de son cœur: c'est la nature qui parle elle-même dans ses transports; l'art est si achevé, qu'il n'y paroît point; rien n'égalait jamais sa rapidité et sa véhémence."\* These two descriptions, by the way, of the resistless *reasoning* of the prince of ancient orators, might furnish a sufficient refutation of the plea which has been urged in support of the superiority of modern eloquence, that it is the eloquence of reason, whilst that of Greece and Rome is the eloquence of passion. The latter is replete with the most severe and cogent logic; ratiocination of the strongest kind is the basis of its principal master-pieces, as in the oration on the Crown and that for Milo; and it is only because its impassioned parts are so much more strikingly affecting and brilliant from their very nature, that some plausibility has been given to the assertion we have mentioned, of the inferiority of its argumentative excellence. No eloquence, indeed, whose *essence* is mere passion, can exert any durable sway. The mind cannot be long maintained in a state of high-wrought excitement; and constant appeals to the feelings soon begin to lose their force. Their grand effect results from their superinducement, if we may so speak, upon argument—when they are brought in to finish the work which argument has commenced by causing that to be *felt* of which the judgment has been convinced. It was on this account that the ancient writers on eloquence insisted that philosophy was a constituent portion of it, in order that the orator might, in the first place, be able to discover and exhibit truth, and then to awaken affection for her charms. The speaker who should always endeavour to effect this, before he has accomplished the other object, could never obtain any permanent influence with any society of men in either ancient or modern days.

It is certain, however, that more of that faculty which is called genius is requisite for moving the passions than for convincing the understanding, and that even if the ancients were inferior to the moderns in ratiocination, their superior power of influencing the affections would entitle them to the palm of eloquence. How many comparatively are there who can show us what is true; how few are there who can entice or impel us to feel and act in accordance with it! It is our passions much oftener than the errors of reason, that interfere with our perception and observance of truth, and to operate upon those is essential for the removal of the impediment;

\* "It is close and urgent reasoning; it is the expression of the generous sentiments of a soul which conceives nothing but what is great; it is a discourse which grows and strengthens at every word by fresh reasons; it is a chain of bold and impressive figures: you cannot read him without perceiving that he carries the republic in the depths of his heart. It is nature that speaks herself in his transports; art is so perfect that it does not appear; nothing ever equalled his rapidity and vehemence."



but how difficult is it to strike the proper chords, so as to cause them to return the desired sounds. *Pectus est*, according to Quintilian, *quod disertum facit*—it is the bosom which makes the eloquent man—and in the same way, the noblest eloquence must have reference to the bosom. From it spring the sublimest thoughts, and to it such thoughts must be addressed. The mere understanding cannot grasp them.

The oratorical weapon which Mr. Burges wields with the greatest efficacy, and which he seems most fond of employing, is sarcasm. In the use of this, he is perhaps unsurpassed in the United States; yet it is oftener, in his hands, a weapon like the massive broad-sword with which Richard the lion-hearted, in the admirable scene in "*The Talisman*," cleaves the bar of iron in twain, than resembling the keen and polished scymitar with which Saladin accomplishes the more difficult feat of severing the pliant cushion. His satire frequently wants the edge which refinement would impart to it, and at times it proceeds to a degree of coarseness altogether inexcusable. Nothing, for instance, can extenuate his famous retort upon Randolph—not even the provocations which that eccentric individual was wont to give. It trespasses beyond the utmost allowable bounds; and might be affirmed to speak almost as strongly against the utterer of it, as against the person at whom it was directed.

We have dwelt thus freely on the defects which appear to us to detract from the eloquence of Mr. Burges, because we deem him no common man—one whose influence is justly considerable. Of such individuals, it is doubly important that the faults should be pointed out and understood, in order that these may be hindered, as far as possible, from doing that harm which their association with excellence might enable them to inflict. As to his merits, we could easily, if we had space, adduce abundant evidence of them from his productions in the volume before us; but they have already spoken to the world for themselves, in language far too eloquent and convincing, to require our humble aid in the way of emblazonment.

---

**ART. VII.—***A Tour through North America; together with a comprehensive view of the Canadas and United States, as adapted for Agricultural Emigration.* By PATRICK SHIRREFF, Farmer, Mungoswells, East Lothian. Edinburgh: 1835.

WHEN it was known that M. A. de Humboldt was soon to set out to make researches concerning the institutions and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of America, there was a general expectation of an important addition to modern science. The Baron was familiar with most of the branches of human knowledge. To a practical acquaintance with physics and astronomy, he united the opposite acquirements of an antiquary and a philologist. He had long been remarkable for an ardent love of truth, for his amiable and pure philosophy, and for his indefatigable and systematic industry. Scientific men had, therefore, reason to expect much from his travels; and their expectations were not disappointed. "*Le Voyage de Humboldt et Bonpland*," is a work of almost unparalleled extent and richness, and is also a remarkable record of human courage and perseverance. Had M. de Humboldt travelled in the northern, instead of the southern continent of America, his researches would have been more useful to civil society, and could hardly have been less important to natural science. He passed through some parts of the United States, on his way back to Europe, but his sojourn was very short, and this country may never again be visited by an author approaching to him in character or attainments. Travelling in our republic, seems to have been monopolized by literary pretenders and needy adventurers. In ancient times, Thales, Pythagoras, and Plato, visited distant regions in order to increase their knowledge and benefit their countrymen. Their absence was protracted to years, and the result of their laborious observation given with modesty and caution. But now, with the assistance of steamboats and railways, the vast territory of the United States is traversed in a few weeks; the manners and customs of its inhabitants, its political and economical institutions, are all gathered up in this hasty flight; its present condition is fully described and explained, and what is more, its destinies are boldly traced. The number of books about America, now thrown off the English press, is extraordinary, and the load of scandal and abuse heaped upon us from all sides, has really become awful. But our sturdy citizens have, notwithstanding, gone on to gather their crops, to fill their warehouses, and freight their ships. The blessings of tranquillity and contentment have not been taken away from us; and while many of the governments of Europe seem tottering to their fall, our republic exists unmoved, prosperous and independent.

From the censure implied in these remarks, must be excepted

the book of Mr. Patrick Shirreff, which we are about to notice. It is not intended to compare him with M. de Humboldt. He tells us himself, that he is only a plain East Lothian farmer; but he has evidently studied agriculture as a science, and, to use his own phraseology, practised it as an art; his statements and observations on that subject are, therefore, deserving of serious attention.

His book begins with a short and sensible preface, some parts of which will best explain the object of his travels.

"It has been said that I was appointed by a party of East Lothian farmers to visit and report on the Canadas and the United States; but nothing could be more unfounded. A younger brother having expressed a wish to try his fortune as an American farmer, I resolved to explore the country for the purpose of enabling me to give an opinion on the step which he contemplated. With this single object in view, my transatlantic excursion was originally planned, and afterwards performed, unfettered and unassisted by any party whatever.

"Having been led to travel from a sense of fraternal duty, I would have willingly remained satisfied with simply accomplishing the object of my journey, being aware how recently some individuals of the highest attainments had published works on America, and how ill qualified I am, in some respects, to convey an accurate impression of a country and people so interesting. But the solicitations of friends induced me to give my opinions to the public, and the result will, perhaps, prove their partiality to have been greater than their discernment.

"Having passed much of my time apart from fashion and politics, the position which I occupied in the world may not have been favourable to an impartial view of all which came under my notice. My acquaintance with agriculture enabled me, however, to judge of American farming without relying on the opinions of others, and, while listening patiently to much which was told me, I drew conclusions only from what I saw.

"In measuring the advantages of the different parts of the country by the standards of nature, and the reward of agricultural industry by produce, I hope to have departed from custom without having been led into error. Nature is the most general and invariable of agricultural tests.

"Want of information is a complaint which has been brought against treatises on emigration, and the charge in all probability arises from diversity of human character; one mind being incapable of furnishing all requisite information to another, without previously knowing what is required. The first part of this publication is intended to show the opportunities which I had of seeing the country, and the second part to aid in forming an opinion of the different places of settlement. I have aimed only to impress the understanding of the reader, and should any of my representations and conclusions be found to differ from reality, I shall regret having written a word on the subject."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Being a farmer in the strictest sense of the word, and having written the volume at intervals snatched from professional duties, I make no pretensions to correctness, much less to elegance of composition. My only aim has been to state plainly and freely what appeared to be truth, and I trust this will be received as an apology for any inaccuracies of style which may be discovered, and for such dogmatical and homespun expressions as may be considered inconsistent with good taste."

The best part of Mr. Shirreff's volume is an appendix of about one hundred pages, which he entitles "A View of the Canadas and the United States, as adapted for Agricultural Emigration." His travels were confined to the north and western states, as far back as Illinois, and to the Canadas. He landed at New York May 30th, 1833, and sailed again for Liverpool the following November. He seems then to have spent about five months in his

agricultural examination. A very considerable part of his journey was made on foot; not from an inability or unwillingness to incur the common expenses of travelling, but because he chose to pursue his investigations in parts of the country where stage coaches and horses could not penetrate. Before we dwell on his appendix, we shall make several extracts from his travels; they may be long without being tedious. Mr. Shirreff, as already stated, does not pretend to scientific or literary attainments; but it is evident that he possesses all the shrewdness and observation, said to be natural to Scotchmen. His character is composed and resolute, and while he attaches great importance to facts which he has observed himself, he is generally honest and cautious in the conclusions which he makes from them.

After a journey from New York to Philadelphia and back again, our traveller sets out to visit a celebrated seat upon the North River:—

“We left New York early in the morning, by the Albany steam-boat, for Hyde Park, after viewing which we returned to the landing-place on the river Hudson, and, at half-past twelve at night, slept on board of a steam-boat which landed us at Albany a little after seven next morning. I got on deck at four, when passing the town of Hudson; the wind was blowing high from the north, and piercingly cold.

“Hyde Park, the seat of Doctor Hosack, is the most celebrated in America, and which Mr. Stuart describes as being ‘embellished as a fine residence and fine grounds in England.’ The house is situated some hundreds of feet above the level of, and at a considerable distance from the Hudson, the intervening grounds being finely undulating. In front of the house there is a road, leading from the landing-place on the river, along a small stream, over which there is an elegant wooden bridge, and several artificial cascades have been formed in its channel. The house is composed of wood, as well as the offices and lodges, painted white, and are very neat of their kind. The conservatory had been dismantled a few days before our arrival, by placing the plants in the open air; the collection seemed extensive and well kept. The flower garden is small, the walks limited, and both destitute of beauty. I am aware that most of the evergreens which impart loveliness to the residences in Britain cannot withstand the rigours of an American winter, but this circumstance is no excuse for the nakedness of Hyde Park walks, the aid of many native plants having been disregarded. The matchless beauties of the situation have not only been frequently neglected, but destroyed by stiff, formal, naked walks, and the erection of temples resembling meat-safes, without a climbing plant, which the country produces in endless variety, to hide their deformity, and harmonize them with the surrounding scene. In short, while I greatly admired the situation of Hyde Park, I do not recollect having seen a celebrated place where nature had done so much, and man so little, to render beautiful. The embellishments at Hyde Park, contrasted with those met with every day in Britain, place American landscape-gardening immeasurably behind, if it can be said to exist.

“The progress of a people in refinement and taste, manifested in a combination of nature and art, is commonly the work of time, and the decoration of grounds an unproductive investment of capital. Thus the residences of England having descended for ages in the same line, without the power of possessors changing their destination, may be said to represent the accumulated savings, labours, and tastes of many generations. In America the country has not been long possessed by the present owners, and property does not necessarily descend in the same line; and if to these causes be added the high price of labour, and the scarcity of capital, the state of the residences will be sufficiently accounted for. Dr. Hosack has great merit in *what he has accomplished*, but it is mockery to compare his grounds, in point of

embellishments, with the fine places in Britain, which have originated from circumstances which America is not likely soon to experience.

"Throughout the whole of my transatlantic tour, the inhabitants of the country manifested perfect indifference to the beauties of nature. It was rarely I could learn the name of a plant, with the exception of trees. Nurserymen, seedsmen, and farmers, were, generally, unacquainted with varieties, and, with the exception of two or three individuals, no one seemed interested in the matter. Rhododendrons grow as plentifully in many parts of the Eastern States as furze in Britain, yet I saw vast numbers of this plant shipping at Liverpool for Philadelphia, although millions of the same variety could have been obtained for the trouble of lifting, at no great distance from the city. Gardens and nurseries were overrun with weeds, and did not display beauty either in decoration or arrangement."

In a short time we find Mr. Shirreff at Lowell, Massachusetts, and the reflections suggested by the state of things in that manufacturing town, deserve to be extracted:—

"The females engaged in manufacturing amount to nearly 5000, and as we arrived at Lowell on the afternoon of Saturday, we had an opportunity of seeing those connected with some of the largest cotton factories retiring from labour. All were clean, neat, and fashionably attired, with reticules hanging on their arms, and calashes on their heads. They commonly walked arm in arm without displaying levity. Their general appearance and deportment was such that few British gentlemen, in the middle ranks of life, need have been ashamed of leading any one of them to a tea-party. Next day, being Sunday, we saw the young females belonging to the factories going to church in their best attire, when the favourable impressions of the preceding evening were not effaced. They lodge, generally, in boarding-houses, and earn about 8s. 6d. sterling per week, independent of board; serving girls earn about 4s. 3d.

"The recent introduction of large manufacturing establishments, thin population, and ample reward of labour, account for the apparent comfort and propriety of the Lowell young women. The situation of the manufacturing class in Britain is very different; nurtured amidst poverty and vice, they toil in crowded and unwholesome factories from infancy, often disregarded by parents and employers, and attaining maturity ruined in constitution and in morals, with few of the sympathies of humanity."

\* \* \* \* \*

"This village may be taken as an instance of the giant strides by which the United States are advancing to greatness, and the immeasurable water power nature has lavished on them. The canal supplies more water than the present machinery requires; and, after inspecting the surplus in the canal and rivers, I am of opinion, there is water enough to propel nearly one hundred times the machinery at present employed, and which might employ a population of above a hundred thousand souls.

"Britain is said to owe much of her greatness to the supply of coal with which she has been blessed; but however extensive and available it may be, the water power of the United States will excel it in cheapness and magnitude. The price of labour is, and will likely continue, much cheaper in Britain than in the United States, which seems the only circumstance that can ultimately give a superiority to the manufactories of the former."

The worthy citizens of New England will probably be surprised at some of the opinions of our East Lothian farmer:—

"The surface of the New England States is often hilly, always highly undulating, and the soil generally rocky, and of the most inferior description of sand. The staple crop appeared to be rye; and we did not observe fifty acres of wheat throughout a journey of 400 miles. The grass was scanty, and seemingly incapable of fattening oxen, from its inferior quality. The cattle, as already stated, were of a good breed, but often remarkably lean. Sheep were inferior, and so also were horses

used for farming purposes. The mode of farming did not meet my approbation; but perhaps bad land, like bad wives, can be managed by every one but by those who possess them; and a foreigner unacquainted with the peculiarities of the district cannot be an infallible judge of such matters. It appears to me, however, impossible that the New England States can furnish food sufficient for the population; and the time is perhaps near at hand when the whole produce will not do more than maintain the agriculturists, and supply the manufacturers with dairy produce, leaving their butcher-meat and bread to come from other districts. The present farmers find difficulty in earning a subsistence, and any thing paid in the name of rent must be truly insignificant.

"The villages of New England are uniformly clean, airy, and neat, with spacious openings near the centre, in which churches form the most prominent feature. Indeed, a village is seldom seen without having two or three churches of considerable size, composed of wood, painted white, and surmounted with a spire, and generally flanked with a considerable extent of shades for wagons and horses belonging to people coming from a distance. The houses are, in some instances, built of brick, but more frequently of wood, painted white, with green Venetian blinds, opening to the outside. Both churches and dwelling-houses seem to be painted annually; at least, they are never seen in the slightest degree dingy coloured. The houses of every size and fabric, have a light appearance from the number of windows they contain, the legislature not taxing the inhabitants for enjoying air and light through the medium of windows as in Britain. The houses seldom indicate either extensive wealth or poverty of the inmates; and although the architectural decorations are often in bad taste, and the materials of which they consist associated in the mind of the Europeans with instability, yet the general effect is highly pleasing, and the villages want only the judicious aid of flowers and shrubs to render them absolutely beautiful."

By a circuitous route, Mr. Shirreff reaches Niagara, and with the feelings of a British subject, hastens to the Canada side. His first impressions, however, are not favourable:—

"I could no longer conceal the disappointment experienced with Canada and its inhabitants. The Pavilion House, so much praised by travellers, lately purchased by a company, and puffed off by advertisements, was greatly inferior to the hotels in the States. The manners and customs of the people were essentially Yankee, with less intelligence, civility, and sobriety. The houses and fences were inferior to those of any district yet seen, and instead of the youthfulness and never-ceasing activity of the States, there seemed the listless repose of doating age. The brute creation partook of the change—horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, being inferior to those on the opposite side of the frontier. If such was the state of things in Niagara district—the paradise of Upper Canada—little could be expected from other parts of the province. My friends, at first, seemed to regard my opinions as more the result of prejudice than observation, but in a few days after, they drew a contrast less favourable to Canada than I had done. No unprejudiced traveller can spend a few hours on either side of the frontier line without remarking the difference of the two countries, and as the people, soil, and climate, were originally alike, the circumstances in which the inhabitants have been placed must alone account for the dissimilarity. If governments affect the state of countries, politicians would do well to visit both sides of the river Niagara."

The same feelings seem to be excited during the whole journey through Canada. The cautious Scotchman is clearly a strong whig, or perhaps a moderate radical. He draws a sad picture of the emigrants passing up the St. Lawrence:—

"At Coteau du Lac our steamer took seven batteaux, or open boats, in tow, in one of which I counted 110 emigrants, of all ages, who were doomed to pass the night on board. Men, women, and children were huddled together as close as captives in a slave-trader, exposed to the sun's rays by day, and river damp by night,



without protection. It was impossible to look upon such a group of human beings without emotion. The day had been so intensely hot, that the stoutest amongst them looked fatigued, while the females seemed ready to expire with exhaustion. Conversation was carried on in whispers, and a heaviness of heart seemed to pervade the whole assemblage. Never shall I forget the countenance of a young mother, ever anxiously looking at twin infants slumbering on her knee, and covering them from the vapour rising from the river, and which strongly depicted the feelings of maternal affection and pious resignation. Night soon veiled the picture, and, I fear, brought no relief to the anxious mother. The navigation up the St. Lawrence in *batteaux* is accomplished by propelling them with poles, and is necessarily tedious. The accommodation is so wretched and irksome, that the emigrants' privations of transport may be said only to commence at Montreal, where they perhaps expected them to end, and when their spirits are ill fitted to bear up against them. Steam conveyance of late must have shortened their sufferings."

The delivery of letters of introduction to some newly settled countrymen in the county of York, gives occasion for a highly interesting description of two families "in the bush:" the extract is long, but will repay the trouble of reading it:—

"We at length found the object of our search, Mr. T——, walking in his fields with Mr. R——, whom I had seen at Kingston. Mr. T—— had only reached Canada the year before, and was not perhaps fairly set down. The farm he had purchased was mostly cleared, and he was summer fallowing a considerable extent of land, which was well ploughed, and laid off into regular ridges. He had bought all the manure in the neighbourhood at about sixpence per load, and was laughed at for having done so. The house was built of wood, and two beds were standing in recesses in the apartment where we breakfasted. Mrs. T—— apologized for the mean appearance of her house, which I assured her was unnecessary, as I found few in the country so good, and its shining cleanness imparted more interest to me than the highest glitter of British fashion. She was in excellent spirits, and entertained us with many particulars of her journey from Scotland. Arriving at Montreal when cholera was raging in a dreadful manner, and her husband being in a delicate state of health, no time was lost in pursuing their route. In passing up the St. Lawrence with her family and luggage, the boat admitted water so freely that she was forced to walk by the river side with an infant on her back. The population being panic-struck at the havoc cholera was making, shut their doors on emigrants, who, they imagined, had introduced the disease into the country, and she was under the necessity of baking bread for her family with her own hands, and firing it under a tree. After relating many particulars of their first settlement, she concluded by stating, that in Scotland she had three maid-servants constantly at her own command, here she had no servants, and was happier without them. On remarking it delighted me to find her in such excellent spirits and pleased with her situation, as the change from the old country to Canada appeared more trying for ladies than gentlemen, she replied with animation, 'O no, sir, ladies can manage their own department here, but gentlemen require assistance in theirs.' Mrs. T—— spoke with so much good-humour and feeling, that it would have been rudeness to have maintained an opposite opinion; and without investigating which of the sexes in the middle ranks of life undergo the greatest privations at first settlement, observation convinced me females get sooner reconciled to their duties, and discharge them with better effect, than males. Much as I have ever esteemed my countrywomen, they never appeared to so much advantage as in Canada, where their energies had been fully called forth and developed by the new circumstances in which they were placed, and their exertions induced me to regard many of them as heroines. Emigrants are desired to bring out wives to Canada, and I add my testimony to the justness of the recommendation. In almost every case that came under notice, my countrywomen appeared calculated to stimulate their husbands to industrious exertion, and some, under Divine Providence, seemed to owe almost all they possessed to their fair partners.

"One great source of rejoicing to Mrs. T—— was her husband's improved state of health since his arrival in Canada, which she attributed to climate. But

were I to judge of the matter, I would assign his change of circumstances as the more likely cause of his better health. Land in Scotland is almost always occupied on lease of 19 years' endurance, and perhaps there is no situation more trying than a tenant with an over-rented farm. In nine cases out of ten he cannot get quit of his lease, or a modification of rent; if he rise early or toil late, the fruits of his labour go to the proprietor of the land, and year after year he finds his funds diminishing, with ultimate ruin in prospective. Under such circumstances I have known individuals become drunkards, other gamblers; some have sunk into a premature grave, and but few minds remain in full tone, and still fewer constitutions. To escape from such a situation, and reach Canada, where the present may be said to be without care, and futurity so brilliant, must be a perfect Elysium and restorer of health. It is but justice for me to say, that I am altogether unacquainted with the circumstances in which Mr. T—— was situated in Scotland, but if like many of his profession, his improved health may be regarded as an effect of his improved prospects.

"We reached Captain A——'s, in the township of Blenheim, in time for dinner, having passed through miles of forests, in which a track could scarcely be recognised. The general appearance of the place had an air of neatness, although it was only fifteen months since the first tree was felled. He had already cleared about thirty acres, and reaped a luxuriant, though mildewed, wheat crop. Oats, potatoes, and Indian corn, were advancing towards maturity. Here, for the first time in Canada, I saw crops injured from luxuriance, and only two or three instances of such afterwards came under my notice.

"The residence of Captain A—— was within fifty yards of a rivulet which joined the Nith, the space between the house and the stream being occupied as a garden, in which the taste of the family had begun to be displayed in cultivating flowers. The house was a log cottage of considerable dimensions, one longitudinal half of which was occupied by a kitchen and sitting room; the other half consisted of sleeping apartments, which I did not number. The door opened into the kitchen, in which every thing was clean and neat, and which communicated with the rest of the house. The interior walls consisted of unbarked trees, against which an extensive library was placed, occupying one end of the sitting room. When retiring for the night, we were conducted up a stair into a kind of garret, where we were told we must sleep. At this time I had not seen much Backwood life, and my looks, perhaps, betraying astonishment, Captain A—— laughed heartily, and reconducted us to an apartment below, where I reposed for the night, on a more comfortable bed than any I afterwards met with in America.

"Next morning, I arose before any of the family, and while walking up the banks of the stream, ere the sun had peeped over the forest, enjoyed an excellent opportunity of observing the humming-bird of the country. Upwards of a dozen of these lovely creatures were feeding on the blossoms of a plant growing near the river, the celerity of their movements in examining and passing from flower to flower excited admiration, and when moving to a distance, the eye could not follow their rapidity of flight. A copious formation of dew had taken place in course of the night, which dragged their beautiful plumage in fluttering amongst the leaves, and they frequently retired to a fallen tree to trim their feathers. They seemed regardless of my presence, and plied their task within a few yards of me. They do not, like the bee, rest on a plant when examining a flower, but thrust their long bill into the heart of the blossom when suspended in air, and in this position excite the noise from which they take their name.

"Captain A——'s family consisted of eleven children, the eldest of whom seemed about seventeen years. He had moved in the best society of London, and in consequence of a sudden reverse of fortune, came to his present situation, and at once placed his family in the bush, without a servant or any one to assist them, and they bake, cook, wash, and do every thing for themselves. Mrs. A—— is a sensible woman, reconciled to her situation; and her household and family matters testify to her excellent management. Two sons, handsome, genteel-looking youths, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, chop trees, and perform all sort of farm work. The young ladies seem equally active in their department. I was anxious to see the cows milked, but unfortunately they had strayed in the woods, and could not be found whild I was there. It requires a considerable degree of heroism in people

like Captain and Mrs. A——, accustomed to the gaieties and luxuries of London life, retiring to the woods of Canada without a servant or any thing like their former notions of comfort, and whatever may have been the impelling motive for the step they took, their perseverance merits applause. It was an interesting sight to see a young and genteel family so situated and happy in their new position, and the pleasure experienced during my visit at Lamotte, was an ample recompense for crossing the Atlantic.

“In my progress through Canada I had witnessed female devotion of the most exalted character, which circumstances prevent me noticing, but the same reasons do not apply to the youths of this family, and I trust they will pardon the liberty I take with them. Two slender and accomplished boys, in a part of the world blighting to their first budding hopes and enjoyments, inuring themselves to the hardest manual labour in support of their parents, and infant brothers and sisters, is a picture of disinterested virtue worthy of being delineated by an abler pen. I trust their exertions will be crowned with success, and that a portion of time, which can be spared from furnishing food, will be devoted to the moral improvement of the younger branches of the family. What a source of comfort these youths must be to their parents, whose precepts must have had no small share in forming their character, and their conduct may be instanced as illustrative of the advantages of parental care, in a selfish point of view, where nobler motives do not exist. Their mode of life may be different from that of their schoolfellows in England, but in mature age they will look back with delight on their past labours, and in all probability, great will be their reward in this life, and greater in that which is to come.”

The following quotation exemplifies his adventures of a different character:—

“The day proved hot—we dined at Delaware, a village of seven or eight houses, situated on the Thames, over which there is a bridge, and the road passes to the north side of the river. I was anxious to be present at a sale of Crown lands, which was to take place at Chatham next day, but we could not obtain the means of transport, and no alternative remained but jogging along on foot. We called at the land-office at Caradoc, and reached Mrs. Aldgeo's tavern an hour after night-fall, where we found two gentlemen who had passed us on the road in the afternoon, and one of whom I had seen at York. They were going to the sale of Crown lands at Chatham, which one of them did not reach in time, and the other remained at Mrs. Aldgeo's, having been slightly injured by a fall from a wagon.

“Mrs. Aldgeo's tavern is a log-house of mean appearance, having two apartments—a kitchen, and room for all purposes. It is, however, the most comfortable house of entertainment in this part of the country, owing to the excellent management and good-humour of the hostess. Four individuals slept in the same apartment, in two clean beds, in which we were told, by way of recommendation, the Chief-Justice and Attorney-General had slept a few nights before.

“The next morning proved wet, which enabled me to see a little of the economy of the establishment; and I particularly remarked a poor fowl very unceremoniously knocked off a rail fence with a stick, and in the space of twenty minutes presented at table in the shape of an excellent stew. Mrs. Aldgeo is a genuine Irish lady, from the old country, and her kindness and loquacity during breakfast, which she served out, were unbounded. She did not always wait for an answer to her questions; and with a few pauses, held forth in the following manner:—

“‘I was married at the age of twenty-four to Aldgeo, then eighteen and a-half, and the finest-looking man in the world. I lost him six years ago, God rest his soul! it was a sad loss to me as—but of this no more. Yes, my poor dead husband left four horses, fifteen sheep, twenty cows, forty hogs, ox chains, auger, gimlet, and other farm utensils. Will you take something more, Mr. ———? I will help you to a little more of the fowl; you must eat while under my charge, and not become thin—there, take an egg. Here is an elegant potato from the garden, where they are planted for the old woman, as she has not time to go to the fields. My boy will sometimes say, ah, mother, leave the gentlemen to themselves; but I like to press old-country gentlemen, when not proud. I never press Yankees; them boys help themselves. Yankee women are lazy good-for-nothings, eating cake and sucking

sugar all day long. I attend to man and beast. Yea, there is no one to assist me in the house, and I look to the fowls, hogs, and cows; in the evenings, my feet are like to drop out of my shoes. Do you see that field on the opposite side of the road?—my hands burnt all the brush on that field. Do take some of the bread baked by the old woman; I bake some every afternoon—that is handsome bread. The Scotch lawyer below, with the wooden leg, and angel children, brought his pretty little wife here to learn to make bread. I use no barm, but mix two parts of milk and one of water together, add a spoonful of salt, a little flour, and let them stand ten or twelve hours by the fire. Then make the bread with milk, as water gives it a black colour. I make my own soap—oh, darling soap—and never boil it. My boys have not taken wives, but my two eldest daughters are married. Did you observe an elegant store at the corner of ——— in London? that belongs to my daughter's husband. My youngest girl is at a boarding-school in London, where two ladies from England have lately commenced, and I pay for my girl \$39 a-year."

His "notices of nature," as he himself calls them, are sometimes eloquent, and always faithful:—

"On gaining the outside of the door, the freshness of the air was delightful. The sky was cloudless, and in walking through the trees, the paroquets fluttered from their resting-places with a shrill cry. On reaching the opposite side of the wood, herds of cattle were seen streaming from the forest, and the smoke of the morning fires ascending in graceful columns, undisturbed by the serene atmosphere. The prairie-hen rose from the pathway with a purring noise, and the little gophers stood on end, and seemed to regard me as an intruder. The sun peered above the prairie, as if rising from the ocean, and gilded the nodding sunflower, whose brilliancy was heightened by dewdrops sparkling on the blossom leaves, and with which I washed my face. Nature was decked in a winning garb, and the events of the previous evening were forgotten in wooing her beauties."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The word prairie is derived from the French, and signifies meadow. In America it means grass-land naturally free from timber, and is used in this sense by me. Prairies have not been found in the eastern parts of North America, and many conjectures exist regarding their origin in the west. The general opinion is, they originated from, and owe their continuance to, the agency of fire. It is quite certain fire sweeps over them, at present almost every autumn, destroying the entire vegetation on the surface; but whether proceeding from human or natural agency remains unsolved, and it probably arises occasionally from both. The burning must destroy seedling-trees, which would otherwise perhaps occupy the whole surface by the wafting of seeds; and the continuance of prairies may be, in many instances, owing to fire; but after having seen them in all situations, it does not seem to account satisfactorily for their origin. Prairies of a few yards' extent are found in the midst of dense and extensive forests, and rows of trees jutting miles into the open country, without visible agency to account for their preservation. Fire cannot be supposed to have originated the first case, nor the absence of it the last, as it is seldom so partial in its effects. I have no theory to offer instead of fire for the origin of prairies, which seem productions of nature. The localities of plants are often found to be partial, and Britain exhibits furze, heath, grasses, and different species of trees, exclusively occupying the surface of certain parts as natural productions. In America, trees vary in number on a given space, from the dense forest to the oak opening, with half-a-dozen trees to an acre. Unless it be maintained that nature has allotted a certain number of trees to a given extent of surface, it will be idle to deny her handiwork in having formed oak openings and prairies, which are met with in all situations, and which often seem to merge into each other.

"My friends in the Canadas used every argument to dissuade me from journeying to the junction of the rivers Mississippi and Missouri. They represented the country through which I intended passing as a pestilential swamp, inhabited by demi-savages and dangerous animals. If, perchance, I escaped disease and enemies, I would become low-spirited in the wilderness, and to proceed alone and unarmed, would be little short of insanity. But how different was the result! With the

companionship of nature, and the God of nature as my protector, want of company and fear were unfelt, and I regard my wanderings on the prairie as the most pleasing and instructive period of my existence."

After many wanderings and dangers, we find our East Lothian again in the United States, and as far as Louisville, Kentucky. He celebrates his return to a republican country, by an attack upon some of the positions and statements advanced in Mr. Hamilton's "*Men and Manners in America*." The Scotch *littérateur* fares badly in the hands of the Scotch farmer. Several amusing and poignant things might be here extracted, but we have still much before us, and moreover Mr. Hamilton and his book are now alike forgotten. One short paragraph must suffice:—

"In the early part of my tour, I remarked that, without sound judgment to discriminate and appreciate information, the gleanings and impressions of a traveller will be as apt to mislead as instruct, and his lucubrations will often be found more illustrative of his own character than of the people and country he visits. When penning this sentence, I had not another individual in view than the one treated of, and it is, perhaps, fraught with more truth than may at first sight appear. The wielders of the pen and pencil seem to be fond of portraying their own likeness, and the narrative of most travellers will be found stamped with their character. Truth ought to be the first object with every writer of travels, and is perhaps, like beauty, "when unadorned, adorned the most," and wherever it is lost sight of, the highest endowments may become prostituted in misleading others. It must, however, be admitted, that the best intentioned writer may become the dupe of appearances, resulting, perhaps, from his own feelings and prejudices. There are also some writers who aim at producing an effect on their readers unconnected with the subject treated of, and in such cases a traveller's narrative frequently becomes absolute fiction. I shall not say in which class of travels "*Men and Manners in America*" may be ranked, or whether parts of the work appertain to different classes; but I do not hesitate in saying, that the author's conclusions did not always appear to me to be just or consistent with sentiments expressed in other parts of the work. This seemed to be particularly the case in some speciously written paragraphs on the political prospects of the Union, which many of the people in Britain, who read the work, did not perhaps observe."

Mr. Shirreff has not failed to observe the aristocratic feeling that prevails in many parts of the United States, and he writes sensibly on the subject:—

"It must be evident to every person who has visited the United States, that wealth has already obtained a prominent place in many parts of the country. That there are distinctions and classes in society, will not admit of doubt; and from the constitution of human nature, it cannot be otherwise in a civilized and numerous population."

\* \* \* \* \*

"*Liberty and equality*, as understood in Britain, is not to be found amongst the inhabitants of the United States. The people must obey the laws, which impartially affect the whole population, except in the case of suffrage; a privileged class by inheritance, creation, wealth, or purchase, being unknown. The laws are founded on the principles of freedom, and the mass of the population may be said to be politically equal. Here liberty and equality of the United States is applicable only to the political condition of the inhabitants, and in this relation must be taken in a restricted sense.

"Aristocracy seems inseparable from civilized society, and an individual, by attending to the communings of his own heart, will perhaps be convinced that its spirit pervades the life veins of humanity. In almost every quarter of the globe, it



has at some period attained strength, and from the earliest ages, the earth has been watered with the blood of the best and bravest of mankind, in attempts to check the workings of its spirit. The form of aristocracy is already raised in the United States, and many of the citizens, when conversing with me on the institutions and inhabitants of their country, strongly displayed a feeling of aristocracy. If there is latent danger to the constitution of the Union, in the present state of things, it is from the seeds of aristocracy.

"Human nature is said to be the same on both sides of the Atlantic, and the population of the United States and Britain having sprung from a common source, and inheriting the same natural dispositions, the growth of aristocracy in the former might be inferred from the experience of the latter, provided all the circumstances affecting the inhabitants were similar. But history does not furnish a parallel to the United States, and the experience of past ages, and analogies of other countries, are inapplicable to them."

His liberal sentiments as to the slave question, should perhaps be attributed to his political opinions:—

"There are many pretended philanthropists in Britain, who feel keenly for the sufferings of the coloured people in distant countries, and do not sympathize with the unfortunate beings of their own complexion at home, who proclaim to the world the sinfulness of slavery, and yet strain every nerve to retain the unjust fetters of their own countrymen, and who lament the negro being an object of prejudice in the United States, while they regard most of the white people around them with the same feeling. In America, the inhabitants of the southern states talk of the tyranny of Europe, and the degraded population of Ireland, while the sound of the lash, and the moanings of their own suffering slaves, ring in their ears; and in Britain, the cruelty of the American slaveholder, and the injuries of his oppressed slave, are decanted on by people who actively engage in withholding just rights from the lower orders of their own countrymen, and remain insensible to their base condition. Such is the shortsightedness and inconsistency of man over the world. At a distance, he sees oppression in others, and sympathizes with its victim, while insensible to his own tyranny and its effects at home. Almost all the evils which afflict humanity, originate from the passions of man. Slavery in the United States, and the degradation of the Irish peasantry, sprung from the same source—the aristocratic feeling of the people of England."

We shall take at random some of his graphic pictures and scenes in the north western region:—

"I met many old-country Yorkshiremen at Detroit. The ostler who received my horse was from that county; a flash fellow, strutting the streets with a scarlet frock coat, collar and pocketlids of black velvet, with top boots and buckskins, was a Yorkshire tailor; and a Yorkshireman was entertaining many listeners in the bar-room of the hotel while dinner was preparing for me, having arrived after the regular hour. This character was dressed in his smock-coat, with tight lacing boots and leggans, as if from his native country a minute before, and was telling cock-and-bull stories about his shooting feats with Lord Liverpool and other great men, as their companion. His language, dress, and appearance formed a striking contrast to the grave, thoughtful-looking Americans, who did not make a remark or alter an expression of countenance indicating their opinion of Yorky; yet they seemed to be eyeing him with a keenness, as if measuring the strength and depth of his character."

\* \* \* \* \*

"After riding about a mile we came to a tavern called the Doctor's, inhabited by a practitioner of medicine, getting the appellation of Doctor, although in all probability not holding a diploma.

"The Doctor, on our arrival, was drawing water from a well built with stones, which is uncommon in this part of the country, few people taking so much pains to keep their water free of mud. The travellers acted as their own ostler. On entering the house, which was a small log hut of one apartment, I found a wife, four or five children of different ages, and two travellers, one of whom was called squire, which



is, I believe, synonymous with judge, and corresponds with justice of the peace in Britain. For some time I was puzzled to conceive where we were all to sleep, and at length four of us were shown up a ladder into a garret, or cock-loft, in which there were two beds. I took possession of one in partnership with the squire, who told me, before going to sleep, that he had lately suffered much from fever, and finding himself unwell, he had stopt here for the night, instead of proceeding to Chicago. On rising at daybreak, I found two travellers sleeping on the floor at the foot of the ladder. The Doctor, his wife, and two children, lying in bed in the ordinary way and other two children lying across their feet. After seeing the exertions made by this family to accommodate strangers, and the consequent uncomfortableness of their own situation, I felt thankful for the poor half bed allotted me, and in course of my travels duly appreciated the most homely fare and accommodation, when it was the best my entertainers could supply."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Pekin, sometimes called Pekin-on-the-hill, is situated on the Illinois, and is progressing rapidly."—"For three days past I had been without shoe-ties, both having broken after leaving Chicago, the bark of trees having since then been substituted. I made application for a supply at different stores in Pekin, without success. In one instance I found the storekeeper stretched at full length, with his back on the counter, and his feet touching the roof. At first I did not observe him, as the light from a candle was faint, and I was surprised at hearing human sounds proceeding from such an unseemly thing. He answered my inquiries regarding shoe-ties dryly, without altering his position. On retiring I purposely left the door of the store open, with the view of rousing him from his unelegant posture. My stratagem did not, however, succeed, and I began to think the individual might be a philosopher engaged in study, instead of a demi-savage, which his behaviour at first led me to suppose."

\* \* \* \* \*

"On passing a cottage, before reaching Sangamon river, a girl was drawing water, from whom I asked a drink; she went into the house and brought a tumbler, which she filled with indifferent water, and handed over the rails. When about to depart, a woman of prepossessing appearance came to the door, and asked me to enter the house and shelter myself from the sun. I thanked her, and in return, said I was anxious to reach Springfield in time for dinner. She told me her husband, who was sick, liked above all things to converse with travellers, and hoped for his sake I would enter the house. There was something so earnest in the woman's manner, that I would have found difficulty in resisting her entreaties at any time, and on the present occasion my inclination yielded a willing assent.

"The husband was stretched on a clean uncurtained bed, and appeared in a most debilitated state. He brightened up by degrees, and showed he possessed a good deal of information. He was particular in his inquiries about Ottawa, on the river Illinois, to which he had some thoughts of removing, as he had resolved to leave his present situation, where he had resided for six years, on account of the scarcity of water. His health and that of all his family had been good until the present time, when he was seized with fever, which he thought the doctor had broken. He regretted that his weakness could not stand cooking meat in the house, but if I could partake of other food, his wife would place it before me. A snow-white cloth was spread on the table, followed by bread, milk, butter, and preserved fruits of excellent quality, and to which I did justice. On departing, I received an invitation to call at the house if ever I passed in the direction."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We met and conversed with the members of several families moving into Missouri, with the view of settling in the remote parts of the state; and I met one before crossing the Mississippi, on his return from it, in consequence, he said, of its unhealthiness. Local attachments seem to be the sheet-anchor of man, and when they are once broken, or exist weakly, he becomes restless, and unhesitatingly follows any ignis fatuus that may dance before his imagination. From this source the erratic habits of the American population may perhaps arise, as well as many of their peculiarities of manners and customs. But without pursuing this subject into its various ramifications, I may remark that the temporary houses, fences, and generally un-

comfortable nature of a Western American farmer's establishment, may be the result of constantly looking forward to departing from his residence, and seeking to have little property but what can be easily transported."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The use of tobacco in every shape is, to a certain extent, an abomination, and the preference or dislike given to one mode of consumption over another, arises from habit. The smoking Dutchman, chewing American, and snuffing Scotchman, may be objects of disgust to each other, and all of them perhaps abhorred by a fastidious person who dislikes the use of tobacco in any shape.

"I have already alluded to the shabbiness of my attire on leaving Montreal, and after having travelled so long and so roughly, often not unrobing for the night, my clothes had become literally threadbare. My hat was originally of white silk-web of bad quality, and now almost without wool. My appearance would have betokened mendicity in Britain, and procured pecuniary assistance from the humane; but in the countries through which I had latterly travelled, charity is never asked nor bestowed, yet my garb had its advantages; it brought me in contact with all classes of the inhabitants, without exciting suspicions of any kind, and enabled me to see them in their real character. My unpretending appearance and deportment could not call forth the democratic rudeness which assumed or presumptuous superiority seldom fails to experience, in almost every portion of the United States; and the sycophant, if such exists in the valley of the Mississippi, had nothing to attract his notice.

"The safety of my person and property may have been aided by the meanness of my dress, which possessed no allurements to the robber, thief, or swindler. My position as a traveller in the Western United States, and Upper Canada, differed from that of many British travellers who have visited the countries, and I shall leave others to judge if it was calculated to promote the object of my journey."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I found the hotels gradually improve on leaving Springfield, Illinois; and many of those in the State of Ohio appeared to be every thing a reasonable person could wish, with the exception of the want of single-bedded rooms. Water was always placed for washing without being asked for, and a bell communicated with each room. The waiters and helps of the States are said to dislike being summoned by the sound of a bell, any many travellers have assigned this as a reason for the want of bells. But such a feeling in all probability never existed, as the guests of every hotel are first warned, and afterwards summoned to each meal, by sound of bell, and it is preposterous to say waiters are averse to the like call. Meals are served at fixed hours, when all the company sit down together. In good establishments, the principal joints at dinner are carved by the landlord and waiters, often at side tables, and the company seldom assist in the office. Abundance of iced water is on the table during summer, occasionally cider, and very rarely brandy. Wine may be had for payment. The company leave the banqueting room when the meal is over, and do not gain admittance until summoned. A number of smart attentive waiters skip about the room, and often anticipate your wants. They are generally addressed in a whisper, and in all the eastern states of the Union a loud tone is never heard at table. The conduct of some people in Britain, who command attention by oaths and noise, does not suit this region of America, where the mild and unassuming are never neglected. A friend of mine, on his first entrance to the public tables of New York, spoke to the waiters in the strains he had unfortunately accustomed himself to in Britain; they pretended not to hear him, and he found difficulty in getting his plate changed; while his companions, by adopting a different course, had the waiters pressing them to the principal dishes on the side-table, and paying the most assiduous attention. Civility is at all times duly appreciated by the establishment of hotels, and foreigners will find much annoyance in attempting to dispense with it. The morning and evening meals are served with the same regularity, and ample attendance, as the dinner, &c. A profusion of animal food is placed on the table, and the quantity increases in proportion to want of refinement in the people of the district. Boots and shoes are deposited at night in a fixed place, where they are found cleaned in the morning. Slippers, and bedroom lights, are obtained at the bar. As a general rule, wants are stated at the bar, and from this place orders are

given to servants for supplying them. All the bells of the house communicate with the bar-room, and the bar-keeper sees that the call of a bell is attended to. Throughout the whole of my intercourse with hotels in the United States, I did not receive an uncivil answer, or experience neglect from any one connected with the establishment, and every request which I made was cheerfully complied with. The landlords are much less fawning in manner than those of Britain, but equally civil and anxious to oblige."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Having made up my mind to pay a second visit to Upper Canada before returning to Britain, and wishing to take Cincinnati in my way, I hesitated whether to proceed by stages, through Illinois and Indiana to Louisville, or by a steam-boat down the Mississippi, and up the Ohio. Having more than once experienced the deceitfulness of information obtained from stage-office people in Britain, and disliking the information got at the offices of St. Louis, I determined on travelling by water, and, learning the *Helen Mar* was to sail in a few hours afterwards, I immediately secured a berth.

" The passengers consisted of both sexes, of all ages, and of different professions. The ladies were never seen but at meals, keeping their own cabin at other times. The gentlemen were well dressed, and invariably civil to each other, General A—— being the least polished in manners and appearance of any of the company. The captain was an unassuming person, whose voice was seldom heard, and never in connexion with an oath, either in the cabin or amongst the crew. There was only one cabin passenger addicted to swearing, who had formerly been captain of a steam-boat on the Mississippi, and was now engaged in trade at St. Louis. The officers of the army, and one or two others, passed part of the evenings in playing cards, at a game which I did not understand, and at which they did not seem to hazard high stakes. On such occasions, I was sometimes amused at the group assembled around the table. Military men of the highest rank, when eagerly intent on the game, were joined by the steward boys without their coats, familiarly seating themselves at table, and looking on the hands of cards. The chewing and spitting of tobacco were incessant, the carpet serving as a receptacle for the moisture, when boxes were not within immediate reach; and on some cold evenings the fire in the cabin was almost overcome by squirting of tobacco juice.

" The comfort of the passengers was little attended to in the general arrangements of the vessel. Three times a-day, at breakfast, dinner, and supper, which also includes the repast known in the Eastern States, and in Britain, by the name of tea, the table was stored with supplies of animal food and vegetables, so very ample, that on one occasion I numbered thirty-one dishes placed on the supper-table for twenty-two passengers, and, perhaps, in no instance was there ever less than one dish for each individual. The food was coarsely prepared, and all placed on the table at once, and nearly cold before the company sat down. There was always a second company, consisting of part of the boat's establishment, and such deck passengers as chose to pay for their food; and sometimes a third company collected, independent of the people of colour, servants or slaves to the passengers, and who satisfied their hunger on the veranda. The succession of companies received no additions to the fare originally placed on the table, and such an injudicious arrangement was the means of rendering it less palatable to all. The vessel called three or four times a-day at different places, yet, on one occasion, bread could not be had for breakfast, and milk or cream were more than once wanting without any notice being taken of it at table. There was no water for drinking or washing but what the rivers supplied, and this was even the case on the turbid Mississippi, the water of which was allowed to separate from the sediment before being presented at table. The inhabitants of the Western States are considered by those of the Eastern ones as wanting in refinement, and the table being loaded with the substantialities of life, while good water and milk, two of the most desirable of liquids, and which might at all times have been obtained on shore, were wanting, appeared a strong indication of coarseness. The passengers drank in the greatest moderation in my sight, only taking a tumbler of spirits and water occasionally when playing at cards, and never tasting wine or any kind of spirits at table at other times. I did not observe a person of any

description on board, during the voyage, that appeared in the least degree intoxicated.

"The cabin being in the stern of the vessel, I spent much of my time in the fore-castle, for the purpose of seeing the scenery, which brought me in contact with the crew, and many of the deck passengers. In this class of people I found a considerable change of manner from any I had formerly come in contact with. Many of them swore disgustingly, and possessed a general levity and coarseness of manner, but in no instance did I experience incivility."

We have rarely met with a paragraph written in a better spirit than the following:—

"For weeks together I seldom entered a house which was not the scene of human suffering. Associating with disease and pestilence, I conversed at the bedside of the fever patient, and rubbed the muscles of the victim of cholera. I had been exposed to the effects of solar heat, night-damp, rain, cold, hunger, and fatigue. Few people perhaps ever enjoyed so large a measure of health as fell to my lot during my wanderings in the western parts of inhabited America, and at no period of life did I possess so much mental and bodily vigour. While I gratefully acknowledge my health and strength to have emanated from divine agency, I may state my habits were strictly temperate, having denied myself every liquid but water and tea. The trammels of society prevented me trying the effects of absolute temperance at an earlier period. They exceeded my expectations, and from experience, I recommend temperance to all who wish to enjoy life."

The last extract we shall make from this part of Mr. Shirreff's book, has a direct bearing upon the question of currency, which, a short time ago, was discussed with so much warmth in this country:—

"Before leaving New York, it became necessary to change my American money into that of England, which was easily effected. The chief currency of the United States is paper, and consists of one dollar bills and upwards. The currency passing at par in one state, is often at a discount in the adjoining one; and as the value of almost the whole paper currency is published weekly in the newspapers, little loss need arise. Travellers often complain of loss sustained on paper money in passing from one part of the country to another. I supplied myself with large dollar bills of the United States Bank, which passes current throughout the Union, and on changing which, the hotel keepers and coach-office keepers asked me the direction I meant to travel, and gave me silver coin, or such provincial bills as they knew would pass at par. Throughout my whole tour, I did not lose a cent by depreciated paper currency."

We now come to the Appendix, which we have already said is the best part of the book. From this production Mr. Shirreff must be considered as far beyond the common caliber of East Lothian farmers. It is, in some respects, a remarkable one, and is superior both in style and conception. The facts seem to have been carefully collected, and honestly stated, and the reasoning is well conducted, although it sometimes clashes with the principles of modern political economy. There is an occasional affectation of mathematical knowledge, in which Mr. Shirreff's attainments were probably superficial; but the whole performance would be creditable to a man of much higher pretensions. At the outset, soil is considered a work shop; air, moisture, light, and heat, raw materials; plants and animals, machinery.

"From whatever sources arise the materials which compose and sustain organized bodies, no symptoms of decline can be discovered in them. Nature seems to be a system of continued reproduction, and, when aided by man, of progressive increase.

"The quantity of matter which has been organized since the beginning of time must be immense. But whether the world is viewed in whole or in portions, nature has no appearance of decay, but seems a manufactory producing new fabrics, which are again reduced to their elements, in endless succession. Generation succeeds generation, and year after year furnishes sustenance. In the operations of nature there is no loss of materials—and when they are aided by human industry, she generously rewards man with an increase of her returns, and continues to reproduce the increase. The bounties of nature seem inexhaustible, and, in some measure, proportioned to man's industry."

Mr. Shirreff has taken this idea of reproduction from the well known "*Vues de la Nature*" of Buffon.

The limited power of our senses does not enable us to understand the general operations of nature. The existence of decay and of death in this world, has been long considered a proof that it is imperfect and transitory. Were we able, however, to observe the things around us with a superior intelligence, their aspect would at once be changed. Death and life, decay and reproduction, would seem but the means to vary and preserve their freshness and vigour. And in the eternal succession of new and beautiful objects, the irregularities of nature, the pains and the destruction of animal existence, would be like the gilded dust that floats in the sunbeam. The earth has ever been beautiful. From the beginning, immutable laws have governed its silent course, which it has pursued unwearied through the lapse of ages. Multitudes of material beings have inhabited its surface—they enjoyed their existence, and were gathered to its bosom. The germs of life, and the sources of pleasure, can never be exhausted, and it now rolls on, fruitful and vivifying, as at the moment of its unknown origin. In such a view, what should become of our selfish complaints and endless discontent. Were men willing to be benefited by their own discoveries in science, the most important use of modern physics would be to teach them silence, if not gratitude. But they will not believe themselves merely the links in a common chain. They imagine that all things have been created for them, and, unmindful that feebleness and mortality entered originally into their brief existence, they embitter the present, without improving their hopes for the future.

It is time to come back to the Scotch farmer. We left him endeavouring to explain his system of considering soil a workshop. He is not successful in this explanation; but he soon becomes far more intelligible in a relation of the condition and prospects of the East Lothian farmers. As this relation precedes a comparison between British and American agriculture, and the price of labour and produce, it may be well to mention briefly, that East Lothian, or Haddingtonshire, is one of the most flourishing of the Scotch counties. It is directly east of Edinburghshire, and has several



convenient harbours, along with the advantage of some fishing towns. In an agricultural view, it has long been celebrated as fruitful, rich, and pleasant, and is said to be equal to most of the English counties. Lands in East Lothian, Mr. Shirreff says, are generally occupied on a lease, which endures nineteen years.

"On the termination of a lease the farm is generally advertised to be let by receiving written offers on a mentioned day. The landlord and his agent knowing little about its value, a tenant is accepted after every attempt has been made to obtain rent above the written offers, by operating on the feelings and local attachments of the former tenant, which seldom fail to ripen during a lease. From all parts of the country candidates of different descriptions appear. Men of sanguine temperament, without calculation, unacquainted with the peculiarities of the district, and looking forward to the prices of produce returning to what they were upwards of twenty years ago. Adventurers, trusting to get a reduction of rent after obtaining possession, and reckless of the consequence of the step they have taken, having perhaps little capital to lose, and content to live, year after year, dependents on the property, and with arrears of rent accumulating. People merely wishing a place of residence, and not calculating on profit from the farm, having the means of living from other sources.

"Such is the state of East Lothian farmers, that during the last twenty years perhaps three-fourths of them have not fulfilled their original contracts, and the funds that have been lost in cultivating the soil is incalculable. I have known a tenant rent a farm with a capital of seven thousand pounds sterling, consisting of about 400 acres, and remove from it before the expiry of his lease, with only five hundred pounds in his pocket, and in arrears of rent to his landlord the sum of three thousand pounds. Mr. —, of our acquaintance, on a farm under 100 acres, incurred twelve hundred pounds of arrears, and got off by paying only two hundred of them. With such competitors, a young man who must live by his profession, can hardly wish to be successful. The obtaining of a lease at the present time may often be considered little better than the first chance of being ruined, and many tenants, after leading anxious lives, and exposed to the insults of rent exactors, may think themselves fortunate if they escape with a remnant of their fortunes."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The capital which is required to put the operations of an East Lothian farm in full motion, the tenant maintaining himself and reaping a crop without the aid of credit, may be stated at seven pounds sterling, or nearly thirty-five dollars per imperial acre. The rent which is stipulated to be paid, and the capital expended in fertilizing the soil, renders the step which he takes a serious speculation. If a bad crop or two occurs at the commencement of the lease, the tenant will be unable to pay the rent, and he is then deprived of the lease, or allowed to continue a dependent on the estate. Being bound for nineteen years, he has not the option of removing from the farm, and is very seldom permitted to do so while a tangible farthing of his funds remain. At all times he leads an anxious life without bodily toil, and is seldom remunerated for his exertions and risk of capital. Industry and enterprise may enable him to struggle to the end of his lease. Should he die and leave a wife and young family, the unexpired years of the lease would in all probability ruin them, his funds being liable for the rent, and they would be incapable of managing the farm without incurring great loss. Two thousand pounds may be stated as an ordinary capital to commence farming with; and it is hopeless for a person without considerable funds to think of farming at all."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The rural population of East Lothian appears to be undergoing an unhappy change. The management of landed property is almost entirely entrusted to agents, who, like the middlemen of Ireland, have no permanent interest in the soil, nor sympathy with its cultivators; and, like that country, East Lothian now suffers from the effects of absenteeism, so far as the interests and feelings of the rural inhabitants are concerned. The landholders and tenantry are unknown to each other, and *dislike* may sometimes be traced in both parties. The tie of farmer and ploughman



is waxing weak, and instead of the quietness of conduct which now pervades all classes, a very few years may develop the troubles of Ireland, and the south of England.

"It has already been stated, that nature contributes much towards the manufacture of farm produce; but the fruits of her exertion do not benefit the tenant nor operative. The landholders receive as rent all that results from nature, and also a considerable portion flowing from the tenant's capital and the operative's labour. The tax which the corn-laws impose on the unagricultural portion of the population, for the benefit of landholders, is collected free of expense by the tenantry. The ragged and half-starved peasant of Ireland labours amongst, and begs from the people of Britain, and, on reaching home, gives his earnings to the owner of the soil, that he may be permitted to exist only on the potato he himself cultivates. The East Lothian tenant of the present day is often not more happily situated, gradually paying the landholder the earnings of early life, or inherited wealth, for the privilege of occupying the soil, and returning its produce. It is fortunate landholders do not possess the power of preventing the population removing to other countries, and there growing produce for themselves."

Although Mr. Shirreff has disclaimed "feelings of bitterness or reproach," in this description of the state of things in East Lothian, when he comes to the other side of the picture, it is quite plain that much of his colouring proceeds from his political views. He is a radical; and we may expect, that the stock at Mungoswells will, before long, be transferred to the blooming territory of Illinois, where his brother has probably already settled himself, in spite of damps and agues.

"In East Lothian the farmer gives the fruits of nature and part of the results of capital and labour to the landholder as rent. In western America the farmer shares nature's bounty with the labourer, or enjoys it himself by labouring with his own hands. In East Lothian the farmer of the present time is in some degree the servant of the landholder. In western America the farmer has nature for his servant, or at least enjoys her labours. With such an assistant what industrious man can be poor?"

"In the event of death or old age, nature still continues her services to the American farmer, by furnishing grass and other commodities. A widow or young family, almost under any circumstances, could milk cows and plant potatoes. Bountiful nature would provide grass for the animals and mature the potatoes, on the produce of which the family might live. In East Lothian a widow or young family, after being ruined, would be turned adrift on the world.

"In the eastern parts of America land may be purchased and stocked for nearly the sum an East Lothian farmer expends in stocking and improving a farm, namely £7 per acre. But if the land has great local advantages, the price will be considerably higher. In the western parts of the United States, prairie land of the best quality, without the least obstacle to cultivation, and to any extent, may be had. For the sum of three hundred pounds sterling a farm of 200 acres could be bought and stocked in the prairies of western America. In East Lothian farming is a hazardous calling; in America there is no risk attending it. In East Lothian £2000 is required to stock a farm; in the Western States £300 will purchase and stock one nearly of equal size. In East Lothian a farmer has mental annoyance with bodily ease; in America he has mental ease with personal labour. In East Lothian a young farmer commences his career in affluence, and at middle age finds himself in poverty; in America he begins with toil, and is in easy circumstances by middle age."

This is all very well, but Mr. Shirreff will hardly persuade even the most sanguine of his countrymen, that there is no risk attending farming in America. Clearing a forest and enduring ague and fevers, such as he has himself described, is a very serious busi-

ness, and he really seems to be expecting too much from "bountiful nature," when he speaks of the facility with which a widow and her young family could provide for their own subsistence, by milking cows and planting potatoes in a western prairie. Small landholders of England or Scotland, such as Mr. Shirreff appears to be, would lose by emigration to this country. They would not be patriotic citizens for us, and, unless very fortunate, would soon become discontented. Their system of farming, their habits and mode of life, would all be unsuited to the new soil and climate. Their funds, it is true, could be re-invested in much larger tracts of land, but these lands would require time to be made productive, and a single mischance might be the cause of ruin. Their families, accustomed to the comforts enjoyed by the smallest landholders of England and Scotland, would be astonished at the general indifference around them, to what they had considered the decencies of life; and the additional importance they would feel from the increased size of their farms, would not repay them for their incessant labour and anxiety, nor enliven the cheerless solitude of their new homes. Were they assailed by disease, their situation would at once become wretched; for it must be borne in mind that this kind of emigrants have no surplus funds. The whole of their small capital must be invested in land and stock, and if any cause prevent the returns, their means of living are gone.

On the other hand, common tenants and hinds—now civilly called agricultural operatives—would generally gain by the change, because the price of labour here is higher, and because they have nothing to lose. They have always been accustomed to an uncertain and transitory way of providing for their wants, and wherever they go, they look for nothing better. Moreover, according to Mr. Shirreff, they are every where poor and oppressed, and without local attachments, and the sooner, therefore, they prepare for removal, the better. There can be little risk of disadvantage in plunging into the sea from a sinking ship.

The emigration, of late years, from Great Britain to the Canadas and the United States, has been extraordinary. It is agreed, that the old country has lost multitudes of useful and industrious citizens; but, that the new one has gained by their transportation, is by no means so generally admitted. We have no time now to notice the facts of this question. Whatever they may be, the number of emigrants will doubtless go on increasing. Their hope of bettering their condition is too strong to be affected by the failure of their friends who have preceded them, and in a single instance of success, they forget how many have sunk to hopeless penury and want.

Three chapters are now devoted to the agriculture and prospects of Upper and Lower Canada. This part of the Appendix is written with great ability, and our traveller's statements appear to be gene-

rally accurate. A few extracts will tend to confirm our opinion of his politics, and will also have some bearing upon the question of emigration.

"The greater portion of British emigrants, arriving in Canada without funds and the most exalted ideas of the value and productiveness of land, purchase extensively on credit, and take up their abode in the midst of the forest, with the proudest feelings of independence, and in the confident hope of meeting their engagements, and becoming fine gentlemen at the end of a few years. Every thing goes on well for a short time. A log-house is erected with the assistance of old settlers, and the clearing of forest is commenced. Credit is obtained at a neighbouring store, and at length it is found necessary to work a day or two in the week for hire to obtain food for the family. The few garden stuffs and field crops, grown the first year, produce little for want of a free circulation of air, and the imperfect manner in which they had been sown. Should fever and ague now visit the emigrant, which is frequently the case, the situation of himself and family, enfeebled by disease, is truly wretched. Hope is, however, still bright, and he struggles through the second year, with better crops and prospects than the preceding one. The third year brings him good crops, which furnish a supply of food for his establishment. During this period he has led a life of toil and privation, being poorly fed and most uncomfortably lodged. But the thoughts of owning so many fair acres has been a never-failing source of joy and sweetener of life. On arrival of the fourth harvest, he is reminded by the storekeeper to pay his account with cash, or discharge part of it with his disposable produce, for which he gets a very small price. He is also informed that the purchase-money of the land has been accumulating with interest. The phantom of prosperity, conjured up by his imagination, is now dispelled, and, on calmly looking into his affairs, he finds himself poorer than when he commenced operations. Disappointment preys on his spirits, and the aid of whisky is perhaps sought to raise them. The hopelessness of his situation renders him indolent and immoral. The land ultimately reverts to the former proprietor, or a new purchaser is found."

\* \* \* \* \*

"There is never any hesitation in selling land to a man without capital, as the rights of it are withheld. Every tree which is cut down enhances the value of the property, which is unproductive while they are standing. When a settler absconds after some years' residence, a case by no means rare, the proprietor derives great advantage from his operations. An agent to a very extensive and wild property, informed me he had sold twenty-five lots of land, consisting of about 6000 acres, and received in all of purchase money £300."

\* \* \* \* \*

"When the extent of unoccupied surface, the extent of soil which is occupied and remaining uncleared, and the tens of millions of acres which have never been surveyed, are considered, the price of Canadian land is extravagantly high, and far above its intrinsic value to actual settlers. Land, like other things, is cheap or dear by comparison; government land in the United States being sold at 6s. 3d. Halifax currency, ready-money, ought to make the British government blush for its policy in Canada. The price of land surrendered by the Six Nations, and covered with forest, is fixed at 15s. per acre, which is more than double the price of government land in the Western United States, superior in quality, situated in a finer climate, clothed with luxuriant grass, and without an obstacle to immediate cultivation. The credit, with accumulating interest on the price of land in Canada, is practically an evil to the purchaser and the country. It is population alone which imparts value to land, and a more effectual method could not be devised for preventing a farther influx of inhabitants to Upper Canada, and draining away many of those already settled, than government adhering to the present upset prices of land.

"The want of information which could be relied on regarding the United States, and the praises lavished on Upper Canada by interested parties, has drawn a number of emigrants to this district of late years. The stream of emigration has, however, begun to take a different course, and the price of land in Canada will tend to steady its direction. It is a knowledge of the Western States, joined to their pecuniary

difficulties, which makes so many farmers anxious to sell their properties. The late rise in the price of land operates as an inducement for enterprising individuals to leave the province, and already some of them yearly take their departure."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Much as Upper Canada appears to me to have been misgoverned, her evils are not likely soon to end. The properties of a great portion of the industrious farmers are either mortgaged to storekeepers or capitalists, and almost the whole of the influential inhabitants are interested in land. The men filling official situations generally having large estates, the managers of the Canada Company, and of other extensive tracts of land, will oppose, from selfishness, the introduction of a better system, and endeavour to perpetuate the present state of things. I had little opportunity of judging if the inhabitants are fit to govern themselves. They will, however, find it a most arduous task to get rid of the present party in power, and a separation from the mother country would, in all probability, lessen their chance. Upper Canada is likely to separate from Britain in seeking to retain monopolies."

The American States are now taken up, and room must be found for some of our Scotchman's views of republican society and manners.

"Although I did not often witness the domestic manners of the Americans, my opportunities of meeting the inhabitants of the United States in public were frequent, and the impressions imbibed during my intercourse with them were different from what the accounts of others led me to expect. Many travellers who have written on the subject were perhaps ill qualified to form a just estimate of American manners and character, from the sphere of society in which they themselves had previously moved. No scion nor associate of British aristocracy, who has not been brought into familiar intercourse with the middling and lower orders of his own countrymen, is likely to do justice to the Americans, and the tenor of many of the remarks which have been given to the world on the subject is evidence of the writers never having before associated with the class of people to whom they allude. The inhabitants of Britain, in private and public life, being divided into grades, some individuals are altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs of the classes below them. And as Englishmen of high pretensions and refinement, on reaching America, mingle on terms of equality at public tables and in conveyances with the commonest operatives, they feel disgusted with the manners of the people around them, without considering they belong to a different class from their own associates at home. In Britain, a person of rank is generally regarded with respect by the classes below him. In the United States, rank seldom meets with or expects deference from the people, and the humblest citizen familiarly enters into conversation with every individual who addresses him. This self-possession of the Americans is often mistaken for forwardness, and their unembarrassed conversation for insolence. In Britain, the different classes of population generally remain distinct, and many of their excesses are hid from common gaze. In most parts of the United States, the bar-rooms of hotels form the only scenes of tippling, and, being at all times open to the public, a traveller is apt to consider the people more dissipated than they really are. Were a gentlemanly foreigner to meet the lowest class of the people of England at table, and associate with them in their haunts of vice, his adventures would form a high-coloured picture of British manners and society."

\* \* \* \* \*

"On first reaching the United States, the plainness of the people's manners appeared remarkable. In all classes there was a total absence of grimace and corporeal token of respect, with corresponding sounds of address, an expression of obligation or thankfulness seldom being heard. In courteousness the inhabitants appear as far behind the British as the French exceed them. But, on the other hand, vulgarity, rudeness, or insolence, is almost never met with in the humblest walks of life. Mechanics and storekeepers ride in the same vehicle, and sit down at the same table, with the most polished members of society; all seem desirous of behaving well to each other, a rude or indelicate remark never being made, nor a disgusting practice indulged in. On one occasion only I met with revolting behaviour,

at the table of the Washington hotel, during my first residence at New York. On my second visit, I found the individual still an inmate of the house, in which he had lodged for fourteen years. He was an eccentric character, and originally from England.

"A general propriety of deportment and softness of manner pervades the lower classes, and that coarseness, which is sometimes met with in Britain, does not appear to exist in the United States; but certain circles of society in Britain seem to have a higher polish than what is to be met with in America, and perhaps the general standard of manners of both countries is not widely different. The lower orders of the United States are, however, beyond all question, greatly superior in refinement and intelligence to the lower orders of Britain."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The civility of all classes in the United States is so universal, that during my intercourse with the inhabitants, I scarcely experienced an indication of insolence, and never observed that democratic sauciness which I was taught to expect amongst the lower orders. Every individual feels that he is independent, and never alludes to the subject. The case is, however, different in Canada, where some British emigrants seldom let an opportunity escape of telling a well-dressed person, that 'this is a free country, and that he does not care a \* \* \* \* for any man.' The emancipated bondsman alone boasts of being free from fetters. A foreigner, however, who arrogates to himself superiority in the States, will be despised by the meanest of the people, and his money will neither purchase their attention nor services. The United States which I visited, seem to me an excellent place for teaching an overweening person a due estimate of himself and his fellow-mortals. Twelve months' intercourse with the people would greatly improve the fagged and fagging youthful aristocracy of Britain. Their haughtiness of demeanour, and acerbity and impatience of temper would be changed, and they would return home with a just sense of the place they occupy in the world, and qualified to discharge the important duties they owe society. Every Briton who has mingled with the people for any length of time, and practised self-examination, will testify to the truth of my remarks."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Yankees have been generally charged with unfair dealing, and although I had no opportunity of judging of this matter personally, many circumstances induce me to think the charge is to a certain extent well founded. To emigrants the morals of a people are of more consequence than their manners, between which, however, there is no connexion. The Irish are a more polite people than the Scotch, but greatly inferior in morality; and the Yankees, with all the outward forms of virtue, are considered the most dishonest race in the Union. Yankee knavery is said to consist in overreaching every one with whom they have dealings, if the character of their customer admits of their doing so with impunity. The charge of dishonesty is not applicable to the people of New England generally, and *much of the prejudice against them arises from their industry and success in business.* In course of conversation I never heard imposition of any kind alluded to in terms of approbation, while honesty of character, and more especially in public men, was invariably praised. Virtue will ever be respected in civilized society."

The following paragraph is important for emigrants:—

"The situation of an emigrant on reaching America must be very different from what it was at home. In the midst of a people whose manners and customs are in some measure new to him, he is an isolated being, without any one in whom he can confide for advice and assistance. If he cannot think for himself, and rely on his own resources in transacting business, he will be a helpless mortal, and in all probability become the prey of designing persons. It is the dependence of the inhabitants on each other in old countries which unfits so many of them to play their part in the newly settled portions of the United States, where each individual acts independently, and trusts to himself alone. Americans are, therefore, the most acute people in the world in the ordinary intercourse of life, and few foreigners need take up their abode in the country in hope of outstripping them. The most essential requisites in an emigrant are energy of mind, steadiness of purpose, and persevering



industry. Without possessing these qualifications, no one need expect to mingle successfully in the bustle of life; although it is possible to exist as a farmer, without being so highly gifted. It is a wrong estimate of themselves which so often gives rise to disappointment and failure on the part of British emigrants. There is nothing in the soil or climate of America which can impart wisdom to the fool, energy to the imbecile, activity to the slothful, or determination to the irresolute. Examination of character should therefore form part of every emigrant's preparation, as his fate will perhaps altogether depend on it. It is folly for the idle and imaginative beings who float in British society to seek an Elysium in the United States, from whence they will again be speedily wafted to their native country. It is the industrious, prudent, and frugal people alone that can calculate on success."

The contrast between Upper Canada and the United States, ends greatly in favour of the latter.

"It may be perfectly true 'the people, soil, and climate, were originally alike' on both sides of the Niagara, but the United States and Upper Canada cannot with propriety be contrasted by those spots alone. The inhabitants of the United States, generally speaking, may be said to have been born in the country, and consequently possessed of the peculiar feelings and qualities of a people suited to a young country. On the other hand, most of the inhabitants of Upper Canada are either the descendants of the Royalists, slothful and unenterprising from the neglect with which they have been treated, or emigrants from Britain, where many of them had acquired notions and habits ill adapted for settling a wood-covered surface. Upper Canada having also become a place of refuge for the outcasts of other countries, and many of the settlers being composed of the poorest of the Irish and Scotch Highlanders, two of the most indolent and unambitious portions of civilized society, there can be no question of the people of the United States being more industrious and energetic than the inhabitants of Upper Canada. The United States sooner became peopled than Upper Canada, and may, consequently, be said to be an older country. The climate of the States is generally also better than Upper Canada. If the view which I have taken of the source of riches be correct, the United States, being an older country, with a better climate, and a more industrious population than Upper Canada, should also be wealthier. It will accordingly be found that in all external appearances, such as villages, houses in the country, hotels, internal intercourse and trade, and the dress of the people, Upper Canada is about a century behind the United States."

\* \* \* \* \*

"In the United States the machinery of government is controlled by the people, who do every thing for the welfare of the country, and political power is invested in worth and talent alone. In Upper Canada government is swayed by an aristocracy, who have never lost sight of their own interest in legislating for the country. A higher and more uniform tone of independence and self-respect pervades the inhabitants in the United States than in Canada. The emigrant who delights in lording over his fellow-mortals, and measures his importance and wealth by the servility and wretchedness of others around him, ought to shun the States. The emigrant who seeks a fair and favourable field for his industry, and aspires to share, in common with his brethren, the just rank and privileges of man, ought to shun Upper Canada."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The position of Upper Canada, in its external relations, which has been stated elsewhere, must be considered unfavourable, and in the internal condition of the country there is much which is unsatisfactory. The province is an appendage to Britain, and seems to have aped many of the frailties of the mother country. The principle of government has been patronage; the rule of governing, enriching the few and despising the many. Hence abuses in extensive grants of land, pensions, superfluous offices, an aristocracy, and such an aristocracy! a rapacious church, and the neglect of education. The institutions of Britain are a century behind the intelligence of her inhabitants. Upper Canada is generations behind North America in legislation. I have already said the government of the province is in helpless



infancy, and add, it must pass through the slippery paths of youth before attaining strength. There is already discord amongst the inhabitants, who are assailing the oligarchy under a sturdy, though not comprehensive minded leader. The strife is likely to be tedious, and without bloodshed; the poverty of the country and character of the people being a sufficient guarantee against aggression or envy on the part of the United States, and the scattered condition of the settlers a protection against themselves."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Every thing in the United States seems to me to be resting on a natural and sure foundation, with prospect of continued prosperity. In Upper Canada, most things appear to be on an artificial footing, and must consequently experience change. The States present a wider and a better field for the exercise of industry than Upper Canada; and the British emigrant, who must live by his own exertions, makes a sacrifice of his immediate interests, and in all probability the interests of his posterity, by preferring Upper Canada to the United States as a place of settlement."

The last chapters are entirely occupied with Illinois. Our author observes in his preface, that his statements regarding that territory should be received with caution, and we are of the same opinion.

"There is, perhaps, no country in the world where a farmer can commence operations with so small an outlay of money, and so soon obtain a return, as in Illinois. An ordinary farm labourer in Illinois gets the value of eighty acres of land yearly. In Britain, when due allowance is made for the board of the labourer, he does not get one-tenth of an acre of good land. When wages are compared with land, the farm labourer of Illinois is about eight hundred times better rewarded than in Britain. The land of Illinois to which the comparison of wages refers, is of fine quality, situated in the best climate of America, and is not greatly surpassed by any portion of the earth. The British labourer's reward of one-tenth of an acre, would yield a mere trifle annually; but the Illinois labourer's reward of eighty acres, might afford sustenance for himself and family for ever. Illinois may justly be called 'the poor man's country,' if any part of the world deserves the title. The extraordinary reward which the labourer receives, and the bountifulness of nature, are favourable to the poor, and no person who has health and strength, and leads an industrious and virtuous life, can continue without the means of subsistence in Illinois. The future prospects of Illinois appear to be highly favourable. Referring to what has been stated regarding the progress of wealth, and the channels of trade, it will be found that almost all the elements of prosperity exist in the country. The soil, grass-covered surface, climate, internal facilities of commerce, cheapness and extent of land, and the systems of governing and educating the people, are not surpassed by any other portion of America, and inhabitants are alone wanting to complete its greatness. Illinois being about the size of England, might furnish a greater supply of food, from the general superiority of the soil, and seems to me to be nearly capable of sustaining the whole inhabitants of England, in addition to its present population, or nearly seventy times the inhabitants it now possesses. In whatever point of view Illinois is regarded, as adapted for herds and flocks, for wheat and Indian corn, for manufactures and commerce, or for the abode of population generally, it will be found to be one of the most favoured portions of North America, and with the exception of population, possessing all the elements of future prosperity and greatness. Time will supply inhabitants, the want of which at present, however, forms one of the many advantages of the country for agricultural emigration."

It seems a mockery to compare Upper Canada with such Elysian fields:—

"The settler of Illinois places his house on the skirts of the forest or on the open field, as fancy may dictate. The prairie furnishes summer and winter-food for any number of cattle and sheep, and poultry and pigs shift for themselves until the crops ripen. With the preliminary of fencing, the plough enters the virgin soil, which in a few months afterwards yields a most abundant crop of Indian corn, and on its removal every agricultural operation may be executed with facility. The first crops

are excellent, and seldom suffer from atmospheric effects. Pastoral, arable, or mixed husbandry, may be at once adopted, and produce of all kinds obtained in the utmost profusion.

“ In Upper Canada the settler is immersed in the forest with roads that are passable for heavy carriages only when frozen. The Illinois settler enjoys a prospect of wood and plain, and the open prairie affords good roads at all times when the weather is dry. In Upper Canada no part of the surface is productive which has not been cleared. In Illinois the whole of a prairie farm is productive without being cultivated. In Upper Canada the forest settler cannot at first produce his own food, and lives for a time on flour and salt provisions. In Illinois the settler at once raises on his farm almost every thing he can consume. In Upper Canada the farmer is not fully repaid for his first operations until the end of six or seven years. In Illinois the farmer is repaid for his first operations in course of a few months. The farmer's reward in Upper Canada is many years distant, and in Illinois it is almost immediate. In short, the farmer in Upper Canada at first finds difficulty in growing a sufficiency of produce for his own use, and the Illinois farmer difficulty in consuming his produce.”

The younger brother of our author, doubtless determined in his course by these descriptions, emigrated, and fixed himself in Illinois. Mr. Shirreff, near the end of his book, has published an extract from one of the letters of this brother, the whole tone and spirit of which seem at variance with the glowing pictures that immediately precede it. A desire, on the part of our wary friend, to exhibit a pleasing instance of the attachment which a Scotchman always feels for his native land, was probably the reason why he has overlooked its adverse tendency.

“ ‘ I do not regret the step which I have taken in settling myself on the banks of the Mississippi, and shall be stimulated to active exertion by the thought, that every tree I cut down, every sod I turn, and every animal I rear, brings me nearer Scotland. I have reason to believe these hopes will be realized. Allowing, however, that they will not—that a livelihood is the most I shall obtain, and that I am compelled to spend and end my days here—what of that? at the longest, life is not so very long, and when accompanied with virtue, it has attractions almost any where. But I still look to Scotland as containing all I truly love in this world, and shall never relinquish the hope of being able to end my days at home.’ ”

Because we have freely noticed a few faults and exaggerations in Mr. Shirreff's book, we must not be thought disposed to withdraw any of the favourable expressions already applied to it. We sincerely wish that the work may be republished in this country. The Appendix, at least, should be every where read: it contains a mass of statistics and general information concerning the Western States, collected during the personal observation of a practical farmer, equally curious and important. The style of the book is simple and pleasing, and most of the views are remarkable for their sincerity. We know of no other traveller in this country, who has had the same opportunity to observe the morals and manners of the humbler classes of our community; and all his remarks about them are just and liberal.

---

## ART. VIII.—WORKS OF FENIMORE COOPER.

- 1.—*Romances*, by J. FENIMORE COOPER. *Precaution inclusive to the Headsman*. 26 vols. 12mo. 1820 to 1833.
- 2.—*Notions of the Americans, picked up by a Travelling Bachelor*. 2 vols. 12mo. 1828.
- 3.—*Letter to General Lafayette, on the Expenditure of the United States of America*.
- 4.—*A Letter to his Countrymen*, by J. FENIMORE COOPER. 1 vol. 8vo. New York, 1834. pp. 116.

THERE never was a nation which held the safe old maxim of *festina lente* in such contempt as this American people. We are all engaged in a race, the like of which twelve millions of souls never ran before; up and down the Hudson, along the banks of the Delaware, across the wide waters of the woods, by the deep streams of the west—hurry scurry—neck and neck:

“ Tramp! tramp! along the land they ride,  
Splash! splash! along the sea!”——

It is the only steeple-chase of which the clearest vision can see no limit, and in which the headmost rider is as far from any apparent goal, as the laziest laggard of the field.

The new world has been to the students of the kindred sciences of government and economy, very like the black-board of a mathematical class. About sixty years ago, a clean wipe was made of the confused old diagrams and inconclusive calculations that had covered it over, and with a clear field under new masters, and by a new mode, we once more set about trying to solve the problem—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It is generally thought that the class of '76 did its work well.

But philosophy places its hand on the curb-rein of enthusiasm. We will grant that the question is not entirely made out; that for the government part of the problem, the deranging element of time cannot yet be computed, and that the experience of a few half centuries is yet required to determine whether a dense population and universal suffrage, dear land and an absolute democracy, can co-exist. Still there are other matters that we have determined to our complete satisfaction, and upon which no inhabitant of the western hemisphere will ever go back to the eastern for any new light.

We have framed axioms out of the questions in economy most puzzling to the pedagogues of the last century, and taught them among other points that there is in perfect freedom, unlimited enterprise, absence of monopolies, and the individual character springing from all these, a national capital such as the Rothschilds and

Hottinguers never dream of, which finds no difficulty of investment even without the facility of a national debt, and which is daily working results to which even the Sankay canal and Chatmoss embankment afford no formidable rivalry.

But we have no mind just now to tickle the national egotism in the matter of accumulation of property. The increase of wealth with us is, after all, not so very extraordinary. When we extricated ourselves from the go-cart of colonial government, there were many kind souls, skilled no doubt in the rearing of infant nations, who thought we should toddle helplessly for a few years, until some able-bodied nurse might extend her arms for us to drop into. But there were even then better seers of the future of America. Mr. Burke, who perceived more clearly afar off than immediately before him, and whose vision across the Atlantic was unobscured by the bloody mists which dimmed his view of the nearer republic, commemorated at an early period "the victorious industry of a people as yet in the gristle;" he well foresaw what that people might effect, when they should be "hardened into the bone of manhood." A due consideration of the character of the colonies, of the stock from which they sprung, of the stimulating character of the new government, and of the vast capabilities of the country, leaves not much reason to any Dominie Sampson of the young world to cry out "Prodigious!" at the rapid settlement of the States, and their correspondent increase of wealth. There is far more cause of wonder and pride in the advance of mental culture and civilization in the United States than in our mere material progress; and however little favour the remark may find in the eyes of the engineer corps, we hold the former far more worthy of a special pæan. But there is, it seems, some difference of opinion as to the meaning of this term, civilization. M. Cousin says in one of his Reports, "that though England be covered with the mantle of a material civilization, France and Prussia have an indisputable right to be considered the two most civilized countries of Europe."\* We may differ as to the test. With M. Cousin, the generous system of public instruction in the one country, and the freedom of the public institutions; the glories of the metropolis, and copious literature of the other—settle the question in their favour. But they of British blood will try the matter after a different mode. They think that good government is one of the surest tests of civilization—that the habeas corpus is one sign—the freedom of the press another—a liberal elective

\* "Je regarde la France & la Prusse comme les deux pays les plus éclairés de l'Europe, les plus avancés dans les lettres & les sciences, les plus vraiment civilisées sans excepter L'Angleterre toute herissée de préjugés, d'institutions gothiques, de coutumes à demi barbares, sur lesquels est mal étendu le manteau d'une civilisation toute matérielle." Rapport sur l'état de l'instruction publique, &c. 1re Partie, p. 109. Imprimerie Royale. Paris: 1832.

franchise another. It may be very well for the representative of a nation that cannot make a chimney to draw, nor a stage coach that will travel over five miles an hour; that turns its furrows with a wooden mould-board, and chops down his trees with a hatchet—to turn up his nose at the “*civilisation materielle*” of other people; but on this side of the water we may be allowed to hold that the economy, expedition, and comfort of every day life, enter to a considerable extent among the elements of civilization.

The material civilization of the United States, imperfect as it is, is confined almost exclusively to a narrow strip along the Atlantic, and the squeamish travellers who come out of the magnificent hostels of New Bond street think little enough of it. But the extraordinary part of the matter is, that we have any thing beyond this, and that the inhabitants of so wild and uncultivated a country should have had the sense to appreciate the importance of the polite arts, and with so many calls for expenditures apparently more immediately and practically useful, the munificence to cultivate them. How comes it, that within fifty years we have made such intellectual advances? Why, in the nature of things, should we be ahead of that meagre and spiritless iron age of the colonies, from which the zeal and patriotism of our antiquaries can scarcely extract a paragraph that might not “flutter in Soho?” Any other people, in this our present stage of existence, might perhaps have an Ennius—they might possibly produce a *Pierce Plowman*: they certainly could not think to possess any literature that might hope for either a general or permanent reputation.

Property has every where been the basis and forerunner of civilization. Before poetry, or sculpture, or music have made advances, there has been a great accumulation of wealth to support these unproductive consumers. The troubadours were the hangers on of the castled barons—the early painters, the dependents of the opulent priests. England and France had an exclusive and wealthy class, a court and nobles, before Shakspeare and Montaigne, or Chaucer and Rabelais. We are the only poor people that have from the beginning appropriated a portion of its savings to cultivate and patronize, which means to pay for literature. What are the wonders of a steam-boat, a rail-road, or a canal? they are the natural productions of the country—but according to the experience of other nations, we ought to have waited more than one century before we could have hoped to add dignity to the western world, by producing a Cooper, an Irving, or a Bryant.

We assert no doubtful proposition when we say, that compared with the United States, there never was a country so wild in its external features, in which nature had been so little subdued, that had made any proportionate progress in the arts which humanize, refine, and embellish—no country, we mean, where the matter has

been left to itself, and where the universal energies of the mass have done that which the patronage of the privileged classes has elsewhere effected. More than this, if the fact could be ascertained, we apprehend it would appear that there is no country at this moment on the face of the globe, where, including common schools, academies, and colleges, the countless republications of foreign works, and the constantly augmenting number of native productions, so large a proportion of the national income is devoted to the advance of civilization, in the highest and noblest sense that even M. Cousin can attach to the word. From its childhood, the young Briareus with half his hundred arms embraced the spirit of industry, and with the other aided and upheld the genius of refinement.

But those who first among us gave themselves to the pursuit of literature, entertained no very "august ambition." Imitation is the natural tendency of the very young—students themselves, but neither accurate nor profound, they paid a ready and willing homage to the great labours and prodigious results of their elder brethren of the ripe old world. While they should have looked to the day-star of the *West*, they kept their venerating gaze fixed upon the East—they had no imagination of the expanse, trackless as their own woods and mightily marked as the bold features of their own land, which lay open, inviting wanderers, and wide enough for myriads. It was reserved for one of a sailor's education, matriculated and graduated upon the ocean, to point out to them their true path, and at once to take the lead in it—to gain the title and acquire the reputation of the American Novelist.

In taking as the text of our article Mr. Cooper's works, it will readily be conceived that we do not intend to go into an elaborate analysis of some thirty volumes. We have not to do with a writer of yesterday, unknown to the public, whose standing might yet be within the power of a reviewer—but with a reputation that has made for itself a horizon far beyond our scope, which no longer requires praise, and which may defy minute and petty criticism. The works of Mr. Cooper naturally divide themselves into three classes—his American novels, portraying the peculiar features of this country, including the *SPY*, *PIONEERS*, *MOHICANS*, *PRAIRIE*, *LIONEL LINCOLN*, and *WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH*; his sea novels, in which the interest is made to turn upon the varieties of ocean life, the *PILOT*, *RED ROVER*, *WATER WITCH*; and his political novels, or those having a distinct republican moral, the *BRAVO*, *HEIDENMAUER*, and *HEADSMAN*. These different species of the genus Romance all owe their origin to Mr. Cooper; and a few brief and disjunct remarks upon the most prominent features and peculiar merits of each class, will constitute the whole of our present task.

We but record the verdict of the whole literary world, in placing Mr. Cooper at the head of American writers of fiction, not more



in point of time than of degree. What is there in the dark pictures of Brown that might not, with but trifling modifications, be shaped to suit another age and another country? Mr. Irving, the only serious rival of Mr. Cooper, as to date, is not of the sturdy distinctive American school. His delicate humour, which Goldsmith might have envied, formed food for itself in the annals of the "Manhattanese," and in the traditions of the dells of the Kaaterskill; but the peculiar characteristics of his country, the poetry and eloquence of its people and institutions, have not often found an organ in him. Mr. Cooper has never lost sight of this leading idea. Whether on the banks of the Otsego, in the shadow of the Coliseum, or among the canals of Venice, his mind has always retained its original bias—the sharp edges of his character have not been worn off to the smooth and ordinary uniformity that the fiction of the world generally produces.

With an ardent affection for his country, based upon a most accurate sense of its peculiar excellencies; with an intense love of freedom, and with an eloquence and power that it is no panegyric to call of the first order, he has first ennobled American fiction, by making it the vehicle of those leading American ideas which are the chief boast of the republic. He has lost no opportunity of enforcing the multitudinous truths, all springing from the one fundamental idea of self-government; nor ever failed to claim for his country its rightful share in that revolution which the earth is undergoing, as surely as it is performing its daily and nightly gyrations.

It is more than fifteen years since Mr. Cooper gave to the world his *PRECAUTION*.\* It is said that when he took up his pen, he was uncertain whether he should write a homily or a romance. It is very clear that he had no knowledge of his own power. The scene was laid in England, and the work could claim no other place than among the copies of the thousand and one spiritless romances which the English press had just about that time ceased to put forth. In his preface to the *PIONEERS* he has himself commemorated its fate. "The first book was written because I was told that I could not write a grave tale; so to prove that the world did not know me, I wrote one that was so grave nobody would read it, wherein I think that I had much the best of the argument."

But he was not slow to perceive his error: "Ashamed to have fallen into the track of imitation, he endeavoured to repair the wrong done to his own views, by producing a work that should be

\* He had previously taken a considerable share in the politics of his county, (Westchester,) and had exercised his hand in various newspaper essays and *pasquinades*. Perhaps some of that district may yet remember the squib, one verse of which began—

"Sheriff J——m, sheriff J——m,  
You're tall and you're slim, &c. &c."

purely American, and of which love of country should be the theme." (Letter, p. 98.) The *Spy* was published in 1822. The thrilling incidents of our revolutionary struggle, and the romantic episodes of a border warfare, furnished him his subject, and he laid the foundation of his reputation broad and deep in the rugged rocks of his own Westchester. The black Cæsar; the quiet, energetic, and peculiarly American, Harvey Birch; the noisy Virginia captain and Betty Flanagan; all proved that there was a "chiel amang us takin notes," quick to perceive and most successful in delineating individual character: while the execution of the cow-boy, the escape of young Wharton, and the death of poor Lawton, showed him an equal master of the moving or the startling incident and the hair breadth 'scape. The *Spy* was published at a time "when the habit of looking to others most disqualified the public to receive a native author with favour," (Letter, p. 98,) but its success was not a moment doubtful. Whatever may be the case with the critics, the reading and thinking mass in America are not the slaves of foreign opinion, and no certificate from the Edinburgh or Quarterly was required to bring the *Spy* into vogue. Multitudes did at once seriously incline to the perusal of this book, and enrolled themselves among the patrons of the new school.

Confining ourselves to that class of Mr. Cooper's productions which we have placed first, comprising those which are peculiarly distinguished by their representations of American character and manners, the *LAST OF THE MOHICANS*, the *PIONEERS*, and the *PRAIRIE*, offer themselves to us, although published in a different order and at considerable intervals of time,\* as his most prominent works, or rather as parts of one harmonious whole, linked together by the character which, under the different names of the Scout, Leather Stocking, and the Trapper, furnishes the real hero of the three.

Nathaniel Bumppo is, with the single exception perhaps of Tom Coffin, the most original and best sustained of Mr. Cooper's creations; and had he done nothing else, this would for ever entitle him to a high place among the poets of the western hemisphere, in the original signification of the term. There is indeed something exceedingly instructive and touching "in the life of a veteran of the forest, who, having commenced his career near the Atlantic, is driven by the unceasing and unparalleled advance of population, to seek a final refuge against society in the broad and tenantless plains of the west."—*Pref. to the Prairie*.

We are first introduced to Hawkeye, or the Longue Carabine of the Mohicans—a scout employed occasionally in the service of the English army, but whose tastes and friendships have driven him entirely to a forest life, and a strict association with one of

\* The *Pioneers* in 1823, the *Mohicans* in 1826, and the *Prairie* in 1827.

the chiefs of the smitten tribe of the Delawares, detesting the artificial society of the whites, and skilled to an extraordinary degree in all the arts of woodcraft—"of great simplicity of mind, but of sterling worth; unlike most of those who live a border life, he united the better instead of the worse qualities of the two people; he was a man endowed with the choicest and rarest gift of nature, that of distinguishing good from evil. His virtues were those of simplicity, because such were the fruits of his habits, as were indeed his very prejudices—in courage the equal of his red associates; in warlike skill, being better instructed, their superior."\* He is, throughout the book, the guardian genius of the feebler hero and heroine, and all the conversation put in his mouth is marked with a force and appropriateness, a rude dignity, and often a resistless pathos that is surpassed by nothing unless it be by the simple eloquence of the Leather Stocking of the Pioneers.

In the Pioneers, the third of the Cooper novels, and which was modestly called "a descriptive tale," the author chronicled some of his earliest and fondest recollections. The home of his childhood still stands by the banks of the clear Otsego, and in the attractive character of Marmaduke Temple he is well known to have portrayed his father, one of the earliest settlers of that district. We have always looked upon the Pioneers as one of the ablest, though certainly not most interesting of these works. The descriptions of forest life, the turkey shooting, the bass fishing, the pigeon "hunting," the panther fight, the fire—are all as vivid and stirring as the canvass. Mr. Cooper had manifestly caught the real inspiration of the land; he was in close communion with the wood-nymphs and the water-nymphs of the forest waste; he did not choose our cities for his localities, nor endeavour, out of their half-breed civilization, to mould trite copies of the fashionable novels about this time coming into vogue. He threw himself into the wilds, where the national character was developed by the obstacles it had to surmount; and seized, with the eye of a poet and of a philosopher of the American school, the leading traits of his countrymen. Remarkable Pettibone is a good specimen of those qualities which make our people such bad servants and such capital citizens; while the sketch of Ben Pump, though it gave small token of the new chord he was about to strike, still told us that he had not forgotten his early element. Among these personages, nearly forty years later than the date of the Mohicans, moves the real hero—Leather Stocking. War is abandoned—he is now nothing but the "brown hunter," still adhering to his early tastes, still faithful to his ancient friend, *Le Gros Serpent*, but

\* *Prairie*, vol. i. p. 156. We prefer always to take Mr. Cooper's own view of his own characters.

embittered and soured by the changes of a generation, all of which had diminished the utility and dignity of a wood-life, and especially indignant at the rapid settlement of the country by the whites—"Woods, indeed! I doesn't call these woods, Madam Effingham, where I lose myself every day of my life in the clearings." (*Pioneers*, vol. ii. p. 281.) What can be better? He is the real hero of the *Pioneers*; and the closing scene, in which he takes his leave of Effingham and Elizabeth, to wander into the trackless west, is among the most touching things in these books.

In the *Prairie*, the talent of the writer was laid out between the family of a godless squatter and the trapper. The scene dates about ten years after that of the *Pioneers*, and we once more meet Hawkeye of the Mohicans, Leather Stocking of the *Pioneers*, in the limitless plains beyond the Mississippi. Here at length he is sure of having distanced civilization; he has come "to escape the sound of the axe, for here surely the chopper can never follow." His faithful dog has borne him company, and we recognise our old friend Hector. Approaching the term of life, but undecayed, the humane and energetic old man is, throughout the action of the book, the constant and efficient friend of the unprotected and suffering, and the scene in which he discovers the grandson of his early *protégé*, is only equalled in pathos by that of his death—"Your grand'ther didn't then entirely forget the white man." (*Prairie*, vol. i. p. 157.) We find ourselves talking of him as of an historical personage, and we confess that the different sketches of Nathaniel Bumppo have a strength, vividness, and truth, which make it always an effort to rank them among the bottomless creations of fiction. In the *Prairie* he dies, and it is rather remarkable, as is said of Shakspeare's Mercutio, that he had not already killed Mr. Cooper. This exquisite simplicity is not among the easiest of a poet's tasks.

The Red race also owes its commemoration in the pages of romance to Mr. Cooper. Their singular habits, immovable pride, faithful friendships, and undying hates, have furnished him with some of the most stirring scenes in the books we have just noticed—the young Uncas, the mature and powerful Chincachgook of the Mohicans, the wretched old drunken John of the *Pioneers*, the Pawnee of the *Prairie*, and the gallant Conanchet, are all brilliant and original creations. Hear the old Indian after his debauch: "When John was young, eye-sight was not straighter than his bullet. The Mingo squaws cried out at the sound of his rifle. The Mingo warriors were made squaws. When did he ever shoot twice? The eagle went above the clouds when he passed the wigwam of Chincachgook; his feathers were plenty with the women.—But sec," he said, raising his voice from the low mournful tones in which he had spoken to a pitch of keen excitement, and stretching forth both hands, "they shake like a deer at a wolf's

howl. Is John old? When was a Mohican a squaw with seventy winters? *No! the white man brings old age with him—rum is his tomahawk.*" (*Pioneers*, vol. i. p. 208.)

*Lionel Lincoln*, published in 1825, and *The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish*, in 1829, belong to those which we have been hitherto considering, which portray American life and manners. But we cannot stop to analyze them. The latter is sometimes called the best of all his productions, and the former divides with the Heidenmauer the not acceptable honour of being his least successful work. We come to another class of productions, which stand very much apart from the other efforts of our author, and certainly not less so from all previous works of fiction.

The three novels of Mr. Cooper, the scene of which is laid upon the sea, (*PILOT*, *RED ROVER*, and *WATER WITCH*,) are entirely *sui generis*. The first of these was published in 1824, and in the preface Mr. Cooper says, "He will probably be told that Smollett has done all this before him, and in a much better manner." It must be a fresh water critic who would give any such opinion. "Mr. Penguillum," as Remarkable "Pitty-Patty-Prettybones" calls him, is perhaps of the Hatchway, Pipes, and Trunnion school; but what parallel can be drawn between any of Smollett's sea characters and those of Mr. Cooper, in the three works whose names we have just given? What comparison can be made between the sketches of sailors high and dry on shore, and the citizens of the deep engaged in all the wild adventures of their terrific element? There is as much difference between the sailors of Cooper and Smollett, as between a whale blowing and sporting among the icebergs, and a butt of train oil in a New Bedford warehouse. The American is eminently the poet of the ocean, which, till his time, was in the condition of those who lived before Agamemnon. We always thought that Byron, with his sea-tastes, had a heavy loss in dying without a sip of this new gush from the head fount of poetry. All the events of the waters—the storm, the calm, the chase, the battle, the wreck, the fire—have been commemorated by Cooper in language to which even the lofty rhythm of the Spenserian stanza could add neither grace nor eloquence. And what a host of characters has he evoked from the vasty deep—how different, and yet all how true to their situation—the savage but faithful Boltrope, timid Earing, mutinous Nighthead, boisterous Nightingale, shrewd Tom Tiller, Trysail, Bob Yarn—they all come crowding upon us as the familiar faces of some long voyage. And where in all fiction will you find the better of the simple-hearted coxswain of the *Ariel*. "Give me plenty of sea-room," says this original old sailor, in the first speech that issues from his sententious lips, "and good canvass, where there is no 'casion for pilots at all, Sir. For my part I was born on board a chebacco-man, and never could see the use of more land than now and then

a small island to raise a few vegetables and to dry your fish—I'm sure the sight of it always makes me feel uncomfortable, unless we have the wind dead off shore." And then for his name: "I'm called Tom when there is any hurry, such as letting go the haulyards or a sheet; Long Tom, when they want to get to windward of an old seaman by fair weather; and Long Tom Coffin, when they wish to hail me so that none of my cousins of the same name about the islands shall answer."

Long Tom is, indeed, as with Natty Bumppo, the real hero of the Pilot—his harpoon decides the conflict with the Alacrity; and with the loss of the Ariel, as poetical a creation as her namesake of the drama, much of the interest of the book ceases. There is a variety in all Mr. Cooper's marine novels, of which it had not been thought the subject was capable. How different is the fight between the Alacrity and the Ariel, from that with the Rover and the Dart!—how different the shipwreck of Barnstable, from that of Wilder and Gertrude; and how single and alone stands the inimitable chase of the brigantine through Hell Gate. Even the technicality, and to many readers unintelligibility of the terms, does not lessen the interest: it seems as if you were on the quarter-deck; you comprehend not the hoarse orders, but you see the yards bracing, the heavy sails flap—and amid the howling of the winds and the roar of the waters you feel at once, as it may be, either the might or the omnipotence of man, but always the eloquence of the poet:

"Far as the breeze may bear, the billow foam,  
Survey *his* empire."

Mr. Cooper's success has given rise to a new school of fiction, which, singularly enough, has thriven with more vigour in France, that land of "lubbers," than in England. MM. Sae and Corbière have each published several works, wherein the heroes and heroines go down to the deep, and in which the plot is chiefly carried on upon the sea. But they partake of all the ultraism and immorality which corrupt the present school of French fiction. The frenzied extravagance of the ATAR-GULL, and the disgusting licentiousness of the SALAMANDRE, permit no comparison between them and the works of our fellow-countryman. It is not to be overlooked, that there runs through all Mr. Cooper's books a vein of exquisite humanity, not the less true and delicate for being disguised in a rude garb: the characters of Leather Stocking and "poor old Long Tom Coffin," are genuine tributes to the homely and cardinal virtues. Polwarth's kindling the fire with his wooden leg, is a scintillation from the ever burning flame. Take *Dick Fid* of the Red Rover—hear him first in his palmy state, where his black messmate, S'ip, agitates him by contradiction: "Hark ye, Mister Gold-Coast," muttered the white, bending his head aside



in a threatening manner, "if you've no wish to wear your shins parcelled for the next month, gather in the slack of your wit, and have an eye to the manner in which you let it run again."

"Ay, ay, the Lord made a nigger an unrational animal—and an experienced seaman, who has doubled both capes and made all the head-lands atween Fundy and Horn, has no right to waste his breath in teaching any of the breed!"—Listen to the same rough sailor again after the defeat of the Dart, when the wounded black is in his arms and the rope around Master Dick's own throat. (Vol. ii. p. 243.)—"Ay, ay," returned Richard, again clearing his throat, and looking to the right and left fiercely as if he were seeking some object on which to wreak his vengeance—"Ay, ay, Guinea, put your mind at ease on that point, and, for that matter, on all others. You shall have a grave as deep as the sea, and Christian burial, boy, if this here parson will stand by his work. You have had much foul weather in your time, Guinea, and some squalls have whistled about your head that might have been spared, mayhap, had your colour been a shade or two lighter. For that matter, it may be that I have rode you down a little too close myself, boy, when over-heated with the conceit of skin, for all which may the Lord forgive me as freely as I hope you will do the same thing."! We long to quote from the Pilot and Water Witch, the dying scenes of Boltrope and Trysail, but we are "on the limits," and forbear.

We have thus, in a hasty manner, rambled through the two classes of Mr. Cooper's works—the one of which, as portraitures of American life and manners, and the other as vivid sketches of ocean habits and characters, may lay claim to entire originality. In these two respects, as Mr. Cooper was the first, so is he as yet without a rival. Before we take up the third and last class of his books, we must show the cloven-foot of the Zoilus, and enumerate some of those characteristics of these books, which have attracted most criticism, and which, on the fundamental rule of analysis,

"To forge or find a fault,"

by a happy exposition and due admixture of exaggeration, have had the greatest effect against his success.

In all his sea novels, the land personages and the land scenes are so very inferior to those pertaining to the water, that it is often said Mr. Cooper's only real greatness lies on the ocean. There can be no more egregious blunder. Of his thirteen novels, but three are tales of sea-life. His reputation was first based on *terra firma*, and the Spy and Pioneers won him no small portion of his fame, without even a sprinkling of salt water. What becomes, too, according to this dogma, of the Wish-ton-Wish, in itself suffi-

cient to make a reputation. It is not, however, to be disputed, that his master-scenes are on the ocean.

There is a deal of humour in all Mr. Cooper's elaborate and entirely natural characters. How excellent is Mr. Bumpo's view of natural and civil rights. "I hope to live to see the day," says Judge Temple, "when a man's rights in his game shall be as much respected as his title to his farm." "Your titles and your farms are all new together," cried Natty; "but laws should be equal, and not more for one than another. I shot a deer last Wednesday was a fortnight, and it floundered through the snow banks till it got over a brush fence; I caught the lock of my rifle in the twigs; in following I was kept back, until finally the creature got back. Now I want to know who is to pay me for that deer; and a fine buck it was; if there hadn't been a fence I should have gotten another shot into it—no, no Judge, its the farmers that makes the game scarce, and not the hunters." His Bill Kirby is the *beau idéal* of wood choppers, and his blacks are full of the peculiar humour of their race; but those personages who are meant for the buffoons, as it were, of their respective books, are unsuccessful. Hector Homespun and Doctor Bat, for instance, draw their slow length along, incumbrances upon the Water Witch and the Prairie, not less than Claud Halcro of the Pirate; but Boroughcliffe and Manual are exceptions to this remark. {The same may be said of his more highly wrought graver characters. There is infinitely more dignity in Leather Stocking, or in Long Tom, than in General Harper of the Spy, (Washington,) stalking about among the hills in Westchester, like death on the pale horse; or than in Mr. Gray of the Pilot, (Paul Jones,) with his abstracted musings and heroic speeches. Where Mr. Cooper exerts himself to produce particular effect by any of the tricks of the trade—solemn silence, deep fits of absence, short ominous speeches, or the use of any of the disguises of the author's green-room, he generally fails; whilst, when he draws from his storehouse of observation, from his ever well-ing spring of real simple pathos and genuine humanity, he as generally, indeed scarcely with an exception, succeeds.

It is not to be disguised, that Mr. Cooper's chief success is with personages of his own sex. He treats his women very much after the fashion of Mohammed; he allows them not their due proportion of soul, nor is there any one of them who has the naturalness of the best of his male characters. We always except the exquisite Ruth and Narahmetta of the Wish-ton-Wish; they stand wholly apart from his other creations of the same sex. This parenthesis being made, the hoydenish Kate Plowden, the stiff Cecilia Howard, and the yet stiffer mistress of the Pilot, are among the least attractive of his female dramatis personæ—while Cora Munroe ought, perhaps, to be placed at the head of the list, unless, perchance, the Gaoler's daughter of the Bravo have a better right to

the post of honour. They have, too, strange tricks for ladies. Alida calls the captain of the coquette plain "Ludlow," long before she owns her affection; and Miss Temple takes the same liberty with young Edwards. Mr. Cooper's great success is in working the mine of the heart in its roughest and least promising veins—in bringing out the true ore from under its darkest dross. After society has smelted and refined and assayed, it seems as if there were not enough to be done to excite his efforts. From the lips of a wood-cutter, a hunter, a sailor, he will teach you the philosophy and humanity of God and nature; while a fine gentleman and a fine lady become in his hands even more insipid and tasteless than in reality.

There is much bad writing, and many awkward expressions, in the tamer parts of Mr. Cooper's novels; and sometimes they intrude themselves with a very ill effect upon the most deeply interesting scenes. Of one of his heroines, Gertrude we believe, he says—"She extended a hand of a construction so delicate that art might have in vain endeavoured to rival it." Any person who has seen a first rate wax figure, will appreciate the compliment. Of Cecilia in the Pilot, (vol. i. p. 125,) "She leant upon a small hand which seemed to blush at its own naked beauties." There are few hands, thank heaven, of so exquisite a modesty.

Of Edwards (Pioneers, p. 70,) he says, "There was something noble in the rounded outlines of his head and brow. The very air and manner with which the *member* haughtily maintained itself over the coarse and even wild attire," &c. In the Pilot, (p. 108,) "Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow, as if to exclude the look of despair he encountered, and when a moment afterwards he removed *the rigid member*," &c. There is a degree of anatomical nicety in these descriptions, that makes us think we are handling the subjects of the dissecting room.

But these are trifling matters; we did not sit down to a reckoning of superficial blunders with Mr. Cooper.† He is not like Calderon's "ingenio cuidadoso,"\* who,—

"Cuando a publicas censuras  
Dar algun estudio piensa  
Hecho fiscal de si mismo  
Un pliego rasga y otro quema."

† These faults of clumsiness in expression, are far oftener the results of want of care than of want of taste.

Since the passage from the scene of the Scottish romancer, the three most prominent novelists of their respective countries may be considered Bulwer, Cooper, and Victor Hugo. With far less wit than either of them, with an education inferior to that of Bul-

\* "No hay cosa como callar."

wer, and with much less scholarship than Hugo, Cooper has much better taste than the latter, and purer morals than either. The originality of his conceptions has given him a greater reputation than his two rivals, and we apprehend that at this moment, although the Heidenmauer and Headsman, in that they have added nothing to, have rather detracted from his reputation, *he stands at the head of romance*. His works are regularly republished in England and at Paris, both in French and English. They have been translated into German, and a French version published in Belgium. Three translations of some of them have appeared in Italy, one at Milan, one at Leghorn, and a third at Naples. One edition in English was printed at Chemnitz, in Saxony. The Spy (*Szpieg*) was translated into Polish by Dmschowski, and the Last of the Mohicans (*Ostatni z Mohikanow*), as well as the Red Rover, and several others, by different hands. Spain and Russia have incorporated them with their literature, and we believe Sweden and Denmark have rendered them a similar homage. In Europe the Spy, Pioneers, Mohicans, Prairie, Pilot, Red Rover, and Bravo, of which we have yet to speak, are considered the most successful. The palm lies between the two last, and perhaps the same classification will apply to this country. The sales with us, do not equal those in France or England. Seven or eight thousand have been published here of the Spy, and about fifty thousand will cover the whole that have been uttered.

In 1828, after being about two years in Europe, Mr. Cooper essayed a graver task, and although with scarcely a pause in his career of fiction, produced his NOTIONS OF THE AMERICANS, in which "he endeavoured to repel some of the hostile opinions of the other hemisphere, and to turn the tables on those who at that time most derided and calumniated us." (Letter, p. 7.) This work was received with distrust abroad, for many reasons. The jealousy of the old world was aroused by this eloquent panegyric of the young Republic. It was said, that the advocate was manifestly much too interested a party to expect impartiality from his opinions; and blunders were cited scarcely possible to avoid at the distance at which the author wrote; and certain extravagancies of sentiment and expression were quoted, which it was easy for patriotism to excuse, but difficult for philosophy to defend.

To us, however, it has always appeared one of Mr. Cooper's most interesting works. It is a fact most honourable to the independence of his character, and the consistency and rectitude of his mind, that the solemn plausibilities of the old world, and, what was harder to endure, the extraordinary homage paid to his own ability, had not lessened his affection and respect for that unromantic country far across the water, under whose flag he had served; and for those homely principles, which, while they tend so much to the dignity of all, have an inverse effect upon the conse-

quence of any individual. The *NOTIONS* were, moreover, exceedingly curious and interesting, as containing a grave and methodical exposition of those traits of national character, which, with a lighter pencil, he had so successfully portrayed. They are full of exquisite touches that show how justly he appreciated the true value and how thoroughly he understood the full bearing and influence of the government, which, "like the dews of Heaven, dispenses its blessings upon all alike." How much right reason and humanity are there in this passage?

"A striking and national trait in the American, is a constant and grave regard to the feelings of others. It is even more peculiar to New England, than to any other section of our country. It is the best and surest fruit of high civilization. Not that civilization which chisels marble and gilds *salons*, but that which marks the progress of reason, which, under certain circumstances, makes men polished, and under all renders them humane.—If you can be content to receive consistent civility, great kindness, and a temperate respect, in which he who serves you, consults his own character no less than yours, and all at a cheap rate, you will travel not only in New England, but throughout most of the United States, with perfect satisfaction.—It will be prudent at all times, to treat those who serve you, with great attention to their feelings.—It is a ludicrous mistake that you must treat every American as your companion in society, but it is very necessary that he should be treated as your equal in the eye of God." (Vol. i. p. 65 and seq.)

The whole of the book that relates to New England is in a high strain of eloquence and justice.

We believe this book may be safely pronounced the best that has yet appeared upon the country. There is occasionally an extravagance of eulogium, as about the roads and the female tea-table critics, which was well quizzed at the time, and particularly by such profound arbiters as the *London Literary Gazette*; but there is a correct appreciation of the country, arising from education in it, which the best tempered foreigners rarely manifest. Take for instance the following sentence:—

"Although there are so many reasons why an imaginative literature should not be speedily created in this country, there is none, but that general activity of employment, which is not favourable to study, why science and all the useful arts should not be cultivated here, perhaps, more than any where else. Great attention is already paid to the latter. Though there is scarce such a thing as a capital picture in this whole country, I have seen more beautiful, graceful, and convenient ploughs in use here, than are probably to be found in the whole of England united. In this single fact may be traced the history of the character of the people, and the germ of their future greatness."

Just and philosophical; but it would scarcely have occurred, except to a child of the soil.

The temper in which this book is written, is remarkably moderate, as a bold and just defence of the country, without bitterness or hostility towards England; and we notice this the more particularly because it is unfortunately not the case with another work of Mr. Cooper's, which we shall mention shortly. There is a chapter in the work on *Slavery*, rather tinged by that timidity and helplessness which all our American legislators have manifested on

this subject, and a little coloured by the politeness which the citizens of the north think it necessary to show towards their southern brethren, by not venturing even to pronounce this institution an evil in the presence of the borderers of the Pedee or the Savannah. There is also an omission, which, considering the date of the work, (1828,) is somewhat extraordinary. We allude to the controversy between the northern and southern interests, which terminated in the compromise of 1833. We notice it the more particularly, because in none of his works, to our knowledge, has Mr. Cooper rendered any homage to the science which innovates without disorder, and revolutionizes without bloodshed. It is so intimately blended with his favourite study—that of government, and it has had so much to do with the progress of free opinions, that we have often marvelled he has not shown more manifestly his familiarity with political economy.

In 1830, Mr. Cooper published the last of the novels of the second class, *THE WATER WITCH*, of which we have already spoken. His mind had been deeply affected by a four years' residence in Europe, in situations which had enabled him to judge accurately of the situation of the different classes of most of the prominent states, and the result was, that he essayed a new order of romance, and endeavoured, to use his quaint phrase, "to substitute American principles for American things." But we may better first give a brief account of a controversy partaking somewhat of the same character, into which Mr. Cooper was about this time drawn. A question was raised in one of the Parisian magazines, as to the comparative expense of the French and American governments, and it was contended that the latter was necessarily the most expensive. It was just about the time that the new monarch had begun to show his retrograde tendencies, and it may readily be conceived that Lafayette looked with great dislike upon any arguments going to show that his "model government" was inferior in one essential matter to the crazy old monarchy. He appealed to Mr. Cooper for assistance. With much reluctance this gentleman consented, and threw his weight into the scale, demolishing M. Saulnier, in some articles which appeared in the *National*, the ablest paper of the continent. He also published a Letter to General Lafayette on the subject. It is unnecessary to go into the merits of the question; the French side of the argument is manifestly untenable. Look at the totals of the general budgets, 220 millions against 25, and then a few of the items—an executive of two millions and a half against one of 25,000 dollars; a war department of fifty or sixty millions, against one of four or five millions; a navy of ten or twelve millions, against one of three or four millions. How idle, to suppose the state or town expenses can balance these: and then, what is to become of the departmental expenses of France—the prefects, answering to our governors—



the *Conseils Generaux*, (of eighty-six departments,) to our legislatures—the *Conseils Municipaux*, to our corporations. All these are paid for, and whether these expenses be assessed upon the department or the *fonds de l'Etat*, or thrown upon the individuals, they add so much to the real cost of the government. But we leave this controversy, which we should not have mentioned but that we shall be obliged to allude to it hereafter, and pass at once to the last of our author's works of fiction.\*

In 1831, Mr. Cooper published his *BRAVO*. It was of the first of his works that had a positive *but*, and we can not do better than transcribe his own account of the design.

"Its outline," he says, (Letter, 1834, p. 11,) "was imagined during a short residence at Venice several months previous to the occurrence of the late French Revolution. I had had abundant occasion to observe, that the great political contest of the age was not as is usually pretended between the two antagonist principles of monarchy and democracy, but in reality between those who under the shallow pretence of limiting power to the élite of society, were contending for exclusive advantages at the expense of the mass of their fellow creatures. The monarchical principle, except as it is fraudulently maintained as a cover to the designs of the aristocrats, its greatest enemies, is virtually extinct in Christendom; having been supplanted by the combinations of those who affect to uphold it with a view to their own protection. Nicholas may still send a prince to the mines, but even Nicholas keeps not only his crown but his head at the pleasure of the body of his aristocracy. With these views of what was enacting around me in Europe, and with the painful conviction that many of my own countrymen were influenced by the fallacy that nations could be governed by an irresponsible minority, without involving a train of nearly intolerable abuses, I determined to attempt a series of tales, in which American opinion should be brought to bear on European facts. With this design the *Bravo* was written, Venice being the scene and her polity its subject.

"I had it in view to exhibit the action of a narrow and exclusive system, by a simple and natural exposure of its influence on the familiar interests of life. The object was not to be attained by an essay or a commentary, but by one of those popular pictures which find their way into every library, and which, whilst they have attractions for the feeblest intellects, are not often rejected by the strongest. The object was to lay bare the wrongs that are endured by the weak when power is the exclusive property of the strong; the tendency of all exclusion to heartlessness; the irresponsible and soulless movement of an aristocracy; the manner in which the selfish and wicked profit by its facilities, and in which even the good become the passive instruments of its soulless power. In effecting such an object, the government of Venice, strictly speaking, became the hero of the tale. One of those ruthless state maxims which have been exposed by Comte Daru, in his history of Venice, furnished the leading idea of the minor plot or the narrative. A pious son assumes the character of a *Bravo*, in the hope of obtaining the liberation of a father who had been falsely accused; and whilst the former is blasting his own character and hopes under the delusion, and the latter is permitted to waste away his life in prison, forgotten or only remembered as a means of working on the sensibilities of his child, the state itself, through agents whose feelings have become blunted by practice, is seen forgetful of its solemn duties, intent alone on perpetuating its schemes of self-protection. This idea was enlarged upon in different ways. An honest fisherman is represented as struggling for the release of a grand-

\* He made one or two contributions, about this time, to the *Livre des Cent et un*, a sort of club-book, containing tales and essays by the choicest of the Parisian wits. One of them, *Le bateau à vapeur*, was a satire on the inexplicable ignorance of the French in regard to every thing American, and it is true, indeed, of most matters out of their own country. They look on the rest of the world as barbarians, very much as the Greeks did.

son, who had been impressed for the galleys, while the dissolute descendant of one of the inquisitors works his evil under favour of his rank. A noble who claims an inheritance; an heiress; waterman; females of low condition, and servants, are shown as contributing in various ways to the policy of the soulless state. On every side there exist corruption and a ruthless action. Such was the Bravo, in intention at least. I confess I see nothing in its design of which an American need be ashamed."

Every countryman of Mr. Cooper will eagerly assure him, that his object does equal honour to the sound philosophy of his views and to the justice of his national enthusiasm. The Bravo does as much honour to the country of the author as to the author himself. If the same fundamental views did but animate half a dozen writers, though of talent far inferior to Mr. Cooper, we should have, before another generation could pass away, a bold and original national literature.

Fiction must, after all, rely for the permanence of its reputation upon the all-supporting basis of truth—truth, the tortoise of the Hindoo cosmogony.

Even in its really lowest form of mere appeals to the passions or the imagination, as *Fatal Revenge* and *Lewis's Tales*, or the fantastic stories of the German school, it must to a certain extent remain within the limits of possibility. But when fiction makes herself the handmaid of history, essays to paint the manners of varying ages, and to draw character as modified by circumstance, it then is eminently true that fidelity and accuracy are her highest merit. What has driven Scudéry to the bottom shelf of our libraries, but that her pages represent nothing which ever existed on the earth, nor in the heavens, nor in the water under the earth? What will make Dugald Dalgetty and Nathaniel Bumppo co-eternal with literature, but that they are vivid and faithful representations of a class of men which the changes of society no longer permit to exist?

But fiction sometimes shapes for herself a yet higher destiny, and aspires to a still more honourable calling. Not content with mere delineation of reality, she lends her aid to the advance of truth, and enrols herself among the beneficent agents which impel the onward course of reason, justice, love to man, and obedience to virtue. It is there that fiction soars beyond the mists of things temporal, and dips her wings in the undying light of the eternal. The writers who belong to this class will for ever receive a higher place than those among their brethren, who have confined themselves to the lower walks of the art. Laclos' *Liaisons Dangereuses* is, as far as fidelity goes, and as a picture of the former state of French society, without a superior, but maugre its eloquence and its wit who now reads it? What has become of Scarron? What of the cloud of English and French novelists, whose works without object or end have sunned themselves in the morning light of a fashion and disappeared with it? And what keeps Voltaire's *Tales*

in every library, spite of their indecency and irreligion? They contain the germ of a revolution, and with the wit of a poet they have the wisdom of a philosopher. Where are the amusing fictitious productions that can hope to vie with them in duration? What has given Bulwer his reputation in our day, but that his books are the vehicles of the peculiar spirit which points to change in the most immoveable country of Europe, and to equality in the most aristocratic empire of the globe. It is with poetry as with prose, with fiction as with geometry and history. The school founded on true principles will endure, all others must pass away.

Whatever ~~then~~ may be the immediate vogue of works of fiction of this higher class, it is clear that they will command a durable reputation, (their interest being equal,) in proportion to the correctness of their author's views. Whatever judgment may be passed by the "children of the mist," the Tories, and the doctrinaires, upon this work of Mr. Cooper, there can be no doubt of that which will be rendered by us, the sons of the future. What American, confident of the eternal truths upon which our institutions rest, and satisfied that time only is necessary to teach their importance to all countries and tongues, but will rank among the highest productions of the genius of romance, the work in which Mr. Cooper has enshrined some of the principles most essential to the race—principles, the growth and nurture of our own soil? When eloquence and wit, pathos and humour, unite to urge onward the truth, they achieve their highest triumph.

We do not wonder, that with the author himself, the *Bravo* is the favourite child. He says, we have understood, that it is his only work of which he is not frequently ashamed. The *HEIDENMAUER* and the *HEADSMAN* were written within the two following years, with the same leading design as the *Bravo*, but the execution was very unequal—particularly of the former, and they added nothing to Mr. Cooper's fame.

Since Mr. Cooper's return to America (he left Paris, where he had been domiciled for some years, in the autumn of 1833,) he has given but one work to the press. It was published early in 1834, and is entitled *A LETTER TO HIS COUNTRYMEN*. As it contains some new and just views, and some the novelty of which is more conspicuous than their justice, we shall close this article with a brief notice of it. It is partly personal, partly political, and intended to establish one fundamental proposition—the predominance of foreign ideas in the thinking mind of America—their controlling influence over our literature, our fashions, and even over our politics. He illustrates this position in several ways, by the manner in which he himself has been treated by certain newspaper critics, and by what he considers the English doctrines, which have crept into the practice, or have been broached in the speeches of many

of our statesmen, particularly on the subject of the Deposit and Protest controversy. We shall take no notice of the political part of this production; we could scarcely examine or expound Mr. Cooper's views, without going at large into the merits of a contest wholly foreign to our main subject—the author's literary character.

The personal part of this work we are obliged to consider as unfortunate. The instances specified do not prove the charges brought against the country, and they show a sensitiveness on the part of the author, more than any thing likely to impair his reputation. The world is very apt to doubt that a man has possessions about which he himself seems to entertain a question.

Mr. Cooper first enters into a defence of himself against the charge of having written for money, or rather of having taken exorbitant prices for his works. He says, (Letter, p. 6,) "I have been repeatedly and coarsely accused of writing for money, and exaggerated accounts of my receipts have been paraded before the public, with views that it is not easy to mistake. Of this accusation, as I feel it is conceding a sacred private right to say any thing, it is not my intention to say much." He should have said nothing. It may be well enough for the caterers of news, to ferret out Mr. Cooper's contracts with his publishers, and cook up a nice *compte rendu* for those who have a relish for their neighbours' private affairs; but with what other "views" than this it can have been done, it seems to us difficult to imagine. We doubt not what he indignantly says—"I have always refused to sacrifice a principle to gain, though often urgently entreated to respect the prejudices of foreign nations with this very view." (P. 7.) But it is wholly beneath Mr. Cooper's dignity to pay any attention to a charge, if charge it can be called, which comes from no responsible quarter, and which only amounts to his receiving a just compensation for his labours. If he were accused of bilking his bookseller, or pocketing the entire receipts, it might be necessary to reply—but to say that he has received a large sum of money for any given production, is only to announce a fact honourable to the author who produced the successful work, and to the public who appreciated it.

The author goes on to the next head of crimination. "I have been accused of undue meddling with the affairs of other nations." (P. 7.) He refers to the controversy respecting the comparative expenditures of the French and American governments, of which we have already spoken. The quarter from which this charge proceeded is equally obscure, and it was equally unworthy of Mr. Cooper's attention. No American in his senses, unless from feelings of personal hostility, will ever condemn him for having taken the side of his country in a dispute where the great merit of

free institutions, cheap government, was, through ignorance or ill will, denied her. He did the republic good service, by his publications in that matter, and should never have dreamed that he needed any apology or explanation of his conduct. It explained itself, and required no recommendation to any right-thinking American. If Louis Philippe himself had descended into the arena, Mr. Cooper, uninvested with office, and committing no one but himself, would have been perfectly at liberty to correct his Majesty's blunders. Who then can doubt the propriety of his entering the lists with M. Saulnier?

The author then proceeds to do battle with the New York American, Commercial Advertiser, Courier, and a critic of the first named paper, styling himself *Cassio*, although he at first "declines all controversy with that individual." We have always thought one of the fundamental laws of the duello to be the equality of the combatants, and we will never admit that between Mr. Cooper, in his capacity of novelist, and an anonymous correspondent, there exists any parity of standing sufficient to justify the former in entering the lists against him. Who would ask the reputation of a *CITOYEN DES DEUX MONDES*, from a critic without a name? But, says our author, the article was written in France. We believe it is now pretty well known, that this supposition was incorrect; but if it were, it would prove nothing more than that one of the lean kine of literature, without any ideas of his own, had pressed into the service the thoughts of some foreign writer. No, says Mr. Cooper, it furnishes conclusive proof of our subserviency to foreign opinions, when we import foreign criticisms unfavourable to native writers. It would be rather late in the day for the *Journal des Debats*, or any of its *feuilletonistes* in 1832, to undertake to write down the reputation of the author of the *Bravo*.

The criticism in question, may have been good, bad, or indifferent; we fancy at the worst that it proves little more than that the writer had not the good taste to appreciate a very interesting and eloquent work, and we here leave the matter, with the repeated expression of our regret, that Mr. Cooper should have thought fit to attach to it so much consequence. The editors in question, as well as Cassio, had an undoubted right to their opinion; but we cannot see why Mr. Cooper should have taken for granted that they were the official organs of American sentiment in regard to him, or have inferred from two or three bitter, and perhaps very irritating reviews, that he was losing ground with his countrymen—a supposition so easily shown to be wholly unfounded. It reminds one of Byron's rage with the *Quarterly*, while the whole world was alive with curiosity and enthusiasm about him.

The general charge of subserviency to foreign opinions, deserves

more mature consideration. So far as it goes, it is certainly "a practice degrading to the character, and if persisted in, may become dangerous to the institutions of the country." But we apprehend that its extent has been very materially exaggerated by our author. Indeed, this whole book seems to us to have been written a little too soon after Mr. Cooper's return to his country. We have rarely known an American remain long in Europe, who did not, upon his coming back, require a certain time, longer or shorter according to the strength of his character, to be as it were re-naturalized. They either become fascinated by the splendour and exclusive habits of the upper classes of Europe, and lose their relish for that wholesome equality which forms the excellence of our institutions, or they forget the real state of the republic, and imbibe false views of its condition and temper. Into the former of these errors Mr. Cooper's boldness, independence, and patriotism could never allow him to fall; but in the latter respect his mind seems to have received an unfavourable bias. What a difference is there between the calm confidence of the *NOTIONS* and the asperity of this *LETTER*!

Mr. Cooper embarked in a controversy intimately connected with the honour of America, in which he was unsupported by his countrymen, and in which two of his most prominent fellow citizens were quoted against him. It is not surprising that he came to entertain the low opinion he holds of the national feelings of this people. But as regards the vast body of the American nation who make the laws, govern the country, and form its public mind, nothing can be more unfounded. Were it true, we should indèed be a singular people. Such an assertion could scarcely be predicated of the meanest tribe on the Guinea coast. The great body of the country is, as a general rule, thoroughly imbued with a distinctive character; they acknowledge as little allegiance of thought as of dominion.

Mr. Cooper says of the whole country—"The practice of quoting the opinions of foreign nations by way of helping to make up its own estimate of the degree of merit that belongs to its public men, is I believe a custom peculiar to America." That class which is pushing on the material civilization of the country, who never borrow any thing from the old world but to improve it, who take the models of their mechanics only to make some valuable additions, and who copy their laws only to adapt them to free institutions, will scarcely know what to make of such a sweeping sentence of "condemnation."

Mr. Cooper has fallen into singular inconsistencies on this subject in the very publication before us. He says, p. 45, "As between me and my country the account current of both profit and honour exhibits a blank sheet, I have never laid any claim to



having conferred either, and I do not feel disposed to admit that I have received either;" but, p. 98, he says, "It has been asserted lately that I owe the little success I have met with at home to foreign approbation. This assertion is unjust to you. The *Spy* was received with a generous welcome that might have satisfied any one that the heart of this great community was sound." Undoubtedly its heart was sound, and if sound in 1822, why not so now? Has any cloud passed over the thirteen stars since then? Is the eagle's eye less bright? Has any thing taken place to lessen that national pride which is the true basis of patriotism?

And if the assertion which we have just quoted be correct, what foundation is there for such a charge as Mr. Cooper makes on p. 43?—"Unhappily, there are many reasons why this country can give fame to no one"—and again, p. 110—"Every hour convinces me, more and more, that we are a nation only in name—let Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun say what they please about it." Certainly nothing more offensive ever fell from the lips of those admirers of European institutions, with whom Mr. Cooper has waged so long and honourable a warfare. It seems that his temper has given out in the struggle, and that he has really begun to believe that a majority of his countrymen take sides against him and their own land, with Louis Philippe, Wellington, and Metternich. All the concluding paragraphs of the letter are in the same fatal temper—we know no other word for it; it must, if unchecked, prove fatal to his reputation.

"The American who wishes to illustrate and enforce the peculiar principles of his own country, by the agency of polite literature, will for a long time to come, I fear, find that his constituency, as to all purposes of distinctive thought, is still too much under the influence of foreign theories, to receive him with favour. It is under this conviction that I lay aside the pen.—I confess I have come to this decision with reluctance, for I had hoped to be useful in my generation, and to have yet done something which might have identified my name with those who are to come after me. But it has been ordered differently. I have never been very sanguine as to the immortality of what I have written, a very short period having always sufficed for my ambition; but I am not ashamed to avow, that I have felt a severe mortification that I am to break down on the question of distinctive American thought.—So far as you have been indulgent to me, and no one feels its extent more than myself, I thank you with deep sincerity; so far as I stand opposed to that class among you which forms the public of a writer, on points that, however much in error, I honestly believe to be of vital importance to the well-being and dignity of the human race, I can only lament that we are separated by so wide a barrier, as to render further communion, under our old relations, mutually unsatisfactory."

We confess it is with sincere regret that we copy these paragraphs, that show what unjust suspicions are corroding the mind which should entertain only a feeling of honest pride in all that it has done for the reputation of its native land. We regret this sensitiveness the more, for we cannot but consider it a certain, though unfortunate proof of the force of that national feeling,

which has so often kindled in him a brighter flame. It is plain, that his dearest fame is that which he has gained in America, and that all the homage he has received abroad is tasteless and unsatisfactory to him, while he thinks his star is waning in his native land. Let him recur to the cheerful spirit which penned the Preface to the third edition of the *Spy*: "We are told by the booksellers, that the public is pleased with the tale, and we take this occasion to say that we are delighted with the public." If this be Mr. Cooper's fixed temper, it is not hazardous to predict that he has passed the zenith of his fame. Break down on the question of distinctive American thought, indeed! One of his genius, who maintains the great cardinal American principles, can never break down, till the republic itself give way; and far superior abilities would not sustain him, if he suffer himself for an instant to falter, from an undying belief, not only in the permanence of our institutions, and the truths upon which they rest, but that they will confer honour upon all those who vindicate them against the ignorant arrogance of the old world, and the upstart presumption of the new. Certain it is, that until Mr. Cooper told us of it himself, we never dreamed his reputation was less than his deserts—and as to his deserts, we have already expressed our opinion.

We have lately recognised Mr. Cooper's hand in several able communications in an administration paper of the city of New York. Many of them treat of the French Question, which he views as a matter intimately connected with our national honour and highest interests. He has affixed to these articles an elementary signature (A. B. C.), but they bear intrinsic marks of their author. We hear that he is engaged upon a satire, to be entitled *THE MANNIKINS*. If he succeed in this, it will be a triumph in what has been to him, hitherto, an untried path.

---

## ART. VIII.—THE FRENCH QUESTION.

- 1.—*Message from the President of the United States, of the 17th January, 1833, transmitting to the House of Representatives sundry papers upon the subject of the claims against the French government, for spoliations on American commerce, since September, 1800. Washington: 1833.*
- 2.—*Message from the President of the United States, of the 27th December, 1834, to the House of Representatives, transmitting correspondence with the government of France, in relation to the refusal of that government to make provision for the execution of the Treaty between the United States and France. Washington: 1835.*
- 3.—*Proceedings and Discussions in the French Chamber of Deputies, on the subject of the Treaty between France and the United States, which was signed at Paris on the 4th July, 1831. Translated from the Paris Moniteur, by order of the Secretary of State of the United States. Washington: 1834.*
- 4.—*Rapport fait au nom de la Commission chargée d'examiner le Projet de loi relatif au Traité du 4 Juillet, 1831; par M. Dumon, Député de Lot-et-Garonne. (Séance du 28 Mars, 1835.) Supplément au Journal des Débats, du 29 Mars, 1835.*

THREE months ago we prepared some observations upon the history of our relations with France, the publication of which it was thought best to postpone until the progress of events should enable us to terminate them with less abruptness and uncertainty than we were then obliged to do. Although we are still, and may remain until we are compelled to go to press with the present article, without information of the final action of the French Chambers, it seems to be generally understood that the bill presented to the Deputies in February last, will become a law. How far it may be deemed a satisfactory fulfilment of the treaty, is another question, upon which we may remark hereafter. For the present, however, we are content to look upon it in the light of an effectual compliance with past stipulations, or at least to be received in lieu of such compliance, and as affording in its reception and passage an earnest of a returning sense of justice, and a pledge of future amity. Our object now is to review the past, and to place before our readers some of the principal incidents of a series of transactions, certainly the most anomalous and peculiar which have occurred in the history of our foreign intercourse. We have determined to do this, notwithstanding all that has been so ably said and written upon the subject, because, in so wide a field of discussion, many points have necessarily been omitted, or but our-

sorily touched; and because, entertaining as we do a strong, independent impression of our own in regard to the whole controversy, neither hastily adopted nor readily to be removed, we deem it our peculiar duty, connected as we are with a grave and patriotic journal, to incorporate it therewith, and in doing so to make a record of the facts from which it was derived.

In accomplishing this we may deem it necessary to violate the epic rule a little, and in our eduction of the Trojan war "*ab gemino ovo*," to transgress the Horatian maxim. That we are under this necessity is not, however, any fault of our own, but of those who, not content with twenty years of spoliation and twenty years of diplomacy, have recently opened back for themselves and for us, the old interminable history of neutral rights and violated decrees, with their long chain of clashing consequences. It was time to set ourselves to school again, when we found that the discussion from being executive, was, on both sides of the water, to become representative; and that the difficulties which the coolness of cabinet deliberation had spent a quarter of a century in removing, were forthwith to be sprung afresh as topics for heated and inflammatory appeals to the various feelings and interests of a popular assembly. Here, to be sure, no one has asserted any intention of opening a similar discussion; but not a few have been found who have justified its propriety in the French Chamber, and will scarcely listen to the suggestion that a popular body may exceed even the plenitude of its extensive powers. Be that as it may, the exercise of a high and at least a dubious prerogative, has already so nearly disturbed the harmony of the two nations, that it behooves them both, and certainly America not the least of the two, to study the grounds on which it has been asserted; that in the multiplied relations which the future promises to produce, the past may serve as a guide and a beacon.

The ferment to which the President's message to Congress of last December gave rise, was in all points of view a beneficial one, whether the recommendation therein of a particular remedy for the breach of the treaty, was or was not well advised. The subject was one upon which too much apathy prevailed in both countries. In the United States attention enough had not been bestowed upon the history of the negotiation which terminated in the treaty, nor upon the uncereemonious manner in which the treaty itself was dispensed with in France. In the latter country the payment of twenty-five millions, so important to the debtor, was deemed of no consequence to the creditor. The Duc de Broglie resigned, and the dun of five and twenty years was supposed to be silenced. "Let us not hesitate to reject the treaty," said M. Salverte from the tribune; "a refusal will not be the signal of a rupture between the United States and France. The immediate consequence of a rejection will be, an overture for, and a conclu-

sion of, a new and more equal convention." "The spirit of speculation," such was the remark of another orator concerning us, "rarely sacrifices an actual gain to the future prosperity, much less to the dignity of a country. The voice of private interest prevails over that of national honour." With such sentiments concerning our national energy and character, the deputies went quietly to repose. We say, therefore, that the message which disturbed that repose, which convinced M. Salverte that one solemn treaty being repudiated, we should not go to the trouble of making another; and which satisfied M. Bignon that we had not entirely adopted the ironical apostrophe, "*Quid enim salvis infamia nummis?*" for our literal maxim, could not be otherwise than useful, conveyed as it was from a high department of the government, in an official communication to the assembled representatives of the states and the people. It intimated to France that whatever construction she might be disposed to place upon the deliberate acts of her government, we had adopted and should adhere to our own; that the day of entreaty had gone by; and that in this regard at least, we had done with ante-chambers. It called the attention of England and the English press to an extraordinary breach of engagement, and to a construction of the treaty power to which Europe had, till that time, been a stranger. It called her attention, too, to a very slack and vague impression of the sanctity of a pecuniary promise—a fault by which the "*nation boutiquière*," to her credit be it spoken, is always exceedingly scandalized. It touched France, therefore, not merely with apprehensions of a vexatious custom-house, and perhaps maritime war—apprehensions which, in a good or glorious cause, she is as capable of despising as any nation on earth—but it annoyed her with the idea of such a strife entered upon for a very inadequate and mercenary end; for a dubious right, and on questionable grounds, with her nearest European ally opposed to her in sentiment, and her most valuable customer at once converted from a paying friend into a capturing enemy. So much for the effect of the message. Whether the time had come to produce that effect, as a proper and decorous effort on the part of the American nation, the state of the issue on the 1st of December will best enable us to judge.

The unanimous vote of the House of Representatives has decided, that so long ago as the 2d of February, 1832, we acquired certain rights from France by a solemn stipulation with that nation, and that those rights are of such a nature that it neither comports with the honour nor interest of the United States to suffer them to be modified or abrogated. That vote asserted what the sense of the universal nation dictated—that we stood no longer upon litigated points, on appeals to magnanimity and justice, or on the mere provisions of the law of nations. The United States, through their representatives, invoked the bond mutually executed,

and on their part strictly observed, guarantying to us a liquidated sum, payable at fixed periods, in consideration of ancient injuries received, and new benefits to be conferred by us. We had concluded and ratified our bargain with the legitimate authority delegated by France for that purpose among others. We had on our part punctually fulfilled the conditions precedent of that bargain, without an intimation that compliance with them would be nugatory. France had taken, was still taking advantage of our punctuality, thereby adding another seal to the solemnity of her previous engagements. Whether it would have been proper for our government longer to postpone the disagreeable intimation that she was under certain obligations in return, we shall endeavour to settle, not by a reference to any code of diplomatic ceremonial, but by an appeal to the instinctive self-respect of every American citizen, who will follow us in a short review of the history of the question.

England and France became avowed and fierce enemies in 1793, and so remained, with the short intermission of the peace of Amiens, for twenty years. With the war of 1793 began the practical exposition of the new principles of maritime law—the law of the strongest—which were openly acknowledged and unblushingly defended on its re-commencement in 1803, by both belligerents; and which, strange as it may appear, seem not to have been without champions in a recent legislative assembly. So early as March, 1794, President Washington presented the subject to Congress in a separate and formal message—a ceremony which he and his successor, up to the year 1800, had frequent occasion to repeat. The measures which the United States found it necessary to adopt for the vindication of their sovereignty, led at last to the convention with France of the 30th September, 1800, which, by the agreement of the contracting parties, was to remain in force for eight years. By this convention, all questions concerning the construction of pre-existing treaties, and of general indemnity for the violation of those treaties, were left untouched, though provision was made by the fourth and fifth articles for the restoration of captured vessels and cargoes not then condemned, and for the recovery of debts. The claims, by the way, accruing under those articles, and others intervening between the conclusion of the convention of 1800, and that of the Louisiana treaty, amounted, aside from those which have been adjusted, to the sum of \$1,564,538 52,\* all which were outstanding and unsettled up to the date of the recent compromise of Mr. Rives. The stipulations of the convention, however, which chiefly demand attention, (for the claims which originated prior to 1800 are no longer to be insisted upon,) are those which provided for the future security of our maritime

\* Vide Mr. Van Buren's Instructions to Mr. Rives, 20th July, 1839.



rights, and which, had the whole history of the succeeding ten years been spread out before the American negotiators, could hardly more accurately have anticipated the exigencies of the case. These stipulations guaranteed, in brief, free commerce between the contracting parties, and between either party and the enemy of the other, unless to ports actually blockaded, and that in the latter case no capture should ensue until after notice given. They specified articles considered contraband of war; asserted broadly the principle that free ships make free goods; defined the documents requisite to establish the national character of the vessels of each party, in case of war with a third power; distinctly limited the right of search, and provided for the manner of its execution; directed that receipts should be given for all the papers of a captured vessel, the hatches of which were never to be broken at sea; and finally, they explicitly declared that no prize should be condemned, save by the regular courts established for the cognizance of prize causes in each country respectively, and that the motive of condemnation should appear in the sentence.\* We shall see, by and by, the construction by which it was attempted, so late as the debate in the French Chamber in April, 1834, to gloss over the gross infractions to which every article above mentioned was subjected during the whole term of eight years, to which the convention was limited.

The Louisiana treaty and its accompanying conventions were signed on the 30th April, 1803. As a part of the consideration for the cession, the United States assumed the debts of France to the citizens of the former country, contracted previously to the 30th September, 1800, under certain reservations, and to an amount not exceeding twenty millions of francs; and France, on her part, admitted the competency of the citizens of the United States to demand payment of all debts contracted by her to them subsequent to the same date. By the estimate to which we have already referred, the outstanding claims in behalf of our citizens under this stipulation would amount (were they not extinguished by the late treaty) to \$134,786 06. It does not appear that, up to the conclusion of the Louisiana treaty, any violations of the convention of 1800 of sufficient note to be made the subject of negotiation, had taken place. Nor would the comparatively trifling item above stated to be due, under the 12th article of the former instrument, be deemed of sufficient importance to find a place here, were it not for the pertinacity with which the French cabinet has uniformly urged another branch of the same transaction, the eighth article of the treaty of cession providing, as it alleges, a perpetual privilege for French shipping in the ports of Louisiana.

\* "Convention between the French Republic and the United States of America," finally ratified at Paris, 31st July, 1801.

The assertion of this privilege, worth to France by accurate calculation but 14,000 francs per annum, and daily diminishing in value, (as the American tonnage by the economy with which it is navigated is monopolizing the carriage of freight,) and depending moreover upon a construction utterly repudiated by the United States, has been one of the principal means by which France for a series of years has evaded not merely the payment of a sum secured by the same treaty, and of which, small as it is, 14,000 francs per annum would not pay half the interest, but of withholding from the citizens of the United States very many millions upon which France has not paid and never will pay any interest at all. We shall have more to say upon this topic hereafter. It has been a favourite one in the Chamber, as it so long was with the ministry, because both one and the other well knew that their construction of the eighth article is diametrically opposed to the provisions of our Constitution, and of course can never be yielded to by the United States. It is therefore one of the stalking-horses under which the real hostility to our pretensions has been most frequently concealed.

Pretermittting any detail concerning that item in the estimate of the American claims which arose between the execution of the Louisiana treaty and the year 1805, we will barely mention that its amount is \$1,065,081 98, and that it was consigned to oblivion along with its predecessors on the conclusion of the late convention. All the grounds of claim already mentioned were over and over again rejected by the French ministers, and held not to form any part of the consideration on which indemnity could be sought. We are not prepared to say, that at the close of a harassing negotiation, the American minister did wrong in waiving these claims; but we mean to be understood that, aside from Mr. Rives's late arrangement, the greater part of them were indisputably valid, and must be so represented in a historical review of our intercourse and negotiations with France. We pass however to more important considerations.

The year 1806 exhibited our commerce literally crushed between the orders and decrees of the European belligerents, like the ships of the ancients between the shifting Symplegades. We played a great game with fortune, and were burned, pillaged, and confiscated on every sea and every shore: at peace with all the world, yet every where treated as an enemy; the only carrying, almost the only commercial neutral, entitled under every law to full immunity, yet bearing as it would seem, the *caput lupinum*, the sign of outlawry at our very mast head. Great Britain drew a magic circle round the continent, within which it was ruin to penetrate, though there was not so much as a buoy to indicate its existence. France, like the magnet mountain in the romance, but wrecked the adventurer whom she attracted to her coasts.

The universal law was founded on the ethics of victory, and administered by judges in uniforms; and if men embarked their fortunes on the ocean, it was but as a gamester pawns his gold, with a prayer to the genius of possibilities. The English admiralty notoriously shaped its decrees according to the dictates of the ministry—the French Emperor went farther, and reversed the most solemn awards of his own tribunals, which at last he dispensed with altogether. If an American of the present generation, proud of the character and confident in the resources of his country, should inquire wherefore it submitted to this protracted piracy and outrage, we can but turn his attention to the immature strength and undeveloped resources of the United States at that period; and to that anomalous and painful state of our domestic politics, which not only embarrassed the action of the national government, but kept the country suspended between two powerful enemies without the opportunity of successful resistance to either.

The celebrated Berlin decree of the 21st November, 1806, openly and in terms cancelled, with a stroke of the pen, all those provisions of the treaty of 1800, and of the law of nations, on which the United States had relied for their security and protection. It was the imperial warrant for plunder, the avowed revocation of that principle to which the honour and faith of France had six years before been solemnly pledged, that the flag of the Union should, with the single exception of contraband, render inviolable the property beneath it. To that revocation the United States never assented, and they protested against that conduct “*digne en tout des premiers âges de barbarie*,” which adopted while it reprobated the example of an adversary, and completed the injustice of which it complained.\* The Milan decrees of the 23d November and the 17th December, 1807, shortly taught us however that this was by no means to be the limit of our evils, and that it would not be easy to define the extent of profitable aggression. The first gave to the officers of the customs full powers, on *bare suspicion* of false certificates or oaths of origin, to place property to any amount in embargo, to await a decision protracted occasionally for years; the other, with a gratuity of insult, stripped the flag from every American vessel which by chance or necessity had submitted to the visit of a British cruiser, and declaring it by that means to have become *denationalized*, (*denationalisé*), gave a new term as it had given a new law to the administration of despotism. Still it was supposed that even despotism would respect its own voluntary stipulations, and that the fortunate few who, allured to the attempt by the official language of the *Moniteur*, and the express invitations of the imperial

\* Vide the considerations preliminary to the Berlin decree, particularly the 4th, 7th, and 8th.

commanders, should evade the vigilance of hostile cruisers and reach a port in safety, would not only be received but warmly welcomed. Numerous vessels accordingly entered the ports of St. Sebastian and Bilboa, then held by the French, and commanded by General Thouvenot, during the winter of 1809–10. By the order of the Emperor of the 10th February, 1810, these vessels with their cargoes were directed to be seized, and the decree of Rambouillet of the 23d March following, ordered the seizure and sale of all ships and cargoes under the American flag which had arrived in the ports of France, or of any country held by her armies since the 21st May, 1809, and their proceeds to be deposited in the *Caisse d'amortissement*. By the decree of Trianon, of the 6th August, 1810, these proceeds, and those of certain seizures in Antwerp and Holland, of which more may be said in the sequel, were declared to have become the property of the state. On the same 6th of August, the Minister of Foreign Affairs wrote to General Armstrong, that after the first of the following November, the Berlin and Milan decrees should no longer be considered in force. On the 28th April, 1811, the decree of revocation was signed, formally communicated to the government of the United States *on the tenth of May*, 1812, and the confiscations of American property, as if in ridicule and contempt of all engagements, continued up to the beginning of 1813.

All these decrees were palpable and gross violations of the public law and the commonest dictates of morality and good faith, as the first two of them were of the unexpired treaty of 1800; nor have we ever been enabled to perceive, by what shade of difference they can be distinguished in their application from any other exercise of sheer power directed against a third party, for the purpose of annoying an enemy. They stand upon precisely the same ground in principle with a class of wrongs, expressly admitted in the negotiations before us, to present a ground for indemnity, to wit, the capture or destruction of friendly vessels at sea, to prevent the communication of information to the opposite belligerent. The right of France to make reprisals upon England for her Orders in Council, so often and so gravely asserted, if sufficient to abrogate rights solemnly guaranteed to us, would in principle leave the construction and execution of a treaty entirely at the mercy of events, not contemplated by either of the contracting parties, and over which neither of them could exercise any control. The weaker party must thus be necessarily dragged into all the political schemes and measures of the stronger. It would in fact make every commercial convention *a treaty of alliance*. The same reasoning applies to the pretension of France, that the convention of 1800 was executed under the tacit and implied understanding, that the United States should cease to enjoy the benefit of neutrality with France, when it ceased to make its neutrality respected

by other nations, France being the party to decide upon the exigency. Who in fact doubts at this day, that the measures of Napoleon were originally intended to produce a war between us and Great Britain, by stimulating the latter power to retaliatory injury, or to place us on the other horn of the dilemma, that of forfeiting by construction all claim to indemnification under the treaty of 1800? Nothing but the imputation of bad faith in their conduct towards Great Britain can repel the force of these considerations in behalf of the United States, and the day for that imputation went by in 1812.

But aside from the reprisals on Great Britain, another apology for the execution of the Berlin and Milan decrees has been sought, by representing their application in the light of reprisals upon America for the Embargo act of 1807. This argument is, however, of recent origin. Napoleon did indeed affect in some instances the enforcement of our own law upon our own citizens, but the pretext was too shallow to outlast the occasion. General Armstrong, it is true, appears to have been mystified, and the American government insulted by it, on the 25th April, 1808—for in a postscript to his letter of that day to the Secretary of State he says, “I have this moment received the following explanation of the order to seize all American vessels now in the ports of France, or which may come into them hereafter, viz., that it directs the seizure of such vessels because no vessel of the United States can now navigate the seas *without infracting a law of said States*, and thus furnishing a presumption that they do so on British account or in British connexion.” But notwithstanding this, and the more recent assertions of the Duc de Broglie to the contrary, the Embargo was a measure not at all displeasing to the Emperor—nay, it was one which has been shrewdly suspected to have originated in his own dictation. He repeatedly applauded it as the result of the same spirit which dictated his own “continental system;” and he instructed his minister, the Duke of Cadore, to characterize it as the result of “la noble resolution qui avait déterminé, les Américains de s’interdire les mers, plutôt que de se soumettre aux lois de ceux qui veulent s’en faire les dominateurs.” But the absurdity of the argument which would excuse the French spoliations under the Imperial decrees, by asserting them to have been retaliatory of the Embargo act, will be obvious at once when it is recollected, that the Berlin decree was promulgated on the 21st November, 1806, the first Milan decree on the 23d November, 1807, and the second on the 17th December of the same year—while the Embargo act did not become a law until the 22d December, 1807, and was not even made the pretext for seizure until April, 1808.

The Embargo act was nugatory, but it violated no rights save those of our own citizens. Yet by the argument to which we

have adverted, its violation or its observance must equally have exposed us to wrong and outrage. Under the former branch of the alternative, our vessels were confiscated by the order of April, 1808; under the latter, the nation has been held responsible for it as a measure of reprisal, and an abandonment of neutrality. Napoleon adopted the first, because he wanted our property; the Chambers advanced the second, because they were unwilling to pay for it—and we may deem ourselves fortunate that we had not to meet a claim to remunerate France for locking up our own harbours, or for enforcing against our own ships a penalty instituted by herself, against the violation of our own municipal regulations.

It is with more show of reason, that the Non-Intercourse acts of 1st March and 28th June, 1809, have been held to authorize measures of reprisal; yet every one who has read the history of these times knows perfectly well, that they were aimed against another power; that they were in strict pursuance of the same line of policy which had dictated the Embargo; that from the very position of the belligerents, they could not (as in fact they never did) inflict the slightest evil upon France, who had not a sail upon the ocean; and that, finally, the repeal of the second act, the first having expired, was universally considered in America as a triumph over that political system which had so wonderfully adapted itself to the views of the Emperor, as to produce, in the minds of a large portion of the community, the most painful apprehensions. Yet during our whole negotiation with France, as well as in the debates of 1834, it has been assumed, and in the final settlement the principle was retained, that this one measure of the United States, co-incident as it was with the policy of the Emperor, distressing only to his enemy, and under which, not even in form, did the French nation suffer the loss of a single dollar, not only justified the succeeding decree of Rambouillet, but also all the confiscations under those of Berlin and Milan, which could not be brought within the exceptions of prematurity or irregularity, and that it completely divested the United States of all rights as neutrals under the laws of nations, and abrogated their claims for prior violations of the treaty of 1800. It requires no great acuteness of vision to see that this reasoning can have but one termination, that of placing the power to do wrong with impunity, where the inclination to do it at all hazards is most frequently to be found—in the hands of the strongest. France had only to go far enough to provoke a perfectly ineffectual and innocuous retaliation, (which in this instance, as we have seen, was in form only injurious,) and not only were all the long arrears of past spoliation expunged, but she obtained a charter for an Iliad of future wrongs. What is the common sense of this transaction, and of the relative rights and injuries of the two parties? Technically, the Non-Inter-



course acts were a violation of the treaty of 1800, which, however, at the passage of the second of them, wanted but one month of its expiration, the eight years to which it was limited dating from the exchange of ratifications, 31st July, 1801. Of the Non-Intercourse itself, the Duc de Broglie very pertinently remarks, that "it did not at all resemble the Berlin and Milan decrees; it did not interdict neutral commerce with France, but it exerted a power which belongs to every government, namely, that of closing its own ports, as every man has a right to shut up his own house. But it must be confessed, that the Convention of 1800, which had yet three months to run, is at variance with the spirit of this law. I ought to add, that the law was never applied, and that not a single French vessel was condemned under it." But will France set up the Convention of 1800, and strike a balance under it with us for its violation? The result would be ten millions of dollars in our favour. Will she declare it abrogated by the necessities which forced her to issue her decrees in 1806-7? Then surely she cannot reinstate it as against us in 1809. The necessity that justified her deviation from it for her own benefit, will at least excuse ours to our own loss. She must either blow hot or cold. Setting aside the treaty altogether, will she appeal to the law of nations? She had long deprived us of all the benefit of that law, in consequence of a state of circumstances which she herself had brought about, and yet she would enforce it to our harm. But we are willing to admit its application, and will take upon us to show, if she appeals to the doctrine of reprisals, that three-fourths of her confiscations were improper in fact, and irregular in form; nay more, that under that law the decree of Rambouillet, and the proceedings under it, were utterly unjustified in principle by the American Non-Intercourse acts, which were as far as possible from that "flagrant injustice" which the writers upon the general law allude to as authorizing reprisals. Besides, if the Non-Intercourse was so great an indignity to France, why were not measures of reprisal *eo nomine*, resorted to for a whole year after the first American act became a law?—nay, for near a year after its expiration, and but a month previously to that of the act which had been substituted for it. The fact, moreover, that Napoleon's ministers never adverted to the expiration of the first Non-Intercourse act, and its renewal by the act of June, 1809, shows very plainly that it was not looked upon as a hostile measure, or considered detrimental to France. The Duc de Broglie, after all his evident attention to the subject, speaks of it, even in 1834, as a law enacted on the 1st of March, 1809, for one year, and expiring in March, 1810, when in fact the second act did not expire by its terms until the adjournment of Congress, on the 1st May, 1810.

The decree of Rambouillet was not only unfounded in principle, but was applied in violation of the plainest principles of universal

equity. It was directed to be enforced, as we have already seen, against all vessels of the United States which might, after the 20th May, 1809, have entered a port of France or its colonies, or any country occupied by its armies. It ordered their *immediate confiscation*, and that the proceeds should be deposited in the *caisse d'amortissement*, thus violating another prominent principle of the law of reprisals, which directs that no confiscation shall take place but where redress has been refused and is become hopeless. A retroactive operation, embracing a period of ten months, by which an immense amount of property was swept into the French coffers, without possibility of notice, was an inherent characteristic of this act of power; which, exercised as it was against the effects of a friendly nation, trading, not only with the confidence of a neutral, but entering French ports at the express invitation of French commanders, deserves to be stigmatized as the most perfidious and wanton abuse of authority which that unparalleled era can present. As an act of profligate despotism, (though individual liberty was less affected by it,) the detention of British subjects after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, is far behind it. That was the act of one enemy towards another; an enemy pushing, it is true, his means of offence to an extremity not only of retaliatory but vindictive injury, but pushed in his turn far beyond the limits of ascertained or permitted right. This was the cool and calculating perfidy of a professed but insidious friend, who erects a beacon, not for safety but for spoil. In fact, it has been viewed in that light by almost every French ministry to whom the subject has been presented; and the St. Sébastien seizures, and all others which depended upon the retrospective application of the Rambouillet decree, have been admitted to present a fair ground of indemnification. It was the Chamber of 1834 which first discovered that "they admit of doubts, and afford matter for discussion."

One word more about this decree as an act of reprisal. Whoever will take the trouble to consult the diplomatic correspondence between the American minister General Armstrong and the Duke of Cadore, in 1809-10, will discover, that so early as the 29th April, 1809, the passage of the first Non-Intercourse act, "as a precautionary measure, adopted solely with the design of protecting the property and rights of the United States, and of appealing once more to the interests and the sense of justice of those who wish to destroy them," was communicated in the above terms to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the receipt of the communication acknowledged; that its full extent and operation were known and comprehended; and that no intimation or thought of retaliation was suggested or entertained, until the Emperor lost all hope that hostilities with Great Britain would ensue from the repudiation of Mr. Erskine's treaty, and the subsequent rupture with his successor. It was, then, nearly eleven months after he

was informed of this intolerable American act, and twenty days after its principle was supposed in France to have ceased to operate, that he found himself "compelled reluctantly to resort to reprisals"—retrospective reprisals, for an act of which he had had immediate notice, from which he had not suffered, of which he had never complained, which he actually believed to have expired, and which in the first instance was provoked by his own flagrant injustice. We remember similar reprisals in the case of the lamb, that, standing below the wolf, was so unfortunate as to muddy the stream.

We have arrived nearly at the close of the first act of the drama, and our elder readers, who are familiar with its details, must excuse us that it is so long protracted. There is a generation on the stage of our country, who were in their childhood when these transactions took place—it is proper that they should know, so far as our epitome can give them the information, the true nature and extent of the grievances which it may yet fall to their lot to redress. The consequences of wrong spread too widely and too far to permit their origin to be forgotten, and it is not the least evil of great moral convulsions, that they scatter the seeds of difference and distrust over the relations of those who are strangers to the violence in which they commenced. We cannot know too thoroughly the ground on which we are to debate with a skilful antagonist, and the assurance of right is a no less energetic and necessary weapon to the successful issue of the encounter than the confidence of power.

By an act of Congress of May 1st, 1810, it was provided, that in case either Great Britain or France should, before the 3d of March, 1811, so revoke or modify her edicts as that they should cease to violate the neutral commerce of the United States, which fact should be declared by the proclamation of the President; and if the other nation should not, within three months after the date of the proclamation, in like manner revoke her edicts—then the material provisions of the Non-Intercourse act should be revived against the power so refusing or neglecting to revoke or modify them. The Emperor, through his Minister of Foreign Affairs, under date of the 5th August, 1810, pledged himself to the Minister of the United States, that from and after the 1st November, 1810, the offensive decrees should be repealed, "it being well understood, that in consequence of this declaration, the English shall revoke their Orders in Council, and renounce the new principles of blockade which they have attempted to establish; or that the United States, *in conformity with the act which you have just communicated*, shall cause their rights to be respected by Great Britain." Relying on this pledge, the President, by proclamation of the 2d November, 1810, declared that the edicts of France had been repealed. Yet on the very day of the date of the Duke of Cadore's letter, stipu-

lating for the repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees, the decree of Trianon directed the final condemnation of all American vessels about which previous doubts had been entertained, and the irrevocable appropriation of the former sales to the purposes of the treasury, they having hitherto been deposited in the *caisse des dépôts et consignations*.

"Stranger still than this," says the Duc de Broglie, "this decree is based upon a report, in which it is stated that the decree was designed as a measure of retaliation for the Non-Intercourse law; while the same report also establishes, on the one hand that the Non-Intercourse law was no longer in existence, and on the other that it was never applied to French vessels."

It is sufficiently obvious, that as a retaliatory measure—and that is the ground on which it stands—the decree of Trianon cannot for an instant be supported, and therefore that all seizures made under it, and all appropriations directed by it, are unsustainable. If these were made under the Berlin and Milan decrees, there was no necessity for an additional edict—the very issuing of that edict necessarily shows that such was not the fact. The proceedings, therefore, between the 5th August, 1810, and the 1st November of the same year, can derive no additional efficacy from this decree. It has been attempted to establish a very nice distinction between confiscations where the seizures took place previously, and where subsequently to the 1st November, 1810. It is an idle one, but was much dwelt upon in the Chambers. The answer to it is, (and as we consider those seizures in some measure connected with the Trianon decree we will dispose of it here,) that it is the definitive sentence which changes the property, and carries into execution the law under which the proceedings commence; that on the repeal of the law the proceedings fall with it, unless a special reservation is made in their favour; and that, if the final condemnation could be referred by relation to the initiatory process, the repeal would not at all have effected what in the instance before us was its main object, the relief of those principally affected by it. The repeal of the edicts on the 1st of November took away the power of confiscation under them, because it wholly revoked the only authority by which that power had originally been given.

Be this as it may, however, the United States complied with the conditions proposed in the Duke of Cadore's letter. By the terms of the act of 1st May, 1810, the Non-Intercourse was re-established as against Great Britain on the 1st February, 1811, and was formally renewed by the act of Congress of 2d March of the same year, thus fulfilling the alternative of the Emperor in terms. Nevertheless, and we beg leave to repeat the fact, the decree of 28th April, 1811, (for so it was dated,) carrying into effect the stipulation for repeal, was not officially promulgated until the 10th May, 1812!—within one month of the declaration of

war against Great Britain, and when it had become obvious that such an event must take place. Meantime the seizures were continued to the end of 1810, through the whole of 1811, and up to April 1812—a period of twenty months after the day at which, by an official pledge, the decrees were to be annulled, and of seventeen months after the period fixed by a solemn ordinance of the Emperor for their revocation. These proceedings certainly were, to use the silken phrase of the American Executive, “highly objectionable.”\*

The war between Great Britain and the United States put a period both to the inclination and the ability of Napoleon to despoil the commerce of the latter—to the inclination, because that war had been the object to which all his measures of coercion towards the United States may in a great measure be referred—to the ability, because our ports were blockaded and our commerce terminated—we had nothing left which was worth the plundering. Mr. Barlow was accordingly sent, in 1812, to seek reparation for the past. It is worth while to know at the beginning of these negotiations what the amount of the American claims was—their nature we have seen in the preceding pages.

We are not aware exactly of the sum demanded by Mr. Barlow, as we have seen no statement presented by that minister. His principal object was to establish the principles on which the demands of the United States rested, leaving their amount to be settled at a period when the data requisite to establish them could be completely collected. We have somewhere seen it stated, that the Duke of Vicenza, with whom he negotiated, (although his official report only allowed eighteen millions of francs,) had left estimates which brought them up to forty or fifty millions. The instructions of Mr. Van Buren to Mr. Rives, to which we have already adverted, and which, as no interest is computed, include nothing that was not due in 1812, state the amount at about sixty-six millions of francs, or twelve millions of dollars: this estimate was declared to be imperfect. We have heretofore stated the amount of the first four claims contained in it, to wit:

1. Claims prior to 30th September, 1800, not included in the settlement under the 4th and 5th articles of the treaty of 1800, - - - - -	\$1,488,833 99
2. Claims between 30th September, 1800, and 30th April, 1803, for debts within that period, and provided for by the 12th article of the treaty of 1803, - - - - -	134,786 06
	<hr/>
Carried over,	\$1,623,620 05

\* Message of President Madison to Congress, 3d November, 1812.

	Brought over,	\$1,623,620 05
3.	Claims between 30th September, 1800, and 30th April, 1803, not provided for by the 4th and 5th articles of the treaty of 1800, -	75,704 53
4.	Claims between 30th April, 1803, and the year 1805, - - - - -	1,065,081 98
To these are now to be added,		
5.	(1) Claims subsequent to 1805, chiefly growing out of the decrees and orders of the French government, on which no final condemnation was passed, - - - - -	6,256,647 69
	(2) Claims of the same nature, but finally condemned by the Council of Prizes, Council of State, or by Imperial decisions and orders,	3,026,231 84
Aggregate,		<hr/> \$ 12,047,286 09 <hr/>

The statements compiled in 1830 from official materials increase this amount to 14,500,000 dollars, or 77,333,333 francs, which, if we add interest from 1814 to 1830, at five per cent., being 52,208,925 francs, will give a total of one hundred and twenty-nine millions five hundred and forty-two thousand two hundred and fifty-eight francs.

With Mr. Barlow's mission, then, commenced the reclamations of the United States for a sum, which, leaving aside the entire interest, and all the claims prior to 1806, amounted, by an estimate confessedly founded on imperfect information, to nine millions of dollars. His instructions are not before us, but it is not improbable that the experience of our government concerning the character and policy of Napoleon, would induce them, particularly in the state in which our affairs then stood with England, to waive too rigid a persistency in the extreme amount of their demand. They had, moreover, much at heart the re-establishment of the Convention of 1800, or some similar arrangement, to effect which it might be thought expedient to sacrifice a portion, and that not a small one, of the estimated indemnity. Something too must be allowed for the disturbed state of Europe, and the small prospect that it would speedily be restored to repose. It does not however appear, that the reports of the Dukes of Bassano and Vicenza to the Emperor, from October 1812 to January 1814, establishing certain classes of claims and rejecting others, were the result of any previous arrangement with Mr. Barlow, much less that the latter had ever agreed upon the sum afterwards named. That minister followed the Emperor to the north, and died in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, in the beginning of 1813. The negotiation was thereby concluded, nor was it renewed by the successor of Mr. Barlow after the retreat from Moscow. Mr. Crawford was indeed in-



structed to present the claims of this government, and perhaps his representations may have stimulated the Duke of Vicenza's later reports; but it does not appear that he was accredited sufficiently long before the Restoration, to effect more than a mere presentment of the views of the United States. The mere opinions of the Duke of Vicenza, therefore, though forcible enough as against France to the extent of eighteen millions of francs, cannot be held to conclude the United States, the latter not having been called upon to controvert or deny any errors or omissions in the premises on which they were formed. Indeed, it would not be very difficult to show at this time, that by the principle admitted in these very reports, the indemnities to be granted could not justly fall short of thirty millions of francs—one proof of which, and that a weighty one, is, that the opinion of the minority of the French commission of 1830 was in favour of that sum, and they admitted no class of claims excluded by the Duke of Vicenza.

It is of some importance to state what, in the very outset of our negotiation, and while the whole bearing of the transactions in which it originated was fresh in the minds of both parties, was admitted by the imperial government, with the defence of its own acts weighing upon it, in favour of certain portions of our claim. In the report above alluded to, the Duke of Vicenza admits three classes of claims as clearly the subject of indemnity, viz., that including vessels destroyed upon the ocean—that arising from the application of the Berlin and Milan decrees after their repeal—and that including seizures under those decrees before the period fixed for their application. If to these is added that which is admitted in the report of the committee of the Chambers of 1834, viz. the claim for seizures in the Spanish ports in 1809–10, we have a basis beyond which the American demand has frequently advanced, but behind which, so far as principle is concerned, no minister of this country has ever receded. It seems to us farther, that the canvass to which our claims have been subjected by the numerous ministers of France, has resulted in the conviction, however tardily and reluctantly expressed, that these were the narrowest limits within which the demand of the United States could in any manner be reduced. The difficulties which have interposed themselves to prevent a settlement upon these bases have been the reluctance with which, after the Restoration, and the Revolution of July, the new governments entered upon the subject at all; the desire on our part to approach more nearly to a liquidation of our whole demand than these principles would enable us to do; a similar desire on the part of France to narrow if possible the reparation to be granted still farther; and finally, on the mutual admission of the principles of payment, the perplexities which attended every attempt to fix the amount to be paid. The reader may see, eventually, with what justice we might seek other reasons in the

nature of the delays, which design as well as accident placed in our path.

The Bourbons re-commenced their reign on the 2d of April, 1814. By the treaties with the European powers of 1814 and 1815, France agreed to discharge obligations to the amount of one thousand millions of francs. The United States refused the invitation of those powers to enforce its claims by means of the bayonets, of which France now complains, but to which her rulers then looked with gratitude. Subsequent events have shown, that there was more magnanimity than wisdom in the refusal. On the 19th November, 1816, however, application was made by Mr. Gallatin to M. de Richelieu for a consideration of the American claims. This was the first communication with the government of the Restoration touching that subject, and took place more than two years and a half after the re-organization of the government. Still it was too soon for France; and her minister, while he admitted the principle of the claim, craved farther delay on account of the embarrassed state of the finances. We say nothing about the additional motives imposed upon France by this request to respect our future application—suffice it, that the delay was granted.

In 1818, the Minister for Foreign Affairs announced to the Chamber of Deputies that France was released from all her engagements to the *European* powers—tacitly admitting, by the insertion of this qualification, at the official request of the minister of the United States, that engagements still subsisted to the government of the latter country.

During the five years which succeed the request of M. de Richelieu, and in conformity with that request, with the one formal exception just alluded to, the American claims were suffered to sleep with merely incidental mention. The continued pressure upon the French treasury, and the disordered condition of the revenue consequent upon the tremendous struggles through which the nation had passed, seem sufficient to account for the silence of the American government—though one authority has not hesitated to assert, that the pending negotiation for the renewal of the navigation treaty was purposely and vexatiously procrastinated by the French ministry, in order to form an obstacle to the reclamations of our minister. There is no satisfactory evidence, however, on which to found this imputation. The existence of such an obstacle, though it might prevent the admission of the claims, could scarcely hinder their presentation. Accordingly, in 1822, when the pecuniary affairs of France had become restored, Mr. Gallatin did not hesitate to demand from the Vicomte de Montmorency, Minister of Foreign Affairs, a compliance with the implied pledge of his predecessor. This was in January. The debt was again formally acknowledged, both by that minister and his

colleague, the President of the Council. Then it was that, much to the astonishment of Mr. Gallatin, the French ministry for the first time absolutely refused to treat until the differences between France and the United States, in relation to the navigation acts, were settled—a question, by the way, which had no more relation to the claims of the United States, than it had to the partition of Poland. In June of the same year, however, the long pending navigation treaty was signed at Washington; and in August Mr. Gallatin brought it in his hand to M. de Villèle, and reminded him that the obstacle suggested by his colleague and himself in January, was fortunately removed. “The mind of the President of the Council, very fertile in expedients,” was not without one in this conjuncture. He expressed his perfect willingness to treat, but suggested that the negotiation must include the claims of French citizens upon the United States, and the right heretofore alluded to, which France had assumed under the eighth article of the Louisiana treaty. M. de Villèle persisting in his determination to join the American claim and the construction of the treaty in one negotiation, Mr. Gallatin stated to the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, who had succeeded that minister, his reasons why they ought not to be united, and that he should regard a perseverance in the course suggested by the latter, as tantamount to an indefinite postponement of the American claims.\*

As this Louisiana question has, in every stage of our negotiations with France, and particularly in the debate in the Chamber of Deputies consequent upon the late treaty, been made a principal obstacle to the adjustment of our pretensions, it is proper to state precisely what it is, and to consider how far France was justifiable in making its consideration the *sine qua non* of the discussion of the American claims. The eighth article of the treaty of 1803 provides, that “in future and for ever, after the expiration of the twelve years,” (during which French vessels were to be placed on a footing with our own) “the ships of France shall be treated upon the footing of the most favoured nation, in the ports [of Louisiana] above mentioned.” The alleged violation of this article by the United States, and the only one, consists in the admission, since 1815, and by virtue of the treaty of the 3d July of that year, of British vessels into the ports of Louisiana free of tonnage duty, while the ships of France pay a duty of five francs per ton, being the same which is levied in France upon the tonnage of the United States. The construction of the eighth article contended for by France is, that whatever privilege, in the ports of Louisiana, has been, since the treaty of 1803, or may hereafter be extended by the United States to any foreign nation, immediately becomes

\* Vide Speech of the Duc de Broglie in the Chamber of Deputies, 31st March, 1834. Mr. Van Buren's instructions to Mr. Rives, 20th July, 1829.

demanded by France as of right, without any reference whatever to the terms on which such privilege has been or may be conceded: that is to say, that although the abolition of a discriminating duty upon British vessels in the ports of Louisiana, (in common with the other ports of the United States,) was the result of a similar arrangement by Great Britain in behalf of American vessels in her ports, yet that France, by force of the treaty of 1803, may claim, so far as Louisiana is concerned, all the rights of Great Britain, without paying the consideration by which the latter obtained them. To this construction the United States uniformly refused their assent, inasmuch as they said, that the privileges granted to Great Britain were the result of purchase, not of *favour*—that they were bought, not given—and that, while the United States were ready, on the same terms, to extend the same advantages, they could not place France on a footing of injurious superiority, by virtue of a clause which stipulated only for a proper and reasonable equality. They said, moreover, (and the argument is so good a one against the construction contended for by France, that she has been forced to misconstrue it into an apology for the alleged violation of the treaty,) that under the fundamental law of the United States, such an interpretation could never have been contemplated by the negotiators of the treaty, as it would give to France gratuitous admission into *all* the ports of the former country, any preference of the ports of one state over those of another being prohibited by the Constitution.

We do not intend here to argue the point of construction; much has been said, and certainly much may be said, on both sides. Mr. Jefferson himself doubted the constitutionality of the acquisition of Louisiana. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should be found to involve some unconstitutional concomitants. But we wish to call attention to the discussion, in reference to the object with which it was started by the French cabinet. It was evidently used as a convenient resource for procrastination. It was not, in any manner, connected with the American indemnity; but it was an attempt to blend a disputed demand upon the United States, with the adjustment of a right long before conceded to them. Its origin was subsequent, in point of time, to the presentment and acknowledgment of our claim. The demand was of so little value to France, that for two years it was not deemed worthy of notice; and, to this day, has not, in pecuniary amount, exceeded three thousand dollars a year. And finally, it was a question of interpretation, on which the parties might dispute for ever, particularly as France well knew that the privilege contended for would be, if conceded in its precise form, an absolute violation of the American Constitution.

Mr. Gallatin might therefore well protest against the interposition of this new and most unexpected obstacle, between the promises

and performance of the French ministry. The persevering determination of the latter, to unite the two subjects of negotiation—a determination apparently confirmed by the prospect of delay evident in such an arrangement—and the protestations and proposals of the new minister of the United States (Mr. Brown), occupied *seven* additional years of patient diplomacy. We have not space enough to travel over all the ground taken by the Count de Menou, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, the Baron de Dumas, and the Count de la Ferronays. In 1825, the Baron de Dumas, for the first time, denied that France owed the United States any thing—another minister alleged, that the government of the Restoration was not responsible for the acts of the Empire—a third, that the American claims should have been urged for settlement when those of the European powers were adjusted (although Mr. Gallatin's effort to that very end was postponed at the express request of the French minister)—while a fourth declared, that the principle of the European treaties did not involve that on which the claims of the United States were founded, inasmuch, as by those treaties, provision was only made for responsibilities arising from contract, and not from wrong; though it was notorious, as has since been clearly shown by Mr. Rives, in his note to the Prince de Polignac, of 26th May, 1830—first, that if the European treaties *did* only provide for *debts*, as contradistinguished from *torts*, that distinction could not possibly conclude us, being neutrals, inasmuch as the European claims were between belligerents, and as such could not, of necessity, cover damages arising from a state of war; and secondly, that provision was actually made, by four distinct treaties, for *confiscations* within the territories of England, Spain, Holland, and Germany. Each minister, moreover, in succession, and without exception, laid the Louisiana question at the threshold of every attempt at negotiation; and each in turn justified the language of the Duc de Broglie, when he characterized their various subterfuges as “shameful attempts to get rid of these inconvenient American claims.” To us, the long line of ministerial succession, and the various resources of diplomatic evasion, brought but a repetition of disappointment; and the variety of pretexts for a uniformity of injustice, seems to have been considered but a necessary counterpart to the multiplied pretences for original uniformity of wrong.

So early as 1823, Mr. Adams had declared to the French minister, that the United States would never consent to make the indemnity claimed by them, in any manner dependant upon the consideration of the Louisiana question; though Mr. Brown was afterwards authorized, at Paris, and the American Secretary stood ready at Washington, to entertain the latter in a distinct negotiation. We presume the government was of opinion, that, as hitherto, each concession to France had but produced an additional

demand, so that there would be no end of yielding, unless some ground should be taken indicative of our own self-respect, and of our determination to assert as a right, what France would fasten on us as a favour or a compromise. After Mr. Adams became President, this policy was retained, and persisted in to the close of his administration. It was doubtless justified by the history of our previous relations with France, and by the new suggestions of denial and difficulty, which it had been the lot of Mr. Brown to encounter, in relation to the claims of his country. With the change of administration, however, it was deemed best, at all hazards, to take France at her word, and procure at least a consideration of the long deferred complaints of our citizens. Mr. Rives was accordingly, in 1829, accredited to the French government, and authorized, if on that ground only it could be effected, to enter upon a negotiation which should include all matters in controversy between the two nations.

It was Mr. Rives's fortune, as it had been that of most of his predecessors, to find at the head of affairs a minister who was utterly unacquainted with the nature and extent of the demands upon which he was to negotiate, and who certainly was not pre-disposed to look upon them with any degree of indulgence. It became necessary, therefore, for the American envoy once more to unfold the old catalogue of grievances, and to expatiate anew upon violated neutrality, injuries unrepaired, and spoliations undressed :

“ For us and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.”

The Prince de Polignac, at the very first interview, started the exploded objection (one certainly that placed him at a very safe distance from any committal) that the restored government did not consider itself responsible for the acts of Bonaparte. Belonging to a ministry, which even then could scarcely claim, with any confidence, from the Chambers, their sanction to its most ordinary acts, and which trembled for its own existence, the Prince was in no haste to stake his place upon the completion of an arrangement, which, however just, could not but be unpopular. He therefore advanced, in turn, all the stale evasions of his predecessors, pleaded his manifold engagements previous to the expected convocation of the Chambers, and expressed his apprehensions that the magnitude of the claims would be a serious obstacle to their allowance, while the admission of the principle on which they rested, would expose France to demands to an indefinite amount from other powers. Driven, at length, from one entrenchment after another, he was forced, on the 11th January, 1830, to concede that the destruction of vessels at sea was not distinguishable from



an act of piracy, and that the seizures in the Spanish ports were little better—explicitly admitting, as the Duke of Vicenza had done seventeen years before with regard to one of them, that both these classes presented fair claims for indemnity. A month later, another admission was obtained, in favour of the claim for supplies; and, to a certain extent, still another, in favour of all irregular condemnations under the Imperial decrees.

Up to the 19th March, 1830, Mr. Rives, with some reason, supposed that he was on the high road to a successful execution of his errand. But the policy of the French cabinet had not at all changed its complexion. Prince Polignac had conceded step by step, as he was vigorously pressed—and having yielded perforce, had taken time to devise the means of avoiding the effect of his concessions. The first that presented itself, was that faithful servant of his predecessors, the old Louisiana question. True, he could not make the same use of it that they had done, but he affected to consider the offer made by Mr. Rives, to include it in the general negotiation, as an admission of the correctness of the construction claimed by France. Against this *misapprehension* Mr. Rives very properly protested. It was reiterated, with an intimation, (which had been previously thrown out,) that, but for the supposed concession of this point, exception would have been taken to the message of President Jackson at the opening of Congress in 1829, with regard to the relations subsisting between the two countries. A satisfactory explanation was received from Mr. Rives of this last difficulty, but the Louisiana pretension seemed to grow into greater magnitude and importance. France now asserted, not only her construction for the future, but a restitution of the duties antecedently levied, and *indemnities for the advantages of which her commerce had been deprived!*\*

It is impossible to follow into detail the farther history of this portion of the negotiation. The report of a commission which had been directed by the ministry to examine the claims was unfavourable to our pretensions, inasmuch as it recommended an adherence to the Louisiana question, and a proposition to yield it only on the surrender of ALL claims on the part of the United States previous to the Restoration.

"There is every reason to believe," says Mr. Jay, in his report to the Chambers in 1834, "that the commission (of 1830) in proposing to unite two questions which were repeatedly declared by the American negotiation to be independent of each other, was only endeavouring to gain time for the French government, or to place it in a more favourable situation for terminating the negotiation."

The Algerine expedition furnished another pretext for delay, in the occupation it gave to the department of Prince Polignac; and

\* Note of the Prince de Polignac, 23d March, 1830. Mr. Rives to Mr. Van Buren, Despatch 6th April, 1830.

the broad ground was at length resumed, that the ministry had never admitted the right of America to recover at all, and that whatever France might see fit to pay would be wholly *ex gratia*.

We are aware that Mr. Rives, after his proposition to the ministry, offering a reduction of the duty on wines as an equivalent for the concession of the Louisiana question, believed that he had made a great advance in the purpose of his mission. He certainly received a promise that the *projet* of a treaty, founded upon that offer, should be furnished to him; but it is scarcely necessary now to say, that no serious intention was entertained of taking such a step. Indeed, the confidence with which, on the 30th July, 1830, Mr. Rives speaks of the probability that, but for the prostration of the government of Charles X., such a *projet* would have been completed, is in strong contrast with his surprise at "the inflexible adherence to the Louisiana pretension," to which he alludes in his despatch of the 17th of the same month, detailing the particulars of his last interview with Prince Polignac. We do not believe that the government of the Restoration ever intended to pay one cent to the United States, and we found our incredulity upon the fact, that for the space of sixteen years no progress was made and no footing gained with that government, without the intervention of some new and startling obstacle to render it nugatory and ineffectual. The road to the cabinet was icy—our negotiators advanced one step and receded two. We have endeavoured to trace the retrograde progress, and so far as our limits have permitted, have placed it in the view of our readers.

The Bourbons and their counsellors never thoroughly investigated our claims, and had they done so they would have felt no sympathy for an adventurous and free republic, the force of whose example had driven their dynasty from the throne. They would no doubt have thought it but retributive justice, that the upstart Commonwealth had been plundered by the bastard Emperor. France, moreover, had little to lose by neglecting our claims. She could but pay the money at last, and so long as she could amuse her creditors with promises or thwart them with obstacles, she suffered nothing by the delay. Apprehension was out of the question. For years the affair scarcely put on a decided aspect. Nothing like a serious appeal was contemplated. By 1820, the resources of France, thanks to the vigorous wisdom of the minister Decazes, and her own innate and wonderful capabilities, were equivalent to any contest, much more to one with an enemy, who, at the distance of three thousand miles might strike with a vigorous arm, but whose proper interests were at that time of a pacific tendency. In addition to reasons drawn from the character and policy of the Restoration, we have at a period subsequent to the deposition of Charles X., the testimony of the Prince de Polignac himself, the very minister upon whose promises Mr.

Rives relied with so much confidence, to the effect that, as the result of his own particular and individual investigation, nothing was due to the people of the United States. In the debate of 1834, M. Mauguin (a curious oracle by the way to announce the responses of an imprisoned high priest of legitimacy) made the following statement to the Chamber:

“It has been said that the Restoration was upon the point of negotiation when it was overthrown. This is an error; and I shall relate a particular fact in regard to it, which will have influence, and which moreover does honour to a man now in misfortune. [Hear! hear!]

“The Chamber appointed Messrs. Madier de Montjau, Berenger, and myself, commissioners for the purpose of conducting the trial of the late ministers of Charles X., and we went to Vincennes in order to proceed with the interrogatories. It is needless to say to you, that these interrogatories were conducted as they ought to be in every criminal case. We gave M. de Polignac, when we were interrogating him, some time for rest; and during that interval we entered into conversation. We were speaking (I do not know how it happened) upon the subject of the American claims: I appeal to the recollection of my colleagues—and the expression of M. de Polignac does him honour. When these claims were mentioned, he cried out, under the impulse of national feeling, ‘Take care, we owe them nothing; I have studied this question; we owe them nothing!’ This exclamation was uttered with so much energy, that it showed a patriotic feeling to which I am always happy to do justice. I told M. de Polignac so at the time.”

With this piece of testimony (and that there could be no collusion between Mr. Mauguin and the Prince de Polignac, all who know any thing of their political history will readily comprehend,) we take our leave of the tergiversation of the restored government, as we did in their turn of the bootless admissions of the imperial administration.

After the Revolution of July our claim, like “the long-remembered beggar,” the survivor of two dynasties, became the unwelcome guest of Louis Philippe. Empires and kingdoms had literally fallen and risen around the patient and venerable mendicant, yet still it held its place, the record and the relic of chronology. The negotiations which followed the accession of the new government are too recent, and too much in the remembrance of our readers, to be minutely detailed. We were finally heard not only with civility but with attention, the causes of our complaint investigated, and a determination at length evinced to examine for some other end than to cavil at and deny them. In justice to the French ministry we must say, that considering the amount of the claim, its ancient origin, the history of its rejection for so many years, and the severe scrutiny which its admission would be likely to produce, they did as much and did it as promptly as expediency and circumstances would permit. Mr. Rives also accomplished all for the cause of his fellow-citizens that could have been anticipated in the exigencies of the case. He made a compromise, it is true, at a liberal discount from the face of the American demand, but he terminated thereby (as he had a right to believe) the vexation of protracted pursuit, and the bitterness of repeated disappointment.

He settled a question which for a long series of years had exhausted the patience and endangered the intercourse of two nations whose annual interchange of benefit is worth thrice the sum secured by the treaty, and to which, that question being disposed of, there can scarcely be a limit. One promised indemnity had disappeared at Waterloo; another had vanished with legitimacy from Cherbourg:

——“Fugit ipse Latinus,  
Pulsatos referens infecto fœdere divos”——

nor was it without the bounds of reasonable speculation to presume that a third, if not rendered secure by an early pledge of the national faith, might perish in some new war of the barricades. All things considered, therefore, Mr. Rives's treaty was both financially and politically a reasonable and advantageous measure, and gave to the United States, if not all they had a right to demand, at least as much as their past experience could lead them to expect. The following is a summary of its provisions:

- Art. 1. France agrees to pay to the United States twenty-five millions of francs.
2. Fixes the time for the payment of this sum in six equal annual instalments, and the rate of interest on arrears.
  3. The United States agree to pay France one million five hundred thousand francs.
  4. Prescribes the mode of paying the last mentioned sum.
  5. Secures to the citizens of the respective countries the right of prosecuting claims not included in the treaty.
  6. Provides for the reciprocal communication of the necessary documents for the substantiation of claims under the treaty.
  7. Stipulates on the part of the United States for the reduction of the duties on French wines; and on the part of France for an abandonment of the Louisiana pretension, and an equalization of the duties on *long-staple* and *short-staple* cottons.
  8. Prescribes the period of eight months for the exchange of ratifications.

This treaty was signed on the 4th of July, 1831, and ratified at Washington on the 2d of February, 1832. By the terms of the second article, the first instalment under it became due on the 2d of February, 1833. In regard to the manner in which the treaty was obtained, we shall content ourselves with one or two very general remarks. The first is, that it was signed upon a very full personal investigation of the whole subject to which it refers by Count Molé and the Duc de Broglie, successively Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and by M. Lafitte, President of the Council of Ministers, aided by a commission consisting of Vicomte Lainé and MM. Benjamin Delessert, Bellet, G. W. Lafayette, Pichon, and

D'Audiffret, four of them members of one or the other branch of the French legislature, and a fifth a diplomatist of reputation. The second observation is, (and we may have occasion to recur to it,) that the treaty was considered on both sides in the light of a compromise, in which each party yielded a portion of its pretensions to the peculiar exigencies of the position of the other. Nothing, therefore, can have been more preposterous and unfair than the conduct of the Chamber of 1834, in rejecting the convention, because it secured something to America and conceded something from France, when the very principle upon which it was founded was, that all the efforts of the parties to arrange their differences upon the strict ground of demonstrated right had, for twenty years, proved abortive. But before we examine the conduct of the Chambers, we have a word to say upon that of the ministers subsequent to the signing of the treaty.

We are not about to impute bad faith to the French Executive, but there certainly was exhibited on the part of the King's ministers, for two years after the 4th of July, 1831, a supineness, a *crassa negligentia*, which reminds us strongly of the days of Charles X. In relation to the sixth article of the treaty, which depended for its full execution upon the ministers alone, their conduct was inconsistent with their professed desire to forward the interests of the American claimants. The most trivial excuses were suffered to hinder the *communication* of the necessary documents from the French archives, and a lexicographical construction of the term was asserted, which, if admitted, would have rendered the whole provision nugatory, and prevented any distribution of the fund had it been received. On the signing of the treaty, (the ratification of which by our government was not for an instant to be doubted,) they had before them full eighteen months for the *ménagemens*, of which so much is said in their correspondence. They had a complete session and one or two months of another, to take the necessary means to secure a proper view of the subject among the deputies, and to introduce, commit, and mature their bill. Had an earnest determination on the part of the Chamber to participate in the treaty power been originally anticipated by the ministry, it seems incredible to us that, previous to the arrival of the first day of payment, they should not have introduced the measure, and thrown the responsibility of failure to comply with their stipulations off their shoulders. But it is fair to presume that no branch of the French administration viewed the subject in a sufficiently serious light. It appears to have been believed, that the United States, having patiently waited twenty years for their treaty, would as patiently wait twenty more for its execution; nor was it until the American draft reached Paris, some time in March, 1833, that, expressing "some regret and even astonishment," the ministry saw fit at length to address

themselves to the Chamber. On the 6th of April, 1833, two months after the first instalment had become due, a bill was introduced by the Minister of Finance to provide for its payment. Nothing farther was done at this session. At the next, on the 11th of June, the subject made so much progress as to be referred to a committee, who on the 18th of June reported that—they could not report. At the session of 1833–4, the ministers seem for the first time to have gone to work in good earnest. Henceforth, we have the satisfaction to say, their exertions were as much distinguished by fidelity as talent, and the speeches of the defenders of the bill, particularly those of the Duc de Broglie, and MM. Jay, Dumas, and Duchatel, could leave no doubt of their sincerity nor of their power. They were earnest, lucid, and demonstrative. The bill which was introduced on the 13th January, 1834, was referred to a committee of nine, who, on the 10th March, reported unanimously as to the principles of the treaty, and with one exception only (M. Bignon) in favour of the amount. The report was made the order of the day for the 28th of March, and the bill was lost, after much discussion, on the 1st of April, by a majority of eight!

It is our intention briefly to consider two questions arising out of this proceeding of the Chamber. These are, first, the right of that body to reject the treaty, and second, the propriety of that rejection. The proper understanding of the former question may be important in the regulation of our future relations with France—a due consideration of both is essential to a proper comprehension of our present position in regard to her.

We wish, however, to premise, for the better understanding of what we may hereafter say, that we use the word *right* in this connexion as contradistinguished from *power*, and as implying a capacity in the Chamber, in the ordinary discharge of duty, and under its ordinary and usual responsibilities, to exercise discretionary action. In other words we mean to inquire, whether the necessity which brings the fiscal provisions of a treaty before a branch of the French legislature, consequently gives to that branch, morally and *ex officio*, the prerogative of pronouncing upon its validity.

One thing we take to be clear, and that is, that we, as co-contracting parties with France, cannot be bound by any *ex post facto* interpretation or limitation of our contract; and that, in the absence of a common umpire, we have an equal right with France to say what is and what is not, a violation of or a compliance with that contract, and to pronounce what were and what were not its tacit and implied conditions. We shall not, therefore, be deterred from the examination we propose, by the suggestion that France is the best interpreter of her own charter and the powers of her own legislature, because in the first place it is not true in fact; and in the second, if it were, the inference attempted to be



derived from it would be good for nothing, in a case where the face of the instrument, and all previous practice under it, are against her. In treating with France, we were bound to know her domestic law so far only as it was declared and intelligible—we were not bound to seek for remote and possible constructions of power which might be invoked to defeat our rights. Such a course would have involved dishonourable suspicions. In the negotiations respecting the Louisiana tonnage duty, the ministers of France repeatedly and strongly insisted that they would listen to no argument from our own constitutional provisions against their claim, and that the domestic law could not for an instant be permitted to weigh against an international contract. There too the argument was merely from probability; in the case of the treaty of 1831, it is a positive obtrusion of the French constitution as a sufficient bar to our demand. We are aware that our negotiators were repeatedly told that a treaty of indemnity would be unpopular, and that the reluctance of Prince Polignac and others *to come before the Chamber* with such a treaty, was one great cause of the evasions and delays of that minister. But it should be recollected, that this was a reason for *not making* a treaty, not an excuse for *not executing* one. If the cabinet of Louis Philippe recognised the existence of a power in the Chambers to review and cancel the solemn acts of the King, they had no right to stipulate for an absolute performance of the contract at a given day; nor should they have suffered the United States in faith of that stipulation to execute as a treaty, an instrument which France regarded only as the evidence of an imperfect and inchoate contract. If they did not recognise such a power, it is pretty obvious that none such existed, nor are we to suffer by its subsequent establishment.

By the charter accepted by Louis Philippe in 1830, and which now forms the French constitution, the treaty power is distinctly and in terms lodged in the King. It is impossible to mistake the language of the thirteenth article of that instrument. “Le Roi est le chef suprême de l’état; il commande les forces de terre et de mer, déclare la guerre, fait les traités de paix, d’alliance et de commerce, nomme à tous les emplois,” &c. &c. “The King is the head of the state; he commands the forces of the land and sea, declares war, *forms treaties of peace, of alliance, and of commerce*, appoints to all offices,” &c. &c. On the face of this article, therefore, the power of the King over the subject matter is distinct and unlimited. Nor is it in any manner curtailed by the powers of the Chamber, except inferentially and by construction. We do not therefore at all understand the argument or the distinction of M. Auguis, when, in the debates of 1834, he said that no one was less disposed than he to dispute with the crown the right of making treaties, and at the same time undertook to

restrict that right to "diplomatic treaties—treaties essentially political." What possible authority is there for such a limitation? It excludes commercial treaties altogether, contrary to the express words of the thirteenth article. Besides, it is scarcely possible to imagine a treaty purely political save the case of intermarriage. The right of transport, navigation, and temporary occupation, are most frequently connected with commercial regulations. This last right especially might involve matters more serious (excluding any reference to commercial privileges) than the heaviest payments from the treasury. Yet must M. Auguis concede it, when purely political, to the King. It is an absurdity to suppose that the charter could intend to give the King the right to station a Spanish army at Bayonne, or cause an English fleet to invest Havre, and yet deny him the ability to regulate the commercial intercourse between France and the neighbouring states. Our treaty was, as has been already said elsewhere, essentially commercial. It provided indemnity for past commercial injuries, and stipulated for future commercial privileges. The owners of the claims are American merchants—the consideration given for the settlement was purely a mercantile consideration—the advantages to result from the arrangement are advantages to trade, seen, felt, and understood, by means of custom house documents and schedules.

We are perfectly aware that by the fifteenth article of the Charter, "all taxes ought first to be voted by the Chamber of Deputies," and that by the forty-eighth, "no tax can be imposed or enforced without the consent of *both* Chambers, and the sanction of the King." We are willing to drop the distinction between a tax and an appropriation, because in both cases application must be made to the Chamber, and it matters little by what name a vote of money is called, though we have heard of *appropriations* of money nearer home, which had little connexion with the exercise of the *taxing* power, except a subsequent and illegitimate connexion. It is obvious to every sense, that, under these two articles, the Chamber may violate the contracts of the King, inasmuch as they hold in their hand the key of the national treasury, just as any other agent of a common principal, holding the funds of that principal, may dishonour the drafts of his fellow agent, whose authority is nevertheless perfect for the making of those drafts. The Chamber might, so far as physical power is concerned, refuse to vote the civil list, although by the directions of the Charter its amount was fixed for the whole reign, at the first session after the King came to the throne. It is quite apparent, however, that this would be revolution. The government could not go on. We need not argue, therefore, that mere physical power, even in the exercise of domestic sovereignty, and in the absence of responsibility, is a very different thing from moral right—still wider are they apart when the interests of a third party are concerned. The holder of the draft (to

pursue our former illustration) resorts to his remedy.—We make another admission. The Chamber is not only at liberty, but is bound to refuse appropriations to carry into effect the obligations of the King, when in its wisdom it deems those obligations so ruinously onerous and degrading, that the risk of war is preferable to the preservation of the national faith; just as the agent again, who suspects fraud or forgery, may stake his principal's credit on the issue of a trial. The first duty of communities, as well as of individuals, is self-preservation. The principle is an obvious one. The general authority of the King, under the charter, can never be construed into a commission to sacrifice or impair the national safety. It is subject always to the implied condition that the commonwealth shall be preserved. Thus a treaty to alienate the whole resources of the nation (could such an absurdity be conceived) would justify resistance in the Chamber, not because it is the Chamber, or in the exercise of its ordinary functions, but on the principle which, were the Chamber also delinquent, would justify resistance in the courts of justice, or by an individual—that ulterior power which, less clumsily than by means of a special dictator, “takes care that the republic receives no detriment.”

This, then, is the limit of our admissions, and it does appear to us that he who goes farther, must plunge into an absurdity. For, by an incidental and constructive authority, he erects a second branch of the government into a tribunal of review, over those acts which, by a definite, positive, and fundamental provision, have been confided to a distinct department. He applies this power, thus incidentally gained, not to a whole class of subjects—not to treaties of peace, nor of alliance, nor even yet of commerce where no money is to be voted, although territory may be alienated to a great extent, for then the prerogative of taxing is not called into exercise, and the King is supreme. Yet, in consequence of an application for a thousand francs to pay for burning a hulk, (treaties being indivisible,) jurisdiction may, according to his doctrine, be acquired over questions of great extent and extreme delicacy. What is there in the payment of a debt, or even the granting of a subsidy,—(who will not recur to the days of Pitt?)—which ought from its nature to be the object of such scrupulous jealousy? Let it be compared with such treaties of alliance as we might name—that for instance, which sent a Bourbon across the Pyrenees, and produced the war of the Succession. The habits and functions of a legislative body, moreover, are not adapted to the delicate discussions of diplomacy. Treaties are generally bargains—compromises, involving a thousand remote considerations of fear and interest. What shall we say of the necessity which, in this very case, compelled the Duc de Broglie to tell the Chamber that the refusal of the required appropriation would involve the necessity of a much larger one to support an army on the Rhone and the Garonne?

Arguments from anticipated insurrection, ought to be cautiously whispered, not thundered from the tribune. Considerations of weakness, remote equivalents, and hopes of advantage, are for the cabinet, not the hall of debate.

But the King may make a bad treaty—true, and his ministers, by the terms of the Charter, are responsible. And the Chambers may reject a good one, provided the right contended for is conceded to them—and would do so frequently in times of high party excitement, throwing the foreign relations of the country into dependance upon its domestic politics. Power must be lodged somewhere—something must be confided to men, upon the strength of moral as well as of material checks. What government can treat with France under her view of her Charter?—if, after going to the head of the nation, and after a negotiation of twenty years, obtaining a limited redress for which a consideration was promised and given, it may, as has been the case with us, by a forced and strained construction, for the first time applied, be deprived of rights solemnly guaranteed and sanctioned in compliance with ancient and universal precedent? This is not the case of the enactment of a law, when the law-making power is on one side, and the constituency on the other. We are not represented before, or accredited to, the French legislature—nor can we visit the four hundred deputies of France *seriatim*, to read them lectures on the connexion between injury and redress. The vibratory motion of the nation, between one and the other department of the French government, would be but ill accelerated by the deprecativè pilgrimages of an American minister.

We can easily conceive why the counsellors of Louis Philippe shrank from a claim of power under the thirteenth article of the Charter. A construction of it too favourable to his own prerogative (a construction, by the way, which even Dupin and Casimir Périer considered within the letter of the constitution) cost Charles X. his crown. “*Fas est et ab hoste*,” &c. But this is no reason why we should submit to a denial of right. Let the power of the Chamber be defined, for the benefit of foreign nations, as is that of our own Senate, before they are held to be bound by it. At present the separate prerogatives of the different departments of the French government, admitting the Chamber to possess the co-ordinate power over treaties which is claimed, are very ill-distinguished. That of the King is merely initiatory, unless we hold it to be conclusive—and if not conclusive, what is the situation of the co-contracting party?—absolutely and finally bound, while France waits for the action of a popular assembly obedient to no terms of time or circumstance. Till the Chambers assent, the treaty is nugatory as a contract—it binds nobody: not the King, for he has not the power—not the Chamber, for it has not signified the will to execute it. Yet no one has boldly denied that some sort

of obligation rests upon France, in consequence of a solemn agreement by her King. Else why is his authority invoked? "If so, what is the obligation? Perfect or imperfect? If perfect, the question is brought to a conclusion. If imperfect, how large a part of the national faith is pawned? Is half the honour of the country put at risk, and that half too cheap to be redeemed? How long has this hair-splitting subdivision of good faith been discovered, and why has it escaped the researches of writers on the laws of nations?"\* We could hardly suppose that we wanted any further assurance of complete security, when we held in our hand a treaty in the name of the "French government," (sometimes "the Government of his Majesty,") stipulating for the execution of its provisions *per verba in præsentia*, and providing in one article for the alteration of the American duties, by which French wines should be admitted here, not from and after the vote of the Chamber, but "from and after the ratification of the present convention." Those wines were so admitted—we were obliged so to admit them as a condition precedent, and on pain of forfeiture, and thus presented ourselves in the singular predicament of a nation not only obliged to perform, but actually performing a contract, at the very moment when the other party had entirely released herself from all obligation under it. We are acquainted with the passage of Mr. Blount's resolution in the House of Representatives in 1796, but we are also acquainted with the fact that the very party which passed that absurd resolution, found themselves encompassed by so many difficulties in its application, that they durst not carry it into effect, even against a most unpopular treaty, and under circumstances of high excitement. The appropriations for the British treaty were carried in spite of it, nor has the pretension been revived in the United States—the opposition to the Louisiana conventions having taken much higher and broader ground. Mr. Livingston himself, than whom no man was more ardent on behalf of the prerogative of the House, has lived to preach a very opposite doctrine. As an ordinary exercise of legislative authority, the power claimed is indeed impracticable—impossible. It would stop the wheels of government, and put an end to the distinction and division of political function. It is a power beyond, above, without the law, to be exercised in extreme cases, and only on cogent and irresistible motive. Whether the treaty of 1832 ever presented such a case to the French Chamber, is the second question which we proposed to examine, and on which we shall say something, after closing our examination of the first by the following precise and logical analysis of the pretension of the Chambers, in Mr. Binney's speech in the House of Representatives, on the 2d March, 1835.

\* Speech of Fisher Ames on the British Treaty.



"I hold the treaty of 1831 to be a compact of unquestionable validity, constitutionally made, and perfected on both sides, requiring nothing further from any branch of the French government to complete its obligatory force, and more than usually sacred, from the nature of the wrongs it was intended to indemnify; and while I perceive no necessity at this time for a resolution by the House, that the rights secured to our citizens by the treaty, ought in no event to be sacrificed, abandoned, or impaired, yet I am ready to say for myself, that I do not now conceive of any possible event, in which the least of these rights ought to be sacrificed, abandoned, or impaired, by any act or omission on the part of the United States. The treaty has, on the part of France, been made by the authority of that branch of the government to which the constitution of the French nation has delegated the absolute and perfect right of making treaties. The whole nation have made it by the King, to whom is confided, without restriction, qualification, or appeal, the power to declare war, and to make treaties of peace, alliance and commerce, the generic names under which every species of compact with foreign nations was intended to be included, and which, beyond doubt, literally includes the treaty of 1831, a treaty of commerce, and of indemnity for interrupted and outraged commerce. The authority of the Chambers over the purse of the nation, and their consequent power to obstruct the execution of the treaty by refusing an appropriation for the stipulated payments, affects not in the remotest degree the obligation of the treaty upon the whole nation, and upon every branch of its government. The Chambers hold the same power over appropriations for the payment of debts contracted by express authority of a law made by themselves as a constituent part of the legislature. They have the undoubted power to refuse an appropriation in execution of a previous law; but the law is not the less a law, nor the treaty the less a treaty, nor either of them in any degree less obligatory upon the honour, faith, and conscience of the nation, by reason of the existence of such a power.—The power of the French Chambers does not concern a foreign nation. They are not part of the treaty-making power. The constitution of France has not reposed that trust in them but in another. Their authority is for internal administration. The United States have no relations to that body, send no minister to it, cannot negotiate with it, cannot recognise it as entitled to take any part, original or final, in their negotiations with France. In the King is centered the full and entire power of the nation, in its external relations with foreign powers. With him the power begins and ends; and the treaty which is concluded by his authority, whether it be a treaty of peace or of commerce, is a treaty of the nation, its supreme law, and binds every department of the government as effectually as if it were expressly ratified by every officer and subject of France. How and where the nation are to obtain the money which is to satisfy the treaty, is a question of internal law, in the decision of which neither can the voice of the United States be heard, nor her rights be prejudiced. The Chambers may refuse the appropriation; but if they shall refuse it, and if the nation shall sustain them in the refusal, the nation will violate that faith which it authorized the King to plight. There is no difference in this respect between the constitutions of the two countries. A treaty made by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, is the supreme law of the land. It binds the nation, and the faith of the nation. Congress have power to refuse an appropriation to pay an indemnity stipulated by treaty; but if Congress refuse it, and if the nation sustain them in the refusal, the nation is untrue to the constitution, and stands before the world convicted of violated faith. That the power may be fitly used in an extreme emergency, is saying no more than that the violation of public faith may possibly be a smaller evil, than the execution of a ruinous treaty. But be it smaller or greater, the public faith is violated, unless a treaty constitutionally made is executed in all its parts, and by all parts of the nation. These, Sir, are my sentiments in regard to the obligations of the treaty of 1831, and no vote I shall ever give will contradict them."

What then (to quit finally the *power* of the Chambers,) was the *propriety* of the measure which terminated the discussion of 1834 in the elective branch of the French legislature? It will be recollected that Mr. Rives presented himself to the government of France with claims to the amount of seventy-six millions of francs,



exclusive of interest. That he never revoked the assertion of the *right* to recover this amount, and that France never admitted it. The parties, therefore, were at arms' length. Every government conceded that something was due, yet seemed determined to pay nothing. At last the ground of calculation and of figures (as a basis of settlement) was abandoned, and it was agreed that, leaving detail out of the question, an attempt at arrangement should be made by mutual offers of compromise. The sum of twenty-five millions in full of our claims, was the result of an approximation, which began by an offer on the part of the United States to receive forty millions, and on that of France to pay fifteen. The other questions were arranged on the same principles. This one fact disposes at once of all the arguments of the opposition, deduced from the lowering of the demands of the United States, and the excess stipulated by France over the twelve millions reported by the committee of 1831. It disposes of the *calculations* of the opposition, because those same calculations had been made before, and met by estimates from the other side. The treaty was what it was, precisely because those calculations and estimates neutralized each other, and so proved abortive. When it was asserted, therefore, in the Chamber, that twelve millions only were due, the assertion wanted proof—it was just as easy, on the same old grounds that had been trodden so often, for the other side to say that seventy millions were due. This game of see-saw had been played without effect since 1812. When it was farther stated that the Americans *would have taken* twelve millions, the refutation of the assertion was in the minister's pocket—twice the sum had been energetically refused. If this course of proceeding was allowable, the treaty was no better than a trap—and the Chamber, acting independently of the minister, could take advantage of our concessions, while it repudiated those on which they were founded.

But if we must come to calculations, let us see which party has gained most. Taking the official estimate of Caulaincourt in 1814, we have the sum of eighteen millions in our favour, which, without any great financial ability, might be shown to have been a better estimate for us then, than twenty-five millions, clogged with the conditions of the treaty of 1831. Let it be remembered, moreover, that the unofficial estimate of the Imperial minister carried the amount much higher. Every succeeding cabinet with which negotiations were opened, admitted all the classes of claims included in the report of the Duke of Vicenza—some added another class, to wit, the Bayonne confiscations. Consequently, with the new proofs constantly applied to the subject by our ministers, it can hardly be supposed that the amount could be diminished. The members of the commission of 1831 (we adhere purposely to French estimates) were divided in their report—the minority

fixing the claim at thirty millions, the majority at twelve millions—the mean between which is twenty-one millions. In this instance, the majority estimated at twelve millions the identical three classes of claims which were fixed by Napoleon's minister, seventeen years before, at eighteen millions! Finally, the committee of the Chamber, in 1834, exhibited a tabular statement of five classes of cases, amounting to about twenty-four millions, even on an average estimate, in which the condemned American vessels were rated (*proh pudor!*) at 13000 francs each!—about the value of their spars and sails. We do not dwell upon the absurdity of the opinion, in an assembly of reasonable men, that the lowest possible *ex parte* estimate should be the basis of a settlement between two nations, after twenty years of negotiation, though such was the strange notion of M. Bignon, the coryphæus of the opposition. If figures are to come at all into the question, our estimates, it is obvious, must be placed against theirs, and then the middle point is the point of settlement, if any settlement ensues. We shall see, anon, which party gains most upon the other in the collateral arrangements of the treaty, for they will be found materially to affect the real amount of the indemnity. The only one of these supposed to be favourable to the United States, is the stipulation of France to equalize her duties on American cottons.

“The question relative to cotton,” says the Duc de Broglie, “is plain. The difference of duty between *long staple* and *short staple* cottons, was created by the law of 1816, and did not exist in 1814; at that time the difference of duty corresponded to the difference of value between the two species of cottons, and it was that which justified it. Since that time, the art of spinning has been so much improved, that the difference in value has disappeared; hence, a difference in duty came to be regarded as an absurdity, which ought to be abolished. Memorials were presented on this subject by French merchants. In a treaty which the French government made with Brazil in 1826, an equality of duties was stipulated on *long* and *short staple* cottons, and in a law presented in 1829, it was proposed, on the part of the customs, to equalize the duties upon the two species of cottons. When, therefore, at the moment of signing the treaty of 1831, the American negotiation requested the equalization of duties, which the French government had itself proposed, there was no possible reason for refusing.”

This, then, is the consideration, on the side of France, for which the United States agreed to yield a claim, variously estimated, by the French functionaries, from twelve to thirty millions of francs, and by ours, from twenty-five to seventy-five millions (putting interest out of the question); to wit, the payment of twenty-five millions—a sum below her highest estimate, and only equal to our lowest—and the alteration of her tariff upon cottons, in accordance with the suggestion of her own custom-house, provided that we, in return, should alter our tariff upon wines, and pay certain claims to her citizens—France, moreover, agreeing to concede her construction of an article in a former treaty. Now let us apply the calculation on our side. And first, the claims of French citizens on the United States. The only examination to which those claims

were subjected, (that of the French commission of 1830–31,) reduced them to one million and fifty thousand francs—the United States, by the treaty of 1831, agree to annul them by a payment of one million *five hundred thousand*. We scarcely need dwell on the arithmetical balance here. Next, as to the duty on wines. By the treaty under consideration, and taking the imports of 1832 as a basis, it is demonstrable that France gains by the stipulated reductions of the seventh article, an advantage of eight hundred thousand francs per annum for ten years, for which she relinquishes her claim to the remission of the discriminating duty in the ports of Louisiana, amounting, by the custom-house returns, to *fourteen thousand francs* per annum; that is to say, she gains, in ten years, by the seventh article, eight millions of francs, and admits our right to receive a sum, which would not amount to eight millions of francs in less than five hundred and seventy years. Thus, by virtue of a treaty, giving us twenty-five millions for a debt of seventy-five, at the end of twenty years France receives a sum, which, if deducted from what she pays, will leave us little over fifteen millions and a half. The whole matter may be recapitulated thus :

	Francs.	
Claim of the United States, prior to 1806, -	5,055,445	
Claim of the United States, since 1806, - -	71,035,961	
Interest on the second item, 5 per cent., from 1814,	52,208,925	
	<hr/>	Francs. 128,360,331
Amount accepted by treaty of 1831, - -	25,000,000	
Principal of 14,000 francs per annum, at 5 per cent., in the ports of Louisiana,	280,000	
	<hr/>	25,280,000
Deduct claim of French citi- zens, now first admitted,	1,500,000	
Ten years' remission of duty on wines, - -	8,000,000	
	<hr/>	9,500,000
		<hr/>
		15,780,000
		<hr/>
Balance against France, -	Francs,	112,580,000
		<hr/>

Against any objections to this statement, on account of the fifty-two millions of interest, or the defect in the calculation, by reason of the interest on the eight millions which France gradually gains by the altered duty on wines—we answer, that as to the

first, we are willing to forego it altogether, which will still leave a balance against France of more than sixty millions; and in regard to the second, we will set it against the abolition of the duty on French silks, which, though it does not appear on the face of the treaty, as a consideration for its execution by France, we have the authority of M. Duchatel for saying, actually took place, in consequence of the desire of the United States to finish the negotiation. The imports of silks, in 1831, amounted to about seven millions of dollars. At five per cent., the duties to be remitted by the United States, would amount to three hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum—a sum sufficient, in one year, to rectify our statement, and, even allowing the beneficial operation of the equalization of the cotton duty in France to be entirely in our favour, to pay, besides, many times over, the fifty thousand francs a year which the French customs lose by that stipulation. Such is the mode of computing the advantages of the treaty, which we place against that adopted by the French Chamber of Deputies.

In regard to the details of calculation under the treaty itself, we shall content ourselves with the quotation of a passage from the speech of the Duc de Broglie, when, after laying before the Chamber, in figures, the demonstration of his position, he concludes by saying:

“That if the American minister had been possessed of the principles settled by the French government—not by the government of July only, but by every government which has ruled in France for fifteen years—settled by the commission of 1830 itself—if he had abandoned all the claims which those principles excluded; if he had adopted entirely the system of the minister with whom he treated, and only required the liquidation to be made on the basis settled by the government itself, we should have arrived at a result of not less than *forty millions*.”

Precisely the sum demanded in Mr. Rives's first offer of compromise. We should be at a loss to comprehend the reproaches cast upon the ministry in the Chamber of Deputies, were we not too well aware, that even success forms no answer to the malignity of party opposition.

Under all these strong circumstances, demonstrative not only of our right to receive, but of the interest of the French legislature to grant the indemnity stipulated in the treaty, our readers will doubtless be disposed to inquire into that strength of argument on the one side, and the weakness of defence on the other, which influenced the Chamber in its rejection. We confess our inability to enlighten them on this point, even after making every allowance for the facility with which a pecuniary appropriation is adopted as the war-cry of opposition. A more conclusive argument than that of the Duc de Broglie, in favour of the bill, whether it be regarded as a historical exposition, or a parliamentary justification of the measure he defended, we will venture to say, does not exist.

He was, moreover, most ably seconded. Nothing was left undone, which the ability or the research of the ministry could suggest. In the arguments of the opposition, a specimen of which we intend presently to consider, we have been able to discover an unbounded gratuity of assumption, and the most profligate perversion of moral logic, but little strength or solidity, and still less any apprehension that there are means which no end can justify. Let us examine, for a moment, the speech of M. Bignon, one of the most ardent and influential opposers of the American claims. What shall we say to the following reasons for refusing to pay a debt?

“Moreover, it is easy to show, that the Americans, in the course of the war, and favoured by the war, have obtained, under various forms, more than compensation for their losses; it follows, that the amount might have been reduced to a very moderate sum, in a convention founded on good will and good faith.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“The nature of the last war has given a new face to maritime questions.—What government has profited, and will profit the most by this great change? The government of the United States, certainly. What nation has contributed the most to produce it? France. This important result, in the war of our revolution, ought not, I think, to be disregarded, in estimating the American claims.”

Truly, we ought to be much beholden for the patronizing care of France. The nature of the obligation, however, brings strongly to our remembrance the hypothetical benefits of the kind empiric in Massinger:

“*Emp.* For your own sake, I most heartily wish that you had now all the diseases, maladies, and infirmities upon you, that were ever remembered by old Galen, Hippocrates, or the later and more admired Paracelsus.

“*Pau.* For your good wish, I thank you.

“*Emp.* Take me with you, I beseech your good Lordship. I urged it, that your joy in being certainly, and suddenly freed from them may be the greater, and my not-to-be-paralleled skill the more remarkable.”

We sincerely trust, that for the future we may be spared both the disease and the remedy. But to return to M. Bignon’s political quackery.

“When a neutral government” (no matter how weak) “is placed between two belligerent parties, unless it makes its flag respected by one, it has no right to require that respect from the other.”

That is, when two powerful nations go to war, one less powerful than either, to protect her own rights, must fight both.

“All the *precautions* of the French” (in the shape of captures, seizures, burning and confiscation) “were nearly useless; and for one vessel seized and confiscated on account of *fraud*” (trading with England, in perfect consistency with our neutral rights) “there were twenty which escaped unpunished.”

Admirable precautionary remedies against neutrality—a disease which the great state physician more frequently cured by phlebotomy.

“From the date of the Embargo at the end of 1809, all the exceptions made by the French government in favour of the Americans, arose from kindness and pure liberality.”

\* \* \* \* \*

"The seizures" (under the Trianon decree) "were lawful, and your committee, in admitting the value of these twelve vessels condemned under it, into the indemnification, have done an act of *pure munificence*. I have thought proper to notice this fact, in order that the Chamber may see how indulgently the claims of the Americans have been treated."

This Trianon decree, it will be recollected, as it was the last, so it was the most utterly indefensible of all the Imperial edicts; inasmuch as it was not only retroactive in its operation, but was directed against property specially invited into the French ports, and issued on the very day on which the American minister was officially assured of the amicable designs of the Emperor, and of the approaching repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees.

"Debts from one nation to another," continues the orator, "do not increase in value by age" (that the United States have a good right to know.) "*Time lessens, and at length extinguishes them*. Whenever a government, to which another is in debt, concludes a new arrangement, without obtaining the payment to which it lays claim, the reservations made on the occasion are but empty pieces of formality. Every fresh reserve is only another sponge passed over the debt."

Now, to our poor thinking, every fresh reserve is a new acknowledgment; and we cannot but consider the morality which first suggests a promise to pay hereafter, and then makes the delay a justification for not paying at all, as a fit counterpart for the logic which can discover grounds of obligation in spoliation and robbery. In the following paragraph, we are at a loss to say wherein M. Bignon is most in the wrong—his premises or his conclusion.

"The Americans at first asked nothing from the Royal government. The late negotiations were too fresh in the memory of all. For eighty licences they had offered to absolve France from all their demands. When Napoleon had fallen, it was not eighty ships only that were admitted; they came into our ports by hundreds."

Shall we seriously refute such school-boy sophistry as this? During the Empire, those eighty licences would have been worth eighty millions of francs, (one authority says ninety millions,) five millions more, at the lowest estimate, than our whole claim. With Napoleon, however, fell Napoleon's system, and all the world went along with us to the French ports. The *exclusiveness* of the privilege was all that could render it valuable. But, in fact, and here ends the whole argument, the American government never authorized such an offer.

M. Bignon sums up as follows, and with this extract we take our leave of him:—

"I am convinced, that according to the principles not only of political equity but of natural equity, France is not bound to indemnify the Americans for the *accidental losses* which they suffered in a long contest undertaken for the *defence of common rights*, the triumph of which has consolidated their power, and secured to them immense advantages in future; whilst France is left mutilated and exhausted, having lost all but her honour."



And truly, if the counsels of M. Bignon shall again prevail with the legislature, we know of no nation on earth which is more likely to lose that. What are we, as plain-dealing Americans, with our long-denied evidence of right in our hand, to think of that body which, on such shallow and sophistical evasions as we have cited above, could consent to vote down the most solemn exercise of executive function towards a friendly and injured nation? For it was this very speech of M. Bignon that (on the authority of the *Moniteur*) "produced the greatest impression upon the Chamber," and the author of which was greeted, on descending from the tribune, with the felicitations of a number of members.

It was our design to go somewhat more at large into the examination of these debates, but we feel that it would be superfluous. One ground of opposition which was vehemently pressed, was that the American claims had been transferred from the hands of original holders into those of speculators and stock-jobbers. That the necessities of our citizens have in many instances forced them to part with their demands, there can be little doubt, but we know by the report of the American Commission that most of them remain with the successors and representatives of the original claimants; and if they did not we cannot appreciate that reasoning which, in consequence of the postponement of an act of justice, furnishes the wrong-doer with an argument for denying it altogether, thus justifying one injury by another. It was doubtless rumoured in Paris that Louis Philippe himself had become the owner of a portion of the debt, and that he thus had a strong personal interest in forwarding the treaty. There was not the slightest evidence of this fact, and it was moreover well known, that every claimant before the American board was compelled to file a memorial setting forth on oath the nature of his individual interest, and that he was solely concerned in the amount for which he applied. Besides, had the interest of the King of the French been fully established in a part of the claim, we see no reason, provided the balance was justly due to American citizens, and the whole treaty stood on defensible, nay meritorious grounds, how it could with any show of justice be rejected. It might have annoyed the sensibilities of the Parisians to know that the throne of Pharamond was filled by a dealer in *rentes*; but his majesty of Prussia has a similar taste, and we have just read in a foreign newspaper that the "ci-devant résidence impériale" of *Théresienbad*, near Vienna, is to be disposed of by lottery at sixteen francs the ticket. It is vastly cheaper royal amusement than a campaign of Louis XIV. or Napoleon, and we are not sure that the time may not arrive when it will be deemed equally respectable.

The Florida treaty was another alleged objection to the payment of the American claim, at least so much of it as related to the Biscayan seizures. It was advanced by M. Mauguin, at the

end of the debate, and was not met by the minister with the same confidence that former grounds of opposition had received. It is not necessary to enlarge upon it. In the first place those seizures are not within the letter of the Florida treaty, which stipulates for payment for prizes *made by French privateers, and condemned by French consuls*, within the territory and jurisdiction of Spain. They were, as the Minister of Foreign Affairs observed at once, vessels invited by the French commander into those ports, seized by military force, and confiscated without the intervention of any tribunal, by the mere mandate of the Emperor. In the next place (which the minister did not say) not one of those seizures was allowed by the Florida Commission, while every one of them has been held good ground of claim under the recent treaty. Finally, not one dollar arising from those seizures went into the Spanish treasury; the property itself was not even sold in Spain, but sent round to Bayonne; and, what terminates the question entirely, Spain, when settling her account of eighty millions with France in 1828, for the kind campaign of the Duc d'Angoulême against her liberties in 1823, never alluded in any manner to the Biscayan seizures, or produced it at all as forming an item of set-off against the sum stipulated by the treaty to be paid. So much for the argument which, perhaps, had the most weight in effecting the resolution of 1834.

We are bound to notice, before we quit altogether the debate of 1834, a taunt thrown out by M. Boissy d'Auglas in the Chamber, and which, from the proclamation of neutrality in 1793 to the present moment, has never ceased, when French and American interests have been at all in collision, to form the rallying cry of those whose gratitude is a more active principle than their patriotism.

"If our government," says the orator above mentioned, "be destined to submit to injustice from a nation *which owes its very existence to the generosity of the French*; if we have not invoked a sacred right which the Federal Government has respected in others; if we are to be under the necessity of again passing, as in 1815, under the *furcæ caudinae* of all nations, a treaty based upon the most rigorous justice, can at most oblige us pay only *the excess of the injury received from us by this nation, which forgets that its independence was bought by the blood and treasure of France.*"

Is there to be no reply to this unceasing *Galliad* about French benefit and American obligation?

———"Nunquamne reponam,  
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?"

If we are indebted to France for her "blood and treasure," let us, so far as the obligation can be estimated, discharge it to the uttermost farthing—if, on the contrary, that blood and treasure was lavished to promote her own ends by our means, let us at least have credit, on the account, for our share of the advance.

It is somewhat invidious, we confess, when **benefits have been**

received, to scrutinize too closely their origin or their object—to seek a scale in the selfish principle to measure favours withal. But when ancient kindness is invoked to cancel recent injury, common justice demands that we should inquire on which side the balance lies. That generosity which is to be paid for in sufferance, is but a bastard virtue; and the nation that claims to have bought a right to insult us, must be content to show the amount she has given for it. In such a bargain “we’ll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.”

Gratitude, (particularly national gratitude,) must be proportioned not only to the service rendered but to the motive of that service. If, by conferring a favour upon us, another confers an equal or greater benefit upon himself, he owes us an obligation for the opportunity afforded him of promoting his own interests—our advantage was merely an incident, not a moving cause. It is only under such circumstances that nations act for each other—it is only under such circumstances, or at least where some great advantage is to be derived, that those who hold the interests of a people in trust, have a right to act for each other. The relief of the distressed would form a sorry item in a ministerial budget—the very name of Greece has been sneered out of our American Congress, by the mention of a crusade against windmills. But for the preservation of the balance of power, the weaker nations of Europe would long since have been annihilated. The stronger have protected them by turns for their own safety, not from any sentimental or romantic motives. When England interposed to redeem the Low Countries from Spain—when, at a later period, she rescued the Peninsula from France, and subsidized half Europe against Napoleon—we will venture to say she made no registry of the obligation to be carried to her credit against future demands. In the one case she defended her own interests—in the other she fought for her own existence. England will never wage war upon the Thames, while her resources will enable her to do it “on the Rubicon or on the Rhine,” on the Tagus or the Scheldt. If she or any other nation can get credit for disinterestedness by fighting her own battles behind the barrier which the necessities or weakness of a foreign people have supplied, so much the better. She accomplishes two objects instead of one. But we have never yet heard of that country that has been duped into paying for the experiment. Eight hundred millions sterling of debt are so many arguments which Great Britain can show to the contrary. Nor have we in our recollection any instance in which gratitude for old services has prevented new and antagonist alliances. The succours of Louis XIV. to Portugal, did not prevent that country from becoming the close ally of England—those of England to Holland, which we have already mentioned, did not hinder the Dutch war of 1664.

The peace of 1763 left France humbled by the successes of

her old rival and enemy, and ready to seize any occasion which might offer to abate that preponderance of force in which the previous war had resulted to Great Britain. Particularly was she anxious to forward any measures which might tend to foster a naval power to supply the lost strength of Holland, and in some measure to balance the great maritime weight of her antagonist. With her eye steadily fixed upon this object, she watched with eagerness the troubles which commenced in the American colonies with the imposition of the stamp act in 1765. The war broke out in 1775. Careful not to commit herself, yet anxious to forward her purpose, Beaumarchais was permitted, on his own responsibility and as a commercial speculation, to sell arms and munitions of war to the Americans; yet was the communication carried on between him and the Comte de Vergennes with such precaution, that the latter did not venture to write with his own hand, or to employ any of his official secretaries, but made use of the services of his son, a lad of fifteen, in the correspondence. At length, in May, 1776, a million of livres was advanced from the royal treasury. The loan was made through the *Sieur Montaudoin*, "*comme s'il en faisait l'avance.*"\* Let us see what motive is alleged by the French historian for this first step in behalf of America, a step as he admits not altogether consistent "with the moral principles of the Count." It would not do to admit that France was taking an underhand method of avenging old injuries, but the conduct of the minister, says he, "may nevertheless find extenuation in the offers which it was rumoured England had made to her colonies in a scheme of conciliation, by which they were to unite their efforts against France, and mutually to assist in the invasion of the French colonies. *This scheme induced France to prevent the blow by an American alliance.*"† "Your majesty," says M. de Vergennes, speaking for himself in 1784, "incensed by the injustice and violence of England, became earnestly intent upon devising means to limit the pride and ambition of that aspiring nation, and upon preventing any ill effects to France from the revolution which had broken out in North America."‡ And in the observations on the memoir published by the Court of St. James', relative to the quarrel, in 1779, that of Versailles invoked the example of Queen Elizabeth in regard to Holland, to show that she had a right to interfere in behalf of the Americans, and added, that "*the interests of France were sufficient to determine her in favour of the American alliance in order to put an end to a preponderance which England, in the four quarters of the globe,*

\* Lettre du Comte de Vergennes à Louis XVI. du 2 de Mai, 1776. *Flassan*, Hist. Gén. de la Dip. Fran. Tom. 7.

† *Flassan*, Tom. 7. pp. 151, 166.

‡ Mémoire à Louis XVI.—Séjour, Politique de tous les Cabinets. *Toussaint*.

*abused to the prejudice of France.*"\* It abundantly appears from these extracts, which we have selected from a mass of authorities, that the interests of France, her honour and dignity, endangered, outraged, and insulted, first led the government of that country to the assistance, and finally to the alliance of the American people.

Previously to that alliance, however, there was little in the conduct of the French court to mark a very earnest or vigorous interest in our behalf. What we did for ourselves was the forerunner of what we were to gain from France. "*Aide-toi et le ciel t'aidera,*" was never better verified than in the consequences which followed the Declaration of Independence and the battle of Saratoga. France then began to perceive that a great blow was to be struck, by which half the naval resources of England, and possibly all her American trade, might be cut off—perhaps to be transferred to herself. "The communication of the act of independence," says the author of the *Diplomatie*, "and much more the news of the defeat and capture of Burgoyne's army, terminated the irresolution of the court of Versailles." She began more than ever to dread a re-union between England and her colonies. In a letter of 8th January, 1778, from the King of France to his brother of Spain, to persuade him to join the American alliance, Louis writes thus: "Since November last, the state of affairs has been entirely altered by the destruction of Burgoyne's army and the very straitened position of that of Howe. America is triumphant and England depressed, though still in possession of great and unimpaired naval strength, and indulging the hope of a profitable alliance with those colonies which she has found it impossible forcibly to subdue. About this all parties are agreed. Lord North himself has openly announced to parliament a plan of pacification, to be brought forward at an early day, upon which all sides are now busy. Whether that minister retains his place therefore, or is superseded by one of contrary politics, is of little importance to us. Different motives unite them against us, nor will they forget our ill offices towards them. They will assail us with as much vigour as if there had been no war. Having taken the advice of my council, therefore, and especially of M. d'Ossun, and considering the foregoing circumstances and our obvious causes of complaint against England, I have conceived it to be both just and necessary to open a negotiation upon the propositions of the insurgents, *in order to prevent their reconciliation with the mother country.*"† Even after the events which are alleged so materially to have altered the state of affairs, France proceeded with the utmost caution. Dr. Franklin, that *superbe vieillard*, as Flassan styles him, was obliged to write home for a certified copy of the Declaration of Independence, and was permitted *to hope* that he

\* *Mercur. histor. et polit.* 1780.† *Diplomatie*, Tom. 7 pp. 178, 179.

would eventually be accredited. So late as the 15th July, 1777, the French minister officially denied to Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, any participation in the American Revolution; nor was it until February, 1778, that the treaties were finally signed, though the resolution to acknowledge the independence of the States had been communicated the preceding December. The result of the alliance was a loan of eighteen millions of livres to the United States, between February, 1778, and July, 1782, and the despatch of a competent force to carry on the war with England.

In making these treaties, it is abundantly obvious that France had three sufficient motives, each peculiar to herself—retaliation for the past, present interest, and anticipated advantage. Together certainly they form a sufficient inducement for entering into the alliance, without searching for incentives in the sympathy of the people for republicanism. “(C’était,” says the author already cited more than once, “une occasion offerte à la vengeance pour les sacrifices et les humiliations de 1763.” \* \* \* “La cour de Versailles augurait enfin, qu’ à peu de frais et par quelques courtes démonstrations, plutôt que par une guerre opinionâtre et longue, on obtiendrait des réparations de l’Angleterre et des avantages signalés.” \* \* \* “Le commerce Français et celui de l’Europe entière se flattaient de s’enrichir de tout ce qu’ allait perdre celui de la Grande-Bretagne, l’équilibre maritime y gagnait encore.”\* Here is the whole history in five words. An old grudge satisfied, the maritime balance equalized, France enriched by the spoils of her adversary, taking her place in the growing trade of a hemisphere, secure of her path over the seas, and all this *à peu de frais et par quelques courtes démonstrations*. Truly, she would have been dull indeed not to profit by the opportunity. “It was not only by sympathy in the independence and liberty of the English colonies,” said M. Jay, in 1834, “that the French government was led to form an alliance with them; it determined to efface, if possible, the disgrace which it had contracted by the treaty of 1763; to weaken England, and to restore the balance among the maritime powers. *That war had not a sentimental object; it had a political object; it was for the interest of France that it was undertaken.* This service, rendered to the United States from calculation, does not in any manner justify the spoliations which have been committed to the prejudice of American citizens.”† “The support,” writes the National Convention (and M. Boissy d’Anglas will not dispute the authority) “which the ancient French court afforded the United States to recover their independence, was only the fruit of a base speculation; their glory [subsequently] offended ~~its~~

\* Tom. 7, p. 165.

† Speech in the Chamber of Deputies in favour of the treaty of 1831.



ambitious views, and the ambassadors of France bore the criminal orders of stopping the career of their prosperity.\* Turn which way we will, the united force of history and common sense, speaking through organs as various as the shifting politics of France herself, leaves but one impression on our minds in relation to this French alliance, and that is, that it was, (and we speak it not in censure,) a purely selfish bargain, in which both parties were deeply and almost equally interested—America in securing her independence, and France in preserving her safety from the certain consequences of a re-union of England with her colonies, and in taking the place of the latter country in the direction of their trade. Another thing is apparent from the statements we have furnished and from all the contemporary evidence, to wit, that we stand indebted, if indebted at all, to the King and to the court, not to the people of France, for our revolutionary successes. Let us have the truth in this matter, however inconsistent it may be with prevalent notions and fictitious sympathies. Can any one see in the slow and cautious movements of Louis XVI., as they have been sketched above, any evidence of a policy, dictated by the popular enthusiasm of which we have heard so much? That King was, to all intents and purposes, an absolute monarch. It was not the custom of his dynasty to appeal to the people, (who indeed at that period scarce had a name,) for the measures of his government. We in America have mistaken consequences for causes. The popularity of the American war followed instead of preceding the action of the court. In fact, down to a comparatively recent period, it was believed in France that the Colonial insurrection was actually set on foot at the instigation of the Duc de Choiseul, the minister of Louis XV., for the purpose of embroiling England and France, and wiping off the disgrace of '68. Unquestionably the American cause became popular; so much so, that Flassan says we had for auxiliaries half the nation before Louis XVI. declared himself *openly* for us. Doubtless, for he took three years to make that declaration, and in the mean time England discovered the secret, and publicly expressed her annoyance at it. This was enough. The inveterate hatred for England would have inspired equal enthusiasm into the French nation in favour of the Turks or the Russians. The citizens of Cherbourg and other sea-ports, moreover, liked English prizes, and the Dolphin and Lexington had them to dispose of. But as for any real, effective, operative enthusiasm for our cause, founded on principle and productive of results, in the mass of the French people, before we won a claim to our own spurs in the battle of Saratoga, it is idle to talk of it. It might as well be said, that the King of Spain was driven into the alliance by the republican sympathies of the

\* Proclamation on the appointment of M. Fanchet, 1794.

peasantry of that country, when it is historically known that he did not join the league until April, 1779, and that he did so then in consequence of the pressing personal instances of Louis and his own quarrel with England, while at the departure of the English ambassador from Paris he had expressed his resolution to have nothing to do with the quarrel, and almost repeated the same determination in his answer to Louis of the 22d March, 1778. Even La Fayette, a nobleman and an officer, eighteen months after Beaumarchais had been authorized to minister to our wants, seems for the first time to have learnt, not only that the Congress of Rebels at Philadelphia had declared their country independent, but the causes and consequences of that event;\* and this in a garrison doubtless in constant communication with the capital. The alliance, we repeat, was the natural effect of a series of measures beginning in mere policy, and from their very character concealed in obscurity. We speak not of individuals—when the designs of France were revealed, we no doubt had their good wishes; but we are now arguing the point of national gratitude for national services—services producing benefits, originating in disinterested motives, and capable of accomplishing their end. The people of France did not—from the very nature of their relation to the government they could not, render such services.

One consideration more, and we have done with this most painful part of our undertaking—one that nothing but the elucidation of truth, and the vindication of our national character from an aspersion too convenient to be escaped, and too false to be endured, would have prompted us to attempt. What, conceding the whole question of obligation, is to be the limit of our indebtedness to France? The pecuniary part of it we paid like honest debtors. How can we discharge the rest? Without adopting the morality of M. Bignon, that national debts do not increase in value by time, we might tell of the miserable end of our “great and good ally,” and how regenerated France invited us to rejoice at the death of our real and effective friend, and to forget all his claims to our gratitude, in the faults of his dynasty. Nay more, we might set against his recognition of our first diplomatic representative, the contumely of the Directory, insulting our national emblems, and spurning our ambassadors—against the kind and courteous mission of M. Gérard, the brutal conduct and domineering errand of the Genets, the Fauchéts, and the Adets, their manifestoes and proclamations, their dictatorial messages and insolent letters, their libellous and inflammatory advertisements, their appeals, in fine, to popular fury, which had well nigh overturned all social and political order, and kindled civil war throughout our country. Finally, we might name against the sympathy which, though selfish, still

\* See Mr. Adams' recent oration on the life and character of La Fayette.

succoured us, the arrogance of that overgrown power, which, for twenty years, preyed on the products of our industry, and, adding insult to injury, derided all our appeals for reparation;

—— “*impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti  
Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruina.*”——

We might speak of the violence of one government, the evasions of a second, the fruitless concessions of a third—we might tell of hope deferred through all the mummeries of diplomacy—all the meannesses of calculation—all the severed bonds of a plighted and violated faith. But we forbear. If our debt to France is not cancelled, there lacks but one more step in national humiliation, to complete the full measure of its possible penalty.

The correspondence which followed the rejection of the ministerial *projet* in April, 1834, and the assurances of M. Serrurier, the French minister to the United States, led very naturally to the belief, on the part of the government at Washington, that immediate measures would be adopted to present the bill at a new session of the Chambers. No opportunity was found appropriate for that purpose, however, before the meeting of Congress in December, 1834, and it became the President's duty to lay before that body, not merely the fact, that assurances, deemed positive, had not been complied with, but to state it with such emphasis as a general view of the subject, retrospective and prospective, might seem to demand. That some allusion to the protracted and ever renewed delays to which the recovery of our indemnity had been subjected, was proper, none can deny; that such allusion was necessarily of an indignant character, and accompanied by some reference to a remedy, seems to us but a corollary from what had gone before. The mistake was in the character of the remedy recommended. Reprisals, though just and legal, would have proved both impolitic and inadequate—impolitic, because they must necessarily lead to a war—inadequate, because they would not make good the unexecuted treaty, but rather add to its disadvantages. The true method of effecting that object would have been through the custom-house. More than one-third of the manufactured exports of France come, under the present system, to the United States. Nine-tenths of these exports are paid for in our cotton. We take articles of luxury, which a difference of duty of ten per cent. (and in some articles of three or four) will enable us to obtain elsewhere—manufactures of silk and woollen goods from India, Italy, England and Saxony; muslins from Switzerland and England; and wines (after our old fashion) from Spain, Sicily, and Portugal. The exclusion of the fine cotton goods of France would, moreover, wonderfully advance our own manufactories. France sends us nothing which we cannot do without, make for ourselves, or obtain elsewhere to equal advantage—whereas a million of French

mouths are dependant for their food upon the cotton of North America. They cannot get it elsewhere—if France excludes it from her ports, she forces us to manufacture it at home, or sell it and take the product at another market. She starves her own citizens now, and raises up rivals for them in all future time. If she comes to an open rupture with us, she must still import it, through England, with all its onerous burden of loss of time, transit duty, additional freight, commissions and insurance. The high price of cotton for a year past, notwithstanding the constant extension of the lands appropriated to its cultivation, proves very plainly the increased demand, while a profound peace is daily forcing the crowded population of Europe into the useful pursuits of life. We repeat, therefore, that every circumstance of our relation with France indicated a remedy by duties and not by reprisals, and such a remedy ought, in our opinion, to have been recommended in the Message.

Thus much for the *expediency* of the President's recommendation. Of his right to make it, without giving umbrage to France, no one can doubt, who agrees with us in the views we have heretofore expressed relative to the binding force of the treaty. We were suffering under a great wrong—a wrong arising, it is true, more immediately out of pecuniary considerations, but in its origin coupled with gross indignity, and aggravated in its progress by grievous injustice. The reparation of this wrong had been solemnly promised by the constituted organ of the French nation. We looked upon it as a vested right—ratified it, legislated upon it, prepared to distribute its avails. The promised indemnity is denied, and we are told, by that body which assumed the power to deny it, that we may recommence our negotiations. Such, at any rate, must have been their will. But with whom should we negotiate? Not with the King, for he had already subscribed and was content with the former agreement; and should he make another, another Chamber might reject it. Not with the Chambers, for they have no power to conclude treaties—nor even to initiate them, by entering upon a diplomatic conference. We could not, as the House of Representatives properly resolved at a subsequent period, renew the negotiation. It was morally impossible, because it would sacrifice the national dignity and honour—it was materially impossible, because there were vested interests which our government were bound to maintain—the interests of the claimants before the Commission. The seal was on the bond for their benefit, it could not be “railed off” to their loss. What then was the President to do? He had responded to the assurances of the French minister, by permitting the session of 1833-4 to pass without any mention of the vote of the Chamber. Those assurances had not been confirmed by any step of the French cabinet, up to the next meeting of Congress. Some notice of the circumstances of the case was

essential. Could the Message express undiminished confidence in the full execution of the treaty, without exciting universal derision? Two years had passed without the fulfilment of a single stipulation—eight months had gone by since its entire and contemptuous rejection—nearly six had elapsed without an effort to redeem the pledge of M. Serrurier. Was it the President's duty,

—— “bending low, and in a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,”

to deprecate the obstinacy of a foreign Opposition, and to express his hopes, that in the revolution of the political wheel, some popular minister might buy, beg, or borrow votes enough to do us justice? If France feels aggrieved by the language of our President, we felt much more sensibly injured by the acts of her Chamber. Whatever she may think of us, we at home believe that we have some national sensibilities, which, with the help of God, we mean to cherish and protect. It may be long before we complain—it was so long in this instance that France seemed to count upon a prescription against remonstrance—but when we do so, we trust that our voice may always be heard in tones at least vigorous and manly. A firm and bold bearing, consistent, direct, and resolute—a policy that ascertains its rights, and having ascertained them, prevents or remedies their infringement—an attitude not of defiance but of resolution, and that self-reliance which enforces respect from others, are all that a popular government can depend upon for the security of its foreign relations. If these are to be sacrificed to propitiate cupidity or power, we shall very soon become a by-word among the nations.

In consequence of the Message, France recalled her minister and offered Mr. Livingston his passports. Mr. Livingston should have taken them. He had no business in Paris after such a circumstance. He, in effect, had no transactions with the government in his official or private capacity. He was insulated. France had signified her desire, after the usual fashion, that he should withdraw. A new element was added to the controversy, from which his presence could not disentangle it. The ardour with which the expressions of the President were denounced by the French Opposition, was characteristic, and was not unexpected. There was no thought of pleasing or flattering France when they were inserted in the Message—nor was it necessary that the representative of the United States should remain to make awkward explanations about them. The course pursued by Congress was proper, because it was founded on information subsequently received, which rendered it inexpedient to adopt the recommendation of the Message, or a substitute therefor. It is easy to say now, that this information might have been anticipated—(inferences from events are extremely convenient)—but *then*, all experience, ancient

and recent, indicated the contrary. While we are so anxious about the wounded sensibility of France, let us have an equal degree of anxiety for the preservation of our own honour and national character. It was at one time in the power of the United States to leave these reclamations to the perseverance and energy of those citizens whose property had been invaded. But having once asserted the national interest in procuring redress, no matter if the sum were but one tithe of twenty millions, they were as much pledged to the accomplishment of their object as if half their territory had been at stake—not by the same means, perhaps, nor with the same haste, but with an energy which should make their determination understood, and not with the less emphasis at last, that the occasion was delayed till patience had ceased even to dream of success.

---

Since the foregoing observations went to press, intelligence has been received of the passage of the Indemnity Bill, on the 18th April, by a majority of one hundred and fifty-two. The considerations we have heretofore found occasion to present upon the debates of 1834, may be applied with very little modification to those of 1835. An Opposition, composed of the most discordant materials, but united in the determination to sacrifice ministers upon this measure at all hazards, have retrodden the old ground, and reasserted the old cavils and common-places. Their system seems to have been one of agitation, and their art simply that of startling a peculiarly excitable body by bold assertion and unexpected developments, totally aside from the real merits of the question. They had seen the effect of a stroke of this description at the close of the former debate, when allusion was made to the Florida treaty, and they endeavoured to profit by the example. Take, for instance, M. Berryer's harangue—the most eloquent and specious, doubtless, which was presented to the Chamber, and it will be found, that after exhausting the hacknied topic of the justifiableness of the Imperial decrees, and the neutral obligations of the United States to defend their flag—matters long ago disposed of—he relies upon supposed errors in the report of the American Commission, all of which and a hundred other such might be admitted, and yet the amount of valid claims far exceed the stipulated indemnity. The speech of M. Berryer, and the effect produced by it, are well characterized in a Parisian journal before us.

“ Elever des doutes, faire des questions, amonceler les incertitudes, équivoquer sur les petits faits pour faire supposer la fausseté des faits principaux, donner sans cesse le change à la Chambre avec une habileté rare, attaquer ce qui ne fait rien au fond de l'affaire, comme si c'était toute l'affaire elle-même, voilà le plan et la forme du discours de M. Berryer; l'Opposition l'a aidé à remplir ce plan, et l'a aidé avec un zèle qui avoit parfois son côté plaisant. M. Berryer mettait en avant une assertion; c'était aussitôt de la part de l'Opposition un cri universel d'étonnement et



d'indignation, comme si le fait qu'alléguait M. Berryer était hors de tout contestation; et alors M. Berryer, tempérant cette émotion, se hâta d'avertir qu'il ne fallait point se laisser entraîner, que son assertion n'était qu'un doute, un motif de recourir à un plus ample informé, rien de plus; priant toujours qu'on ne le crût pas trop sur parole; ayant de cette façon toute la bonne grâce d'un homme qui ne veut pas, dans ce qu'il dit, aller au-delà de ce qu'il croit; mais la réserve ici était sans danger, l'esprit de parti se charge d'y suppléer. Quand l'orateur doute, l'esprit de parti croit, et l'empressement de sa foi n'a pas besoin d'examen."

To the eloquent agitators of the French Chamber, and the Parisian press, be they royalist or radical, whatever answer they may have heard at home, we as Americans return, after all, one conclusive reply, and that is our treaty, the evidence given to us by France of our ascertained and indefeasible right, signed and sealed in full contemplation of all the considerations which have since been urged against it. On our construction of the transaction, the moment we ratified that bargain, that moment we ceased to be a party to any inquiries or objections derived from antecedent circumstances. We deem it, therefore, in no manner incumbent on us to refute anew, or farther to examine the reasoning of a desperate, and as it has proved, feeble Opposition, alike insensible, in the madness of faction, to the honour and the interest of their country. After so many years of neglect, of reproach and of negotiation, our claims have found successful advocates in the awakened spirit of our own government, and the alarmed manufacturers and merchants of France. Lyons, Bordeaux, and Havre, have proved stronger champions than the enemies of Louis Philippe and of the Doctrinaires. There would be little difficulty in characterizing the motives of the principal opponents of our claims in the Chamber of Deputies. Means are not wanting to show how profligate and reckless are the present French Opposition, and how little scruple would be felt at overturning by any means the constituted government, for the chances of a new restoration, a second Lupercalian coronation, or the vision of a republic.

The following is the first section, (and to us the only important one,) of the Indemnity Bill, as it finally passed the Chamber of Deputies. The remaining articles have reference solely to the distribution of the sum guarantied by the United States to the French claimants under the treaty.

"Art. 1er. Le ministre des finances est autorisé à prendre les mesures nécessaires pour l'exécution des articles 1 et 2 du traité signé le 4 juillet 1831 entre le Roi des Français et les Etats-Unis, dont les ratifications ont été échangées à Washington le 2 février 1832, et d'après lequel une somme de 25 millions doit être payée par la France. Ces paiemens ne pourront avoir lieu qu'après que le gouvernement français aura reçu des explications satisfaisantes sur le message du président de l'Union, en date du 2 décembre 1834."

"The minister of finance is empowered to take the necessary measures to carry into effect the first and second articles of the treaty between the King of the French and the United States, signed on the 4th of July, 1831, the ratifications whereof were exchanged at Washington on the 2d February, 1832, and according to the terms of which the sum of twenty-five millions is due from France. [These pay-

ments shall not be made, until the French government shall have received satisfactory explanations in relation to the Message of the President of the Union, dated December 2, 1834.]”

An attempt was made in the Chamber to date the payment of interest from the day of the passage of the bill, and thus in fact to make a new treaty, but it was promptly negatived. The clause which we have placed within brackets was a substitute offered by General Valazé and accepted by ministers, for the fourth section of the *projet*, as originally reported by M. Dumon, in the following terms:

“ Les paiemens à valoir sur la somme de 25 millions de francs, ne seront effectués qu'autant que le gouvernement des Etats-Unis n'aura porté atteinte à la dignité et aux intérêts de la France.”

“ The payments on account of the sum of twenty-five millions of francs shall be carried into execution only on condition, that no attack shall have been made by the government of the United States on the dignity and interests of France.”

As the amendment of General Valazé was considered by the ministry equivalent in its principle and spirit to the foregoing section of the original bill, and as the intention of that was to produce “an accommodation honourable alike to both parties,” we presume that no difficulty will be found in complying with its requisitions; particularly since we do not perceive any intimation that the explanations which shall ensue are to be laid before the Chamber, as a condition precedent to the payment of the money. The Duc de Broglie, with a majority of one hundred and fifty, need not fear the threats of M. Mauguin. An intimation has been made that this explanation, whatever it may be, is to become matter of legislation at home. We cannot conceive how or wherefore. It is a matter of Executive consideration entirely, until in the contingency of its rejection, (which in the actual state of things can hardly be anticipated,) the President sees fit to communicate the negotiation to Congress, or that body deems it proper to inquire into it. As to the suggestion of an apology, or such profound and circumstantial retraction as shall meet the approbation of the press of the French capital, we presume the cabinet of Louis Philippe are too well informed of the American temper to entertain it for an instant. The constituted chief of a great nation may apologize for wrong, but not for the gratification of wounded pride, or to secure a pecuniary right. We cannot reason, however, upon mere hypothetical degradation, believing, as we do, that the respective governments will be prepared, in a spirit of candour and conciliation, to remove the last impediment from the amicable intercourse of two nations, formed by nature for the closest and most profitable communion, and to find their reward in the increased and reciprocal prosperity of both.

---

ART. X.—*A Statistical View of the Commerce of the United States of America, including also an account of Banks, Manufactures, Internal Trade, and Improvements; together with that of the Revenues and Expenses of the General Government: accompanied with numerous Tables.* By TIMOTHY PITKIN. 1835.

WE should prefer to have seen prefixed to this work the shorter title of "Statistics of the United States of America," for reasons that may be given hereafter. In the meantime we would observe, that if Americans are justly accused of being boastful of their country, this is not a book that is calculated to cure them of the fault—for it is hard to close its pages without some very definite feelings of pride in the consciousness of being part of a nation that is making such gigantic strides in the race where all are struggling. To be the peaceful citizen of a peaceful empire, in extent equal to almost all Europe; greater in resources than that of Alexander or Cæsar; and accumulating wealth with a rapidity such as conquerors never dreamed of—is, to say the least, a very comfortable feeling. How long, indeed, it may be given us as a united people to run this race of unexampled prosperity; how soon, on the other hand, our Union may become matter of history to point the moral or adorn the tale of the passions of rulers or the madness of the people—these no doubt are "sedative" questions, well calculated, like the thought of disease and death with the individual man, to temper the self gratulations of health and fortune: but still they are but anticipations, and cannot be expected, either with nations or individuals, to make them either sad or blind to their peculiar blessings. How *long*, therefore, our course, depends upon a good Providence—or, looking to human means, on the care we take to build our prosperity upon virtue and knowledge. How *rapid* it has been is a question of fact, and to that alone the work before us invites our attention. Now, in what age or section of the world shall we find another people of whom it might be said that in the interval between two editions of the same statistical work, by the same hand, the following changes were to be noted—"increase of population, 6,000,000"—"new territory purchased and paid for, \$ 5,000,000"—"2,500 miles of canal completed, at an expense of \$65,000,000"—"1,600 miles of rail-road, costing \$ 30,000,000"—"public debt wholly paid off, amounting to \$120,000,000"—"no direct taxes," "no excise,"—and yet the treasury so overflowing that custom-house duties have to be reduced fifteen or twenty per cent., lest the body politic should fall into a plethora and die of surplus treasure! What would an Englishman or Frenchman think of such a budget? and yet all this is true of the United States—between the years 1817 and 1835, the date of the first and second editions of the work before us—so that after

all. until the nations of Europe can say as much, we must be permitted, in spite of foreign majors and captains and heroines, to boast a little.

If, indeed, we took credit to ourselves for effecting all this—ascribing it to our superior wisdom, skill, or national virtue—we should certainly evince as little sagacity as we did modesty: but if we explain it, as every common sense American does, into our unprecedented external advantages—as being a people at once infant and mature—with the vigour of youth and the experience of age—applying the skill of the old world to the productive energies of the new—and starting free and unshackled in the race of wealth—claiming for our people no other merit than that of energetic and ready enterprise, and for our government no peculiar excellence beyond suitableness to those whom it represents, but can hardly be said to govern, and whom, consequently, it leaves free to the dictates of individual clear-sighted interest—thus explained, we see neither folly nor falsehood nor conceit in the assertion that the United States stands, as a nation, without a parallel either in ancient or modern times—“*instantia singularis*”—“a solitary instance,” such as time has never before brought forth, and probably never again will—the surface of the globe offering no equal second locality for such an extended experiment.

But while we are thus bold for our country, we are far from challenging, with all his merits, quite as much for our author. We cannot say we pride ourselves upon the work that yet has made us proud. Still, let us not be misunderstood. It is not but that the book is a good one, nay, the very best that is to be met with, and one that every intelligent inquiring American should possess; nevertheless it falls so far short of its own high arguments, or rather it seems to be written with so little true conception of what a great national statistical work should be, (a character claimed for it, we presume, by its author,) that we are tempted, before entering into its subject matter, to give somewhat at large our *notions* of what he should have aimed to make it.

In the first place, such a work should have been what this is not—free from all political or party feeling—and this we say, not in the spirit of party ourselves, for in most points we agree in sentiment with our author—but because “*non erat his locus*”—this was not the place for the display of it. As Horace of old charged upon the poet, “you have painted the cypress tree well, but what business had it in the shipwreck”—so do we say to Mr. Pitkin, you have argued well the cause of the Bank, and declaimed eloquently against Bonaparte—you have pleaded boldly the cause of internal improvement, and plausibly for the tariff—but what has all that to do with simple facts? Can opinions alter figures, or affect the summing up of an account? Will not a 5 continue to be a 5, whatever you think about it; and is not the only effect of showing that you

would rather have it a 6, to excite the suspicion that the wish may sometimes guide the pen? Now, such want of candour or integrity we are far from insinuating. We only say that it is not wise in our author thus to disparage his own statements, by mixing up his opinions with them—nor, we would add, is it right thus to turn a science of *facts* into one of *speculation*. It was a saying of Swift “the numerals are neither whig nor tory,” but then the danger is that they will be judged of by their company, and if they wear the badge of one party, will at least be suspected by the other. Among the parts of the present work, which thus offend and lose value by this admixture, we would mention particularly Chapter XI., on *Manufactures*, in which the facts seem to be valued but as material for an argument in favour of “high duties and the protecting system.” Now, this should not be. The time is past when politics, political economy, and statistics, stood jumbled together as one multifarious science: however cognate, they are now recognised as distinct, and should be so treated.

The second point we would require in a national work of this kind is, that it cover the whole ground of inquiry. The statistics of a country comprehend all classes of facts which bear upon its prosperity and advancement. The writer, therefore, who takes up a partial view of the subject, gives to the reader, by necessity, a false one—since he leaves out some of the elements of national condition. It is an account current, in which all the items are not entered. How, then, can any one strike the just balance? Against this charge, our author's defence would doubtless be, that he has done all that he intended—all that in his title-page he promised. Our rejoinder is, he was bound to intend and promise all that the nature of his subject demanded. He may have come into the field a volunteer, but, once entered, he is no longer free to choose the extent of his service. The public has a right to require that he treat the matter before him in such way as to do it justice, and every purchaser of his book has a right to complain if he do not.

'Tis here we lay down this law, not for every statistical inquirer—for in mental as in manual labour, there must be a class of operatives who work upon parts for others to put together—but we lay it down for such as our author—master-workmen—from whose hands we look for the complete and perfect article. Now this, Mr. P. has not chosen to give us, and we say it is a defect, not in the execution, perhaps, but in the conception of his work. Standing as he does first, if not alone, in this department of American science, he should have imaged to himself a higher scheme, and not have forced his readers to look elsewhere for such important data as the following, viz: “Education,” “Colleges,” “Common Schools,” “Libraries,” “Religious denominations,” “Penitentiary System,” “Poor Laws”—“the Indian races,” “Immigration,” “Bills of Mortality,” “Funds,” “Stocks,” “Naval and Military Force,”

&c. &c., not to mention others very slightly touched upon, such as the "Home Trade," "the Mint," "Post Office," &c. Now all these, in our opinion, should have been in the volume, and might have been so without any addition to its bulk, since more than room sufficient would have been gained by leaving out discussions which have no business in it. Not only, too, should these and many such have been added, but the whole, we think, should have been preceded by the topography or rather physical geography of our country, on a knowledge of which depends a right estimate of what we have already done, and what remains for us to do. With this view we would have both the natural and artificial resources of our country fully developed by maps and plans—its mineral treasures—its natural and artificial lines of communication—its cultivated and wild lands, with their varying density of population, all speaking to the eye by lines and bounds, and lights and shadows, and conveying to the mind information more precise, and at the same time more impressive, than words or figures can give.

As illustrative of this species of statistical map, we would refer our readers to a comparative population map of the world, prefixed to Powlett Scrope's Political Economy, (London,) where the relative density of population is indicated by a lighter or deeper shade—the object of it was to overthrow the Malthusian theory—the effect of it was that of a most conclusive argument. The canal and rail-road map, recently published by D. K. Minor, New York, will give an idea of the value of such visible delineation in another department—and as to our mineral treasures of coal, iron, lead, gold, &c., it is easy to imagine how much clearer notions of them we should have from a well coloured mineralogical map, than from any description. We are happy to find that our state governments are beginning to appreciate the value of accurate knowledge upon these subjects. North and South Carolina set the example, several years ago; a geological survey under authority having been made of the former by Professor Olmstead, of the latter by Professor Vanuxen. The next was that of Massachusetts, under the direction of Professor Hitchcock. A similar survey of Tennessee is now in progress by Dr. Frost—while New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and at last New York, have taken legislative steps to effect the same. Maryland is also going on—and Congress has already received a report of progress from the geologist\* appointed by them at their former session. This department of statistics, therefore, need not henceforward be a blank.

Our last demand, and one in which we must say the present work fails to satisfy us, notwithstanding its great mass of valuable materials, is *arrangement*. Now, this we consider to be *essential*. If the first element of a statistic work be accuracy, the second cer-

\* George W. Fetherstonhaugh, Esq.



tainly is **ORDER**—for it is this alone that makes collected facts either safe or available. Of what value are they if they cannot be found—or if when found, not in their right connexion? Nothing is more annoying to a reader, than to have to search for that which ought immediately to appear—and nothing more perplexing to a writer (*me judice*) than to have isolated facts presented to him, which are valueless for want of due classification. It is by order alone that statistics can ever become what it certainly may, a *science*—like all the natural sciences—a science of arrangement—one in which, though figures are continually changing, the scheme and outline continue the same—giving unity and simplicity to what would otherwise be a confused and intricate wilderness of details. The rapid changes in the condition of the United States, render such a work doubtless more difficult, but at the same time more important—and it would be part of our scheme to meet this difficulty by the publication of an “*Annuaire*” similar in size and form to the larger work—and referring by page to the original matter, in its annual corrections or additions. If any one doubt the value of such scientific order, we advise him to try the question by comparing the facility with which he can refer to any one of the 100,000 species of plants, systematically arranged, with the difficulty of performing the same operation among minerals, where there is not the twentieth part of the number. Or should any doubt whether such accuracy is compatible with the looser nature of statistics, we refer him for satisfaction to the “*Annales*” of the Statistical Society of Paris, or the volumes of its philosophic president, M. Balbi—or should he desire still more academic authority, to the treatises of Graberg and Baron Malchus.\* In our country the science may be new, but it should not be unknown—and to such writers as our author we have a right to look for its introduction.

Now, in this point the present work would admit of great improvement. There seems to have been in the mind of the writer no well defined scheme or plan, giving unity to the whole, and order to the parts. Its subjects oftentimes follow or precede without definite reason—and sometimes in direct opposition to reason. Thus “*Population*,” which naturally comes first, is to be found last (Chapter XIII.): the actual commerce of the country precedes the historical view, which obviously should come before it; and in the same chapter we find the tables of gold and silver of 1833, mixed up with the brown sugar and coffee of 1806–7.

Another point of order required by the science, is uniformity in moneys, weights, and measures. All foreign estimates and tables are to be reduced to our own, and thus one source of trouble and

\* “*De Natura et limitibus Scientiæ Statisticæ*”—“*La Théorie de la Statistique*”—“*La Science des Finances et de l'administration.*”

confusion, and that not a small one, cut off. The author of a statistical work is not to impose upon the reader either the labour or the risk of converting pounds into dollars, or francs into cents—or perhaps commit the grosser error of forgetting the necessity of doing so, by mistaking a £ for \$. Neither is he permitted to say, as Mr. Pitkin does, p. 5, in reporting the decision of the King of the Netherlands on the question of our North-Eastern boundary: “The territory of the United States shall include said fort at Rouse’s point, and its kilometrical radius (*rayon kilometrique.*)” Now, we ask what is the kilometrical radius of a fort? what is meant by its radius at all? and why is the original French annexed—to increase, or at any rate suggest obscurity? In a popular work like the present, the whole should have been made simple: the French kilometre being reduced to English measure (about 1,000 yards,) and the radius of a fort explained as the technical term for its jurisdiction—a thousand yards being taken as the ordinary range of shot.

But we delay too long from the examination of higher questions. The work opens with an historical sketch of the manner in which the present extent and boundaries of the United States have been acquired and ascertained, involving as usual litigations with our neighbours Spain, Russia, and England. Among these disputed questions we shall touch but upon one, that respecting our North Eastern boundary, between Maine and New Brunswick—a question which is growing every day more difficult of settlement, through the increasing value of the tract in controversy, estimated at about six millions of acres. This opinion of its difficulty has been recently greatly strengthened in our minds, by a reference to the original maps and documents of the Commissioners, to which we have been permitted access. We will not here trouble our readers with either facts or argument from these voluminous papers, but merely observe, as the result of their perusal, that the contest is one to which we can now see no reasonable termination, inasmuch as every principle of settlement has already been tried, and tried in vain. *Argument* is on our side—*possession* is on theirs. We plead the *letter* of the treaty—they argue upon its *spirit*. We *cannot* recede, for our rights are strong, not to say conclusive. They *will not* recede, inasmuch as the security of their provinces is involved in holding it. To us, the tract in dispute is valuable territory; to them it is more—it is the bond of union between separated provinces. Under these prevailing motives to mutual pertinacity, all attempts at diplomatic settlement have thus far failed; they were tried after the peace of 1783—again in 1798, under the provisions of Mr. Jay’s treaty—and finally, under commissions issued in accordance with the pacification of Ghent in 1815. One hope yet remained—a reference might cut the Gordian knot which argument could not untie, but unfortunately the

reference agreed upon was without final powers. The King of the Netherlands was chosen as an umpire, not a judge, and his modified decision, consequently, not binding upon the parties—so that all the preliminary labours of this commission also, are now to be added to the bootless mass of previous documents. The matter now stands where it stood before and at first. Possession and state necessity on one side, against strong and clear claims on the other. That the Senate of the United States was justifiable in its rejection of the royal arbitration, there can be no question, for the King arbitrated in a matter not entrusted to him. Whether equally prudent, may perhaps be doubted, at least by us who are lovers of peace. The new line given by the King, viz. the deep channel of the St. John's, is a partition of the matter in dispute, giving to each party what each most coveted—to us the larger and more valuable portion of territory—to the British the north bank of the river, where the road runs from Quebec to the lower provinces.

Before closing this subject, we would add one word of caution to the reader of Mr. Pitkin's statement, not to puzzle himself by hunting among the rivers on the map for "the Thalweg," as he incautiously prints it, the same being but the technical term in continental diplomacy for the mid-channel of a stream, as its German derivation indicates.

Chapter II. is also historical; it relates to the colonial policy of Great Britain, in its operation upon us previous to the Revolutionary war—to the disastrous financial condition in which that war left us, and our distracted councils kept us, until the adoption of our present Constitution, 4th March, 1789. "Since that auspicious period," says Mr. P., "the United States have peaceably acquired, as before stated, a vast amount of territory: and the following pages will show, we trust, (why trust?) that no country has ever increased more rapidly in population, and in internal and external resources." The first lesson to be learned from our colonial history, is the folly of that system of monopoly by which colonial nations have sought to appropriate to themselves all the profits of the trade. "While in a colonial state," says Mr. P., "the European commerce of the Americans was confined to Great Britain, and that part of the continent of Europe which lies south of Cape Finistère." This matter deserves to be more exactly stated—we therefore add—under the navigation act of 15 Charles II.: "No commodity of Europe to be imported but from England, under penalty of forfeiture both of ship and goods, wine from Madeira and salt from the islands, alone excepted." Again, "no plantation goods" (*i. e.* produce) to be "shipped except to England"—even that for Ireland to be "first landed in England, and there re-shipped." (See Ashley's *British Colonies*, 1740.) This tyranny, which had been mitigated under fear of the French, was rigidly enforced after the peace of

1763, and at length paved the way for the war of the Revolution. Now, this was a policy which the English acknowledged to be selfish, but still maintained to be profitable—hard for the colonies, but very enriching to the mother country, who enjoyed the monopoly. But what says experience, that teacher of wisdom? It has identified, we may say, “profit of trade” with “freedom of trade,” and for ever put down this selfish policy of nations on the score of interest as well as humanity.

After a century of colonial monopoly, the exports from Great Britain to the colonies (now the U. S.) on an average of six years ending with 1774, amounted to but £2,732,036, or about \$12,000,000; and the imports from the same to £1,752,142, or \$7,700,000. What now has freedom done? Less than half that period (counting from the formation of our Union, when our trade was still smaller) has swelled the first item more than three fold, and the second more than four fold—our imports from England in 1833 amounting to \$37,845,824, and our exports to \$32,363,450. It is an old saying, that in custom-house arithmetic two and two do not always make four—we may here add to the paradox by showing how much greater the half of a trade may be than the whole. How this result comes out is very obvious. If the colonial trade were a fixed amount, then monopoly would doubtless be the most profitable system; but as colonies are to the mother country only a market, they consequently are valuable according to the amount they are able to purchase, and that amount is regulated by their own prosperity—so that whatever checks that, reacts with equal force on their oppressors.

By a singular coincidence, these principles of freedom were first taught in the mother country at the very moment the colonies stood up to fight for them—while the Bostonians were throwing the tea overboard, Adam Smith was throwing overboard the system that led to it, and exposing the financial folly of seeking profit from colonies by making them “sell cheap and buy dear”—the necessary consequence being to make them “produce less where they got less for what they produce.” To these truths even England, step-mother as she has always been to her colonies, is at length beginning to open her eyes; her recent Canadian policy evinces, as we shall hereafter have occasion to point out, that she now understands better the true value of productive colonies. In the mean time, our history, we may say, has settled for the world this great principle, that justice and profit go hand in hand, and that heaven has not divided the commercial interest of nations from their natural duties.

It is curious to trace from the data here given the effect which the war of Independence had within a few years upon our exchanges with England. In 1784, that is, the first year after the conclusion of the war, the returns stood as follows; they are taken

from the English custom-house books, for we had then no records of our own. "Imports into England, £749,345;" "Exports to the U. S., £3,679,467." And again, in the year 1790—"Imports, £1,191,071;" "Exports, £3,431,778." From these amounts we learn, first, the exhausted condition of our country from the war, an enormous import, and exports but to one-fifth of that amount, and less than one-half in value of what they had been ten years before; and secondly, we learn the still more important lesson, and one which we trust will not be too soon forgotten—how slow was our advancement, (if not absolutely retrograde,) until UNION had given us vigour. But to look at these statements in another light, as bearing again upon the colonial question. England chiefly valued her colonial system, as forcing us to buy from her instead of foreign manufacturers. She feared our independence, lest she should lose our custom. Now, what do we learn from the returns above given? Why, that she deserted our markets, and not we hers—sixteen years after the separation we are found buying from her to the amount of about \$4,000,000 *more* than we did before it, while she purchases from us at least \$2,000,000 *LESS*. Verily, one would think that the commercial shackles had been taken off from her instead of us.

Into our author's statements of the financial and commercial bankruptcy which marked the sad interval between the years 1784 and 1789, we have not time to enter, but again recommend their perusal to all nullifiers of that Union which saved us from them. They are justly and forcibly given, though the colonial part would have been improved by a reference to our own early writers—more especially to Governor Pownall's tracts, and the politico-economical pamphlets of Franklin. A country residence, we would take the liberty to suggest, is not favourable to an author's power of research. A *statistician* more especially, (we beg leave to adopt from the French a term long needed,) should live in libraries, and be surrounded by sources of information, living and dead, such as can hardly be found out of our great commercial cities.

We cannot pass by, however, one false point of political economy, to which, p. 31, our author seems to lend his sanction. "The influx of goods," says he, "*draining* the United States of a great part of the specie, *therefore* Congress in vain made requisition upon the states to *fill* the public treasury." The italics in this quotation are our own—we have marked them for condemnation. Does the wealth of the country, we would ask, consist in its specie? Are there fewer exchangeable values in it because we want the counters to mark them? And does our author mean that the treasury vaults were to be literally *filled* with that material commodity? Surely not—he cannot think so. But if not, why, by his language, give currency to such exploded prejudices?

Why add the weight of his name to errors which, however venial in theory, are yet fatal in their operation? It is this thoughtless adoption, we must say, of the language of popular error on the part of one whose word has weight in the community, that tends so long to perpetuate them—it choaks as it were the channels by which truth flows into practice.

From Chapter III. to Chapter VI. inclusive, is devoted to the main subject of the work—the trade of the United States, as exhibited in its exports and imports. In our examination we shall take up the subjects as they present themselves. Our author begins as is natural with the Exports. “At an early period of the present government, provision was made at the Treasury department to ascertain the quantity as well as value of all the Exports of the country; but in the general accounts no discrimination between the value of domestic and foreign articles, until 1802. To ascertain the value of the Exports, the several collectors were (then) directed by the Treasury department to add in their quarterly returns the quantity of the various articles exported, and also their value at the places of exportation.” P. 34. To this general statement we would only annex the names of the two secretaries to whose talents and labours we are indebted for the whole system—the fathers, as they may justly be termed, of this most important department—these are, Alexander Hamilton in 1791, and Albert Gallatin in 1802. To the first belongs the merit of adopting a system of accounts so simple and yet so efficient, that every departure from it has been found injurious—and in answer to a recent call upon the department, its various bureaux all united though without concert in recommending alterations, which, upon examination, were found to be but a return to what Hamilton had originally made it. This fact, though coming from a private source, may yet be depended upon, and is worthy of note, as tending to confirm our admiration of the varied talents of Hamilton, at once the soldier, the statesman, the jurist, the orator, and the financier. To Gallatin again we are indebted for the whole system of Treasury reports—an addition highly important as a means of information, and in a popular government invaluable as a source of public confidence. The knowledge obtained in English returns by the adoption of “official custom-house values,” he secured by a direct report of quantities, and by the classification again of the Exports of domestic origin into the produce of, 1. the Sea, 2. the Forest, 3. Agriculture, 4. Manufactures—he gave to that branch of the subject a clearness and simplicity which its multifarious character greatly needed. We would further add, on private authority, that its adoption was the result of a visit made him in 1801, by that intelligent traveller, Alexander Humboldt. The method adopted by him to simplify to a foreigner the subject of our Exports, has been the means of making it clearer both to citizen and foreigner ever since.



1. *The Products of the Sea.* Our great fisheries are cod and whale, to which may be added the Seal, though not here enumerated by our author. Scientifically speaking, neither it nor the whale are *fish*—yet in common parlance we know not where else he would place it. Of all departments of American enterprise, none strikes us with greater admiration than that of the pursuit of the whale. The length and distance of the voyage, the peril of the occupation, the hardihood it demands amid frozen seas and on rocky, unknown coasts—and then when we regard the character of the men who engage in it—not the reckless, drunken sailor, but men prudent and temperate as well as brave, all having a stake and share in the common success; carrying out with them nothing but their own brawny arms, and bringing back loads of wealth to the value of at least \$4,000,000 per annum; when we look too at the barren rock or beach of Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard, that sends them forth, and then learn that they have almost driven from the trade all foreign competitors, it is not easy to set bounds to our estimate of American enterprise and hardihood. Verily, if with Hobbes, we term the sea and land “the two breasts of our common mother,” we must admit that we her children have sucked thereout, from one at least, no stinted nourishment. Of this trade Mr. P. gives an interesting sketch. It commenced in the island of Nantucket, in boats from the shore, as early as the year 1690. At that time, the whale was their neighbour, for he knew them not as an enemy. Now they must search for him in his hiding-places, under polar ice. In 1715, six sloops of thirty-eight tons each were employed in the fishery from that island. For many years these adventurers were confined to their own coast; but as whales grew scarce, which was about 1750, their cruises were extended first to the Western Islands, then to the Brazils, and at length in our own day to the Northern and Southern Oceans. The annual produce of this fishery before the Revolution amounted to \$1,160,000. During the war it was totally destroyed. On the return of peace it recovered by degrees, until it now stands reported by our author as follows—

381 ships, 50 barques, &c. engaged in the fishery, value \$10,130,000.  
Tonnage, 136,000, being one-tenth of the whole tonnage of the United States.

Whole number of men employed, 10,900.

Value of oil, whalebone, &c., from \$3,500,000 to \$4,000,000 a year.

Enormous as this statement of our author appears of a form of American industry, of which we see and hear so little, we must raise it yet higher. On reference to the Congressional documents of the present year, more especially to the report of Mr. Pearce, (H. of Rep. Feb. 7, 1835,) in favour of a government voyage of

discovery into the high southern latitudes frequented by the whalers, we find the following estimate given of the present amount of the trade.

From New Bedford, Nantucket, and New London alone,

tonnage,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	132,000
Men,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10,000
Including the more recent ports that have entered into it, together with the oil ships that transport the same to Europe,								} tonnage, 170,000 men, 12,000
Capital invested,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Annual value of proceeds,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4,000,000

Thus making the tonnage employed one-eighth, instead of one-tenth of the whole. A fact also recorded in the report alluded to is worthy of remark—it is, that no whaling ship has ever been lost in doubling Cape Horn; the source of their security is evidently the character of their men. They are temperate as well as skilful. Out of 181 whaling vessels sailing out of New Bedford in April, 1834, 168 carried no spirituous liquors except for the medicine chest. Three-tenths of the earnings of the ship are the share of the seamen. This too adds to their security. How near we come to a monopoly of these hazardous voyages may be judged of by the fact, that the whole number of British vessels employed in the whale fishery in 1830 was less by 60 than sailed out of the single port of New Bedford; the former being 121, the latter 181.

In the search for the Seal also, American enterprise stands conspicuous if not alone. It is carried on mainly by the inhabitants of Stonington, a little village in Connecticut, the very name of which is scarcely known beyond the limits of the state. In their little barques, from fifty to eighty tons, these hardy and adventurous men push their way through mountains of floating ice, to find the object of their search in the highest Antarctic latitudes, amid all the perils of an unknown and hazardous navigation. But their zeal has already greatly exhausted the supply. About thirty years ago, when the business was at its height, seal skins were taken to Canton, which was their great market, to the annual value of near \$400,000—at present it is greatly diminished. Nor is the cod fishery by any means of the same relative importance it once was. At the period of the Revolution it was struggled for as a vital question, as one of the great staples of our country. At present among our exports it stands in a low rank, having fallen off instead of increasing during the last forty years, the export in 1833 being less than in 1791, and not one-third of that in 1804. All this, however, is but a question of export—perhaps, after all, we love the fish too well at home to let it go abroad. This we acknowledge is but a *guess*—the amount consumed not being given.

2. *Products of the Forest.* "Lumber of various kinds, naval stores, pot and pearl ashes, skins and furs, ginseng, oak bark, and other dyes, constitute what are usually called the products of the American forest." The exportation of lumber from a wooded country must obviously have commenced with the first settlements. As with other forms of raw produce, it is a trade which grows up to a certain point, and then decreases with the increasing wealth of the country. This phenomenon is clearly seen in the case of lumber. In 1770, the official value exported amounted to \$686,588—from 1803 to 1807 was its maximum—it then averaged over \$2,500,000 per annum; while from 1820 to 1830 it has averaged only \$1,784,000. With naval stores also the principle is the same, though the amount of those exported is more variable, as being dependant on the political relations of Europe. For a state of universal peace, our exports during the last few years have been extraordinarily large, which looks at least like prospective wisdom on the part of our foreign purchasers. It is worthy of note, that our maximum shipment of naval stores took place in 1811, slipping out in breach of our non-intercourse laws, and supplying doubtless the means of a naval warfare against ourselves.

In 1770, the value exported amounted to \$144,000—from 1805 to 1811 it averaged about \$500,000—from 1820 to 1830, a little over \$400,000. Pot and pearl ashes before the Revolution were encouraged by bounties from the government, and stimulated by premiums from learned societies. Under this patronage the export amounted in 1770 to \$290,000. Since that time, the arts and freedom have been their only patrons, and yet the export of them has continued to advance—the average from 1803 to 1807 being about \$914,000, and from 1825 to 1830 about \$1,164,000—for the last four years, however, it has not reached that average.

For furs and peltry our country must now be considered rather as a place of transit than the source of supply—Canada and the Hudson Bay Company's regions furnishing the forests whence they are all derived. The quantity and value, however, is considerable. In 1770, the export from the colonies (Canada included) amounted to \$670,000—from 1804 to 1807, \$823,000—from 1820 to 1830, about \$600,000—while the recent fashion of furs has, among other causes, again swelled the supply of 1833 to \$841,933. Ginseng is a root which possesses, it appears, a flavour highly grateful to a Chinese palate; now, China is a country where a popular taste creates a large market; the result is, that we annually ship of this innocent vegetable to that country to the value of about \$150,000—in 1833 it amounted to \$183,194. Oak bark and our other forms of tannin, judging from the tables, must have been always "a feast or a famine." In 1803, the export amounted in value to \$225,000; five years after it had sunk to one-twenty-fifth, viz., \$5000. In 1813, it stood \$118,000—the next year

\$3000, being one-thirty-ninth; the following year it bounded up to \$336,000, being its former amount 112 times told; and last year, 1833, appears in the more moderate amount of \$93,609. That such in truth was the state of the trade, we happen to know from sad experience—part of our paternal funds having been once locked up in the form of a cargo of quercitron bark, (a species of oak bark used by manufacturers as the basis of most of the fancy colours,) which, after being stored six months in Liverpool, was sold for expenses, and threw more than a dead loss upon the shipper.

3. *The Products of Agriculture.* “The principal employment,” says Mr. P., “of the inhabitants of North America, has been that of agriculture. The first emigrants soon found that nothing promised such immediate and permanent advantages as the cultivation of the new lands they came to possess. The labour bestowed in clearing and cultivating them, afforded not only the surest means of subsistence, but added greatly to the permanent value of the lands themselves. The vast tracts of vacant and uncleared lands in the United States, have always rendered it easy for those possessed of an ordinary share of industry, to obtain more than enough for cultivation. The facility of supporting families has induced early marriages, population has increased with the means of subsistence, and wealth, as well as health and happiness, has generally attended the independent cultivation of the soil.” This is a pleasing picture, justly conceived and well told. We wonder, after writing it, our author could find in his heart to urge, as he afterwards does, that high tariff policy which would convert such a population, before their time, into the inmates of crowded factories, where health and enjoyment, if not patriotism and virtue, are robbed of one-half, at least, of their natural sustenance—“pure air by day, sweet sleep by night.” The language of Franklin on this point, is that of indignation at the prospect: “No man (says he) who can have a piece of land of his own, sufficient by his labour to subsist his family in plenty, is poor enow to be a manufacturer, and work for a master.” (Pamphlet on Canada.)

The productions of Agriculture have been classed into

1. Vegetable—as wheat, flour, rice, &c.
2. The products of animals—as beef, tallow, &c.
3. Tobacco. 4. Cotton. 5. All other vegetable products, as indigo, &c.

Of these we will note but the leading condition.

Wheat was introduced into America by the first emigrants. It has in truth been the companion of civilized man in all his wanderings, wherever the climate would admit of its cultivation—it came with him from the central plains of Asia, where alone it still is found native, and will doubtless continue with him to his journey's end. Wherever the choice can be made, we find it always

preferred as the staff of life, and we count it no small blessing of our own country, that it is so widely and happily fitted for its growth. Of late years its cultivation has extended greatly in the South, by the conversion of tobacco lands; while in the Eastern states, on the contrary, it is gradually wearing out from failure of crops—one cause, doubtless, among others, that has led or rather driven New England into manufactures. In 1770, the export from colonies, now the United States, amounted to \$2,862,190. The maximum of shipment was in 1811, in anticipation of the war, and in 1817, two years after it. In the latter year it amounted to the enormous sum of \$17,968,272, an estimate arising partly from quantity, but principally from price—in 1833, it was but \$5,642,602. The small amount of this staple of our country exported, affords, as we all know, a never ending theme of vituperation against England because she will not buy it, and of persuasion to domestic manufactures, in order that we may ourselves consume it. Now, we are advocates neither for corn laws nor high tariffs; but we would merely hint to such American reasoners, that the two branches of their argument do not well hold together. To ask protection for domestic manufactures *because* England excludes our corn, is to make the existence of one bounty the reason for a second. British corn laws are in themselves a direct bounty upon American manufactures. 1. By raising there the cost price of the manufactures they send us—and, 2. By diminishing here the profits of agricultural capital, and thus throwing both it and the labour it supports, upon manufactures for employment. In fact, the strongest case for aid to our own manufacturers, would arise upon the removal of these very laws, the existence of which they now most absurdly urge as their argument.

Many, too, complain of these corn laws of England as if they were acts of hostility directed against us; this, too, is ignorance or worse, for not only were they in existence before we ourselves were, but as a matter of right, we have no business to look into the question. If England chooses to raise her own grain instead of buying ours, it is her own look out. We have no more right to quarrel with her for that, than that she prefers barley bread to Indian corn. If we once claim a right to look into these matters, where shall we stop? and how endless will be our subjects of complaint? The drawbacks paid by that government to her manufacturers, amounted in 1828 to near \$14,000,000—\$7,000,000 on cotton goods alone, than which there cannot be a more evident and direct blow at all foreign manufacturers of the same goods. Yet who thinks of making this a subject of complaint? surely none. Let, then, educated men hold sound language on these points, in the hope that the uneducated may in time learn wisdom, nor think that one nation has any right to look into the municipal regulations of another, in the way of complaint. Equal privileges with other

foreigners we have a right to demand, if we are willing to reciprocate; but all within is a mere matter of expediency, in which every nation is "*sui juris*." England has a full right to say, "we will eat dear bread;" and we have an equally full right to reply, "we will therefore wear dear cloth." Neither has any right to quarrel with the other, but in the meantime the economist may be permitted to wonder at both. On this point we will pause a moment longer. As to the facts of the case. Many argue as if England were a great manufactory, and all its grain a forced cultivation, which would sink at once, if her ports were opened to our cheaper corn. Now this is not so. England, with her fertile soil, and skill in husbandry, is one of the greatest natural wheat growing countries in the world; and on the memory of those who have travelled leisurely through her borders, the image that rests is rather of golden harvests than of smoky workshops—of a farm than of a factory. In good seasons she feeds herself, sometimes even exports grain, and seldom falls below ten days or a fortnight's deficiency. It was war, and the waste and famine that war brings, and not the open ports of England, that once and again have swelled our exports of bread stuffs to two and three times its present amount; but then war and famine in Europe are sources of prosperity to us, which we ought not to desire, and certainly have no right to demand.

The ten years, from 1803 to 1813, give, as the value of wheat and flour exported, \$99,021,000; those from 1820 to 1830, scarcely above the half, \$50,351,343.

*Rice.* The introduction of rice in our country, as given from Ramsay, is interesting, as showing how "great things oft' spring of small seed." "Langrave Thomas Smith, who was governor of the Province (South Carolina) in 1693, had been at Madagascar before he settled in Carolina. There he observed that rice was planted, and grew in moist and low ground. Having such ground at the western extremity of his garden, attached to his dwelling house in East Bay street, he was persuaded that rice would grow there, if seed could be obtained. About this time a vessel from Madagascar being in distress, came to anchor near Sullivan's Island: the master of the vessel inquired for Mr. Smith, as an old acquaintance—an interview took place. In the course of conversation, Mr. S. expressed a wish to obtain some seed rice to plant in his garden, by way of experiment. The cook being called, said he had a small bag of rice suitable for that purpose. This was presented to Mr. S., who sowed it in a low spot in his garden, which now forms a part of Longitude Lane. It grew luxuriantly. The little crop was distributed by Mr. S. among his planting friends. From this small beginning the first staple of South Carolina took its rise."

Of its rapid extension we may judge. In 1724, 18,000 barrels



of it were exported; in 1760, 100,000; in 1770, 160,000, valued at \$1,530,000; in 1833, 144,163 tierces, valued at \$2,774,418. Of our native grain, viz. Indian corn, or maize, the exportation has diminished from almost the formation of our government. Its value in 1803, the first year that returns were taken, amounted to \$2,025,000—1833, to \$871,814, being but two-fifths of what it was thirty years before. The aggregate value of all exports, the produce of agriculture, shows a similar though not equal diminution. In 1802 it amounted to \$12,790,000; in 1817, its maximum, to \$22,954,000; in 1833, to \$9,839,468. The causes of this decline are obvious and natural: in Europe, universal peace instead of universal war; and at home, our own consumption multiplied to a ten-fold degree. A corn growing country, we should remember, is not necessarily a corn exporting country; new settlers are always consumers before they are producers; thus at the present moment we see wheat higher in Illinois than in New York, and many of the richest agricultural counties in all the States are importers instead of exporters of it.

*Tobacco* is another export that has not held its own; equal perhaps in quantity but not in price, and in ratio of importance greatly inferior to what it once was. It augurs well, (at least for the world at large,) when physical stimulants begin to find a narrower market. To the savage they are the only temptations that can rouse him out of his natural apathy—to the half civilized man they are the indulgences of habit—the educated man learns at length to despise them. How greatly, for instance, has the spice trade of India lost its relative importance. Tobacco sunk from being a staple—and last and hardest of all, ardent spirits begins at length to give way! Thus does man rise, step by step, while tea and coffee take the place of rum and tobacco. Of this intoxicating weed imported into England along with the potato, we remember to have seen the assertion that it had made the circuit of the globe before the potato had crossed the channel; but if so, the race we now see is not always to the swift, and the potato is yearly extending its dominion in the face of the receding fumes of its rival. Before the Revolution, it constituted about one-third of all the exports of the British North American Colonies; while the average of ten years, from 1820 to 1830, makes it but about one-ninth of the domestic exports of the United States alone, being in value about \$5,500,000.

*Cotton.* We now come to the most valuable by far of the exports of the United States, or in fact of any other country, and one that has grown up with a rapidity altogether unprecedented. No country in any age ever possessed so valuable an export; and no material for manufacture ever spread so rapidly and so widely, as this has done within the last forty years. In this there is something very remarkable, for neither the material nor the manufac-

ture is of recent date. The plant itself (*Gossypium*) is common to the tropical regions of both the old and new world, and so "native to the loom," that it was among the earliest of raw materials employed in manufacture. It is enumerated among those of India by Herodotus, the earliest of profane historians; it was one of the few found by the Spaniards among the Mexicans and Peruvians; and one of the first taken up by European settlers in their Southern colonies. Yet for all this, the miracles it has wrought are all within the memory of the living generation. Soon after the peace of 1783, a little was shipped from Georgia; but until 1793, this export was confined to the "Sea Island," "black seed," or "long staple" cotton, the cultivation of which was necessarily very limited; the "green seed," "short staple," or "upland," as it is now called, which would grow any where, being comparatively worthless, from the difficulty of separating the staple from the seed. The celebrated machine of Whitney at once overcame the difficulty, and cotton sprang up to take place with steam and printing, in revolutionizing the world. Of such a benefactor of his age and country, it is painful to add, that neglect if not penury was his portion: \$50,000, given him by the state of South Carolina for his machine, was expended in maintaining his patent rights in Georgia, where it was chiefly needed. Against these encroachments a tardy decision at length secured him, but not before thirteen out of his fourteen years of patent right were expired; and after a few ineffectual struggles to obtain a prolongation of the term, he died a broken-hearted man, poor in the midst of that wealth which he had himself created. Such is too often the fate of scientific genius. With all the patronage of the law, it is hard to guard what nature has not guarded—an invention once known is equally the property of all, and is gone from its possessor for ever.

The results of this machine in extending the cultivation of cotton, are among the marvels of the nineteenth century. In one year it quadrupled the export. Within thirteen years, 55 millions of pounds of upland cotton alone were exported, valued at \$11,500,000. On an average of four years from 1827, 270 millions of pounds, valued at \$24,000,000. In 1833, 314 millions of pounds, valued at \$32,000,000, to which is to be added above 100 millions of pounds manufactured during the same year within the United States. From the year 1794, the first of the use of this machine, the export has grown up two hundred fold; and from 1792, two years before its invention, 2300 fold; that is, at the almost incredible average annual growth of fifty-five times its original amount. For this immense export England and France are our great markets, in the ratio however of three and one—England taking, in 1833, to the value \$26,253,205, and France to the value of \$8,845,359. The advance of France is, however, in a greater

ratio than that of her rival. Since 1800, her consumption has increased ninety fold, while that of England has not quite reached twenty fold. Taking a later date, however, the ratio stands otherwise. From the year 1821, England's consumption has grown to a treble quantity and a two-fold value; while that of France has advanced also to twice the value, but only to two and one-third in quantity. The reason of this last disparity is to be found in the different proportion consumed in the two countries of the finer staples. It is worth comparing also the influence of price on the custom-house returns. The amount shipped in 1825 is just about one-half of that in 1833, and yet the value of that half crop was greater than that of the whole. It may be a question, however, in that disastrous year who paid the difference.

Manufactured articles begin now to constitute a large and important item in the exports of the United States, standing second in value only to agriculture. Of these, previous to 1826, the general value alone was ascertained, distinguishing only whether of foreign or domestic materials. Since that period, the value of the several articles has also been ascertained and entered. Looking to the general result, the exports of 1833 stand as follows: of the sea, \$2,402,469; forest, \$4,906,339; agriculture, \$55,343,421; manufactures, \$6,923,922: making—domestic origin, \$70,317,698—foreign, \$19,822,735: total value, \$90,140,433.

That our foreign readers may see that we are still going on, we subjoin the estimated report of 1834, which is not yet authoritatively published.

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
	\$ 74,440,429	\$ 22,874,295	\$ 97,318,724
Increase,	\$4,122,731	\$3,051,560	\$7,178,291

Of imports and exports of Specie, our custom-house took no account until 1821. Since that time, they are regularly reported, and by the information they give have tended to dissipate many idle fears and false prejudices. The average up to 1831 stood thus: import about \$ 6,500,000, export about \$ 6,750,000, the surplus being in the light of a profitable manufacture from our own mines. Since 1831, our import has increased and our export decreased. In 1833 it stands—import, \$6,624,261; export, \$2,218,080. To this statement of our author we may now add the Secretary's report for 1834, ending 30th September, as reported to Congress.

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Imported Bullion,	\$ 330,308	\$ 419,264	
Specie,	3,147,799	14,088,439	
	\$3,478,107	\$14,507,703	\$17,985,810

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Exported Bullion,	\$ 12,681	\$ 2,591	
Specie,	248,190	1,727,995	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	\$ 260,871	\$ 1,730,586	\$ 1,991,457
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	Balance retained,		\$ 15,994,353

Of the quantity and value of gold and silver consumed in the arts and domestic manufacture, it is not easy to arrive at any sufficient data; the amount is, however, greater than would at first be imagined. From personal inquiries, we would mention the weekly consumption of gold by a single manufacturer in New York, as rising \$1000.

Chapter VI. treats generally of the foreign commerce of the United States, and opens with an examination of the Treasury mode of estimating our imports and exports. This leads to the vexed question "of the balance of trade,"—"which hitherto," says Mr. P., "has so much puzzled economists as well as others, and is indeed so difficult to solve." Now in the present state of knowledge this is hardly fair towards his inexperienced readers, still less to darken the matter further as he does, by stating one of these ordinary custom-house puzzles, with the grave question annexed—"Is this balance for or against the United States?" Now we will take the liberty to give as our answer, "neither." The balance stated as a difficulty is but one of account, and indicates to the United States neither profit nor loss. On this point we recommend to our author the opinion of Whately, late Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, and one of the clearest-headed reasoners of the present day. "The question of the balance of trade," says he, "has for centuries done more, and perhaps for centuries to come will continue to do more, to retard the improvement of Europe, than all other causes put together." (Lectures, &c.) But as this seems settling the whole question rather cavalierly, we will explain in few words how this matter strikes us.

(1.) As a general question, taking in a series of years and all the nations with whom we have commerce, there is no such thing as a permanent balance of trade either for or against the country—it is a mere question of figures and custom-house books. If asked for proof, we refer to the essential principle of all trade, that it is an exchange of equivalents, and consequently that imports and exports must in the long run *balance*, and as a matter of fact we refer to the present condition of our own country, which through its whole history both colonial and independent has always had this nominal balance of trade against it. It was this fact which first startled Adam Smith, and at length opened his eyes to the true nature of this mystery. (2.) As a national question, with any

single foreign power, such a balance may unquestionably permanently exist, as it does in fact between this country and England, that balance being made good by our shipments to other countries. But here again we deny the propriety of the terms, and protest against the inference drawn from them, as being "for and against," "favourable and unfavourable," the one side of such account being fully as profitable as the other. The proof of this is also conclusive. The merchant, for instance, who ships cotton to France, and sells a bill on London, is making an equal profit, and but an equal profit, with him who imports from England and buys his neighbour's bill to pay for it. (3.) Again, as a question of national imports and exports, for a single year there may be and probably always is a balance either one way or the other; but here also we deny any power of drawing an inference either "favourable" or "unfavourable," since taken in this light it is but a mere question of credit and book account, showing a balance sometimes on the "Dr." sometimes on the "Cr." side of the ledger; but whichever way it lie, it is in either case a matter of mutual convenience and common interest, the balance of one year being probably reversed by the operations of the following. And lastly we would add, as the only important view of the question, that while we reject the "balance of trade" when applied to national prosperity, yet to individual interest we not only admit its existence, but maintain it is that upon which in every foreign commercial operation market prices are dependant, and consequently the merchant's profit on the transaction. But then we say, that to arrive at the knowledge of this actual balance, we must look, not at custom house returns, but at the price of bills, that is, at the comparative value of money on the two sides of the Atlantic. *Bills of exchange*, therefore, and not custom-house returns, are the true barometer of commerce, and they alone teach "the balance of trade," in any rational and available sense, and that is the balance or comparative amount from week to week between exports and imports, or rather between shipments and orders—thus enabling the merchant to know into which scale he is to throw his weight for profit. Beyond this, we hold "the balance of trade" to be a mere matter of moonshine. Here, however, we must add, that this presumes a sound currency—one in which paper money rests upon so extended a metallic basis as not to be sensibly affected by a moderate shipment of specie. If the first dollar demanded from the Banks is to cause a general panic and diminution of commercial discount, why then we acknowledge the national balance becomes a more ticklish matter, and we must guard it as a man would a sore leg in walking; but still that proves, not that walking is a dangerous operation, but only that the man's leg is diseased and should be cured.

The principles adopted by our government in the official returns of the custom-house, are perhaps the best of any commercial

nation—certainly superior to those of England. The system, however, has been matured by degrees. Prior to 1821, the value of the exports alone was returned. Of imports, articles paying *ad valorem* duties, the collectors returned the *value*—of all others, whether paying a specific duty or free, they returned the *quantity*. In 1820, the Secretary of the Treasury was directed “annually to prepare statistical accounts of the commerce of the United States with foreign nations, including the *kinds, quantity, and value*, both of the imports and exports, and also of the navigation employed in foreign trade. The *exports* to be valued at their cost or real value at the *place of exportation*; the *imports* at their cost or worth at the *foreign ports*, from whence they were exported for importation into the United States.” Of these official returns we are far from undervaluing the importance; we only protest against conclusions occasionally drawn from them by our author, in a matter upon which they do not afford all the data; as, for instance, what (even under our accurate system) becomes of the surplus freight carried by our merchantmen in the direct trade, and the whole proceeds of the carrying trade? Here certainly is an import without a corresponding export. How, too, does the account of our fisheries stand? carrying out nothing and bringing back millions. But we must not again enter on this subject. To those familiar with the present distribution of our foreign commerce, it is curious to compare it with the earliest Treasury report of the year 1792.

Exports to Spain and her dominions,	\$ 2,005,907
Portugal and do.,	1,283,462
France and do.,	4,698,735
Great Britain and do.,	9,363,416
Denmark and do.,	224,415
United Netherlands and do.,	1,963,880
Sweden and do.,	47,240

---

\$ 19,737,692

---

Imports from the same countries.

From Spain and her dominions,	\$ 335,110
Portugal and do.,	595,763
France and do.,	2,068,348
Great Britain and do.,	15,285,428
United Netherlands and do.,	1,172,692
Denmark and do.,	351,364
Sweden and do.,	14,325

---

\$ 19,823,030



The imports of 1833, the last reported by our author, stand thus: Imports, \$108,118,311; Exports, \$90,140,433—Exhibiting, according to the “balance of trade” reasoners, the alarming amount of debt against us of near eighteen millions of dollars. Of these worthy gentlemen we are sorry still further to increase the fears, by adding that the recent Treasury report of 1834 gives a still more melancholy picture, viz.,

Imports, \$123,093,351.

Exports, 97,655,321. Balance *against* U. S., \$25,438,030.

Our increase of imports being \$14,101,541; of exports, only \$6,655,321. Of the commerce of the port of New York an estimate may be formed from the following items:

	1833.	1834.	Increase.
Imports.	\$ 60,944,400	\$ 76,875,365	\$ 15,930,965

Estimated return of year now closing, \$100,000,000; giving a further increase of more than \$23,000,000.

In the scale of our foreign commerce, that with Great Britain ranks first, both in extent and value. From 1783 this trade was unregulated by treaty, until 1794. The commercial part of that compact expiring by its own limitation in 1804, it again stood without any permanent provision until 3d July, 1815, when an equalization of duties, for which the British government had long been pressing, between the United States and their dominions in *Europe*, was finally on our part acceded to. The wealth mutually resulting from this good understanding, and the enormous interchange to which it has led of mutual labour, greater unquestionably than the world has ever before seen between two independent nations, must make every lover of his country and of man pray for its long continuance. The dependence created by it is mutual as the benefit is equal, and woe, we say, betide him, who through rashness or ignorance would break that golden bond.

Of the sum total of our exports Great Britain and Ireland take about one-third, while of the sum total of our imports they furnish even more than that proportion. We are, in truth, their best customers, as they are ours. Of their manufactured exports, on an average of the years 1827, 1828, 1829, the United States were the purchasers of one-fifth of their woollen, one-third of their linen, one-fifth of their hardware, (in 1832 of one-half,) one-fourth of their silks, and one-tenth of their cotton goods. This last item may from its smallness excite surprise; still more perhaps that we are far from being in cottons her greatest customer. In 1829, Brazil purchased to more than double what we did. Of all the exports of British produce and manufacture, full one-half in value consists in fabrics of cotton, and of that raw material we supply three-fourths of the quantity she consumes.

With the British East Indies we continue to carry on a large but not increasing intercourse. The opening of that trade in 1788 deserves to be recorded to the honour of our rival, for the noble forgetfulness it displayed of past animosities. The ship *Chesapeake*, one of the first vessels that unfurled the American flag in the Ganges, was exempted by the Supreme Council of Bengal from all government custom; and orders were immediately issued by Lord Cornwallis, then governor-general, that American vessels should be treated at the Company's settlements in all respects as the most favoured foreigners. (Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*.) Until the law of minimums in 1816, our imports from India consisted principally of low-priced cottons, and since that time of indigo and silks; the account being settled by bills, or paid on the spot in specie. Prior to 1821, the specie not passing through the custom house left the export returns almost a blank, as the adoption of bills is now doing a second time; and yet the trade as to profit is evidently unaffected by it. The entry of specie in 1821 mounted up our exports to India from \$200,000 to more than \$2,000,000; while the substitution of bills for specie, which commenced as a general system in 1823, as suddenly depressed them from \$1,930,376 to \$283,052.

As these changes illustrate some of the mysteries of "the balance of trade," we digress a moment to show their simplicity when fairly stated. Our trade with India and the East generally was long carried on by an export of specie, not, as most persons suppose, because there was a peculiar demand for the precious metals, but simply because there was nothing else our country could furnish for which there was there any demand. Specie they would take, because they could exchange—cotton, rice, &c., they would not take, having more than enough of their own; therefore, we sent them specie. The cessation again of the shipment of specie and the substitution of bills arose, not as such reasoners think, because India and China had enough of specie—for like other people they would be glad to have more, and as much as they could get—but simply again because their increasing consumption of British goods, especially of woollen cloths and of cottons, after the power loom had enabled the British manufacturer to underbid their neighbours, threw upon the East Indies a debt payable in London, being the surplus of British exports to the East beyond their imports from it. Under these circumstances, bills drawn by us payable in London became to the Calcutta or Canton merchant more acceptable than specie itself; because they paid the very debt for which such merchant would otherwise have to provide by a shipment of specie ten thousand miles off. Therefore it is that we now pay in bills.

There is something beautiful in the simplicity of thus maintaining and equalizing national exchanges by a few slips of commercial

paper. America consumes Chinese tea, the Chinese consume English broadcloth, and England consumes American cotton; and we settle the debts of all the parties, by simply directing the London merchant who owes us, to pass the credit from our account to that of the Canton merchant who owes him, while the Canton merchant takes from us that order as the most satisfactory payment of our debt. By the last advices, the price of bills in China, owing to the disturbed state of the English trade, bids fair to unsettle (though in the nature of things it can be but for a short time) this convenient and economical arrangement, and to call again for a shipment of specie. Our trade with the British West Indies opens for our readers a wide field of discussion: it has been a bone of contention ever since we were a nation; never regulated by treaty until four years since, and under that treaty worse than ever. It is perhaps the most tangled skein of our whole diplomacy, involving so many questions both of right, and expediency, and fact, and principle, that it is equally hard to understand and to settle. With these views, we are not likely to undertake the solution. The sole point to which our observations will tend is, to remove from our late able and honest negotiator (Louis M'Lane) the odium of a result now universally acknowledged to be the fact, viz., the comparative exclusion of American tonnage from this trade since the Convention of 1830.

The policy of the British government, as the owners of those colonies, has always been an obvious and natural one. It was to make them a source of increase to her own shipping, by confining the trade to British bottoms. The difficulty lay in the United States being the furnisher of what they most wanted. The object of the British government has therefore all along been, 1. To secure those supplies being carried in their own ships by excluding all foreigners from the islands; that is, to monopolize the *direct* trade: and, 2. To use this monopoly as a means of enlarging their *indirect* trade, by the advantages thus given to their own ships in the *circuitous* voyage between Great Britain, this country, and the West India islands. Simple exclusion of American vessels from their West India harbours was found not to effect it. Not only was the exclusion in great degree nominal, from the frequency of opening them under proclamation, but even when closed, the freightage still remained with us, and the greater loss was still upon themselves, in having to bring from the contiguous Danish islands of St. Croix and St. Thomas, supplies which they might have obtained cheaper direct from the United States. Under the treaty of 1830, the ports therefore were finally and permanently opened, on terms of equality, as to duties, charges, and *articles of import*, whether imported in American or British bottoms; our own ports, which had been previously closed, being also opened to vessels from her neighbouring North American colonies

on the same reciprocal terms. Under this Convention, the trade has taken a great and sudden change unfavourable to our shipping. The supplies we used to furnish direct to the West Indies, either to British or neutral ports, now go through the British North American provinces; and our equality of duties in West India harbours remains, as to all practical result, a dead letter. Now we say that this has followed, not from Mr. M'Lane's Convention, but from subsequent acts of the British government, over which we had and could have no direct control.

It is not her skill in diplomacy, therefore, but her wise and more liberal colonial policy, which has gained for her what she has so long fought for in vain—in vain, only because she held it in her own hands. By an act of Parliament, passed 1831, all duties were abolished in her West India ports, upon supplies in her own ships from her North American possessions; and this operated immediately as a bounty, which has proved effectual in drawing the course of trade through that channel. Now, we ask, would not this same freedom have given the same result before? and if so, is it just to charge it upon our negotiator? Viewing it as a national question, we are also clear that Great Britain has a perfect right to favour her own shipping in her own ports; and that any advantages which freedom there gives, are a matter of independent choice. We surely have no right to quarrel with England, because she has at length opened her eyes to the true management of her own colonies. If we have enjoyed any advantages from her past blindness, that is no reason why we should insist on her shutting her eyes again for our benefit. Our author, on the contrary, lays the blame upon the liberal construction given by our negotiator, and subsequently by our government, to the open phrase “admitted to entry,” as applied to British vessels from the North American colonies entering our ports. But this obviously is not the cause, since it is his own statement that the present course of the trade carries our produce first to those colonies, and between us and them there is under treaty a perfect reciprocity, so that if they have got the carrying of that produce, it is simply because—what is truly the fact—that New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have succeeded to our old trade of cheap “ship building,” and under the new and liberal policy of the mother country are growing as rapidly as we are. This, doubtless, is the true solution, and we who have fought and bled against colonial slavery are the very last who should murmur at the results of “colonial freedom.” On this subject, or indeed on any subject addressed to intelligent men, we protest against such slang as Mr. P. treats us with, (p. 205,) of “Brother Jonathan having been overreached by Father Bull,” &c. Now we happen to know, from private as well as public sources, (having been on the spot at the time,) that the negotiation

was conducted on both sides with the candour of gentlemen, as well as the skill of diplomatists.

The comparative diminution of our own tonnage in our own ports is unquestionably a startling circumstance, and one that deserves the careful attention of Congress. The result, however, of such examination would, we think, reduce the causes of it to the following, viz., a general spirit of improvement in the commercial policy of European nations, producing an increase of enterprise in their merchants and ship owners. 2. A state of universal peace, which has withdrawn from our merchants all those privileges which as neutrals we so long enjoyed; and 3. As regards British tonnage, the cheap (perhaps cheaper) ships which her unculled American forests now enable her to build, together with the bounty offered to her colonial ship owners, by her West India ports being open to them duty free. The change is certainly too great for the single cause to which Mr. P. would assign it. Thus, from the tables of exported tonnage it would appear, that in 1830 foreigners enjoyed one-eighth of the whole carrying trade of the United States; and that in 1833, it had grown up to the alarming proportion of one-fourth.

In 1830, the whole amount of foreign tonnage entering our ports was 136,446; in 1833, 520,874. To this statement of our author we annex the following increase in the port of New York: British tonnage in 1830, 31,391; in 1833, 106,099. Besides, this increase of comparative tonnage is not confined to British. How does the West India question explain the growth of French tonnage? What would Mr. P. do with the fact, that the change of comparative tonnage in the French trade stands as follows:

		American Tonnage.		French Tonnage.
1824,	-	104,800	-	8,800
1833,	-	112,800	-	25,400

This immense advance, however, in British tonnage at least, we must remember is in some degree nominal. As the tonnage is reported on every entry, the short voyages of our northern neighbours swell the amount very rapidly. Thus, 97,660 tons is reported from Passamaquoddy alone, being near one-fifth of the whole. The only point in the West India matter, as it appears to us, in which we have a right to complain of the treaty—and that is due not to the treaty itself, but to the obvious misconstruction of our own government as to our rights under it—is this, the exclusion of foreign goods in American bottoms from the British West India ports, while they are admitted in their own. This equal privilege, under the treaty of 1830, we have unquestionably a right to demand. The words are—"terms of equality as to duties, charges, and ARTICLES OF IMPORT." Now this is so plain, that our only wonder is that our West India merchants sit tamely

under the exclusion. If, as individuals, they fear the risk, let them memorialize Congress, and this we trust they will do the next session.

We have enlarged on this subject for two reasons, partly as being the only point in which our comparative advance does not indicate the same relative prosperity, and partly in the hope of putting its causes in a juster light, and thus relieving from the odium of having caused it, one whom honour and talents have hitherto favoured more than fortune or arbitrary power.

The commerce of the United States with France is next in magnitude, though much inferior to that with Great Britain, being but about one-third. In 1833, the difference in favour of the latter in regard to exports was about \$18,600,000; and with respect to imports, exceeded \$24,000,000. Looking back, however, to 1821, both imports and exports with France have nearly trebled. As in all other cases, this commerce is mutually beneficial. Looking over the last "*Tableau General*" (1835) of the French custom-house, we meet with the following acknowledgement. "The United States continue to be placed far ahead of the nations with which we hold the most extensive trade." The same report informs us, that next to the United States in receiving the produce of French labour stands England—next in the amount sent her comes Belgium: the account of the United States stands thus—imports in francs, 97,079,212; exports in francs, 117,396,336—three-fourths of our exports in value being cotton.

With the French West Indies, so long as she had colonies, the United States carried on a large and lucrative business, from having the monopoly of their carrying trade, the French colonial policy being altogether governed by the interest of the planters, while that of England was equally so by that of her ship owners. This, doubtless, was one reason of the more flourishing condition of the French islands while they remained to her. The twenty years' war of her Revolution, however, swept them from her, transferring them, as we now find, to less liberal or accommodating hands.

With the free island of Hayti, though we would fain believe with an able champion\* for Emancipation that the island is improving, we certainly carry on a smaller commerce than we formerly did, it being less than one-half in 1833 of what it was in 1823. To our trade with the Spanish peninsula a similar observation belongs; it is less now than it was forty years ago—in 1799 it was double of 1833. The explanation of this is doubtless to be found in the continental war, which from 1793 to 1815 made such large demands upon our farmers for grain, and our ship owners for freights. In 1817, therefore, the trade sunk to

\* *Inquiry into Colonization*, by Hon. William Jay. New York.



what may be termed its natural level, since which time, our imports, the criterion of *our wealth*, have more than doubled; while our exports, the criterion of *their poverty*, have fallen near 40 per cent. It now stands thus: imports, \$1,144,508; exports, \$362,117.

With the island of Cuba a separate account has been kept at the custom-house since 1820. Our trade, indeed, well deserves it, since it now stands third in amount in the general scale, second only to that with England and France. It is a trade, too, of which we monopolize a large share. Of the whole amount of tonnage entering the port of Havanna in 1827, viz., 169,281, there appears "from the United States" 125,087. Here also, however, the reader must bear in mind the short voyage and consequently repeated estimate of the same vessel.

To Russia we send little and bring away much, our exports amounting rarely to one-fourth of our imports. In 1833, they exceeded a little that proportion, being—exports, \$703,805; imports, \$2,772,550. About a similar proportion holds with Norway and Sweden. This, however, again is reversed in the case of Denmark, where our exports far exceed our imports, being on an average ten-fold. To Denmark, therefore, we remit the means to make up the "per contra" with the other northern powers.

It is a little singular, that the very name of Prussia does not appear in our author's statements of American commerce, and whatever there is of facts relating to it, is to be found under the wide head of "Hamburg, Bremen, and northern ports of Germany." Regarding this omission as wrong, *politically* as well as *statistically*, we will take the liberty of enlarging a little upon the subject, rather, however, in its prospective character than its present condition, which unquestionably is of limited amount.

In the first place, regarding Prussia as the most liberal and enlightened nation on the continent of Europe, so far at least as policy is concerned, and advancing among the most rapid in wealth, population, and influence, we look forward to a proportionate increase of our trade with her. This has hitherto been impeded by the narrow policy of the smaller states around her, through whose ports or dominions her foreign trade had mainly to be carried on. All this is now done away. The "douanes" or custom-houses which once encircled her, have by her influence been removed; so that in trade all Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wirtemberg, and most of the Grand Duchies and Duchies of northern Germany may now be considered as constituting but one large flourishing country—an empire in extent and population, and demanding for its rising manufactories the same raw materials with which we supply England and France, under the more favourable arrangement of our great staple, cotton, being "duty free." This trade, formerly circuitous and scattered, is now too beginning to concentrate itself upon Stettin, Memel, Dantzic, and Stralsund.

Now this concentration we regard as the first step in improvement of trade, a principle we have recently seen exemplified in our intercourse with France. Nor must the nature of our diplomatic relations be forgotten. Prussia was the first power with whom we, as an independent people, made treaty; and that treaty a model upon which all others should be made—liberal, benevolent, and just. This was in 1785; the same principles were recognised in its renewal in 1799, and more fully developed in the recent Convention of 1828. Our commercial relations with Prussia therefore now stand on the solid basis of freedom and equity, perfect equality of duties in the ports of each, and those the lowest that exist with any foreign power; and these rights untrammelled by distinctions of American for Prussian bottoms, or whether of direct or indirect importation; and to sum up this favourable account, the interests of the two nations are now represented by gentlemen\* equally enlightened and liberal.

Upon our trade with China, though offering many important considerations, we must for the present forbear entering, and hasten to other matters of a more home interest.

On the subject of revenue, Mr. Pitkin's statements are interesting, and his views in general sound. The revenues of the United States, as is well known, have been derived principally from duties on imports and tonnage, and the sales of public lands. Direct taxes have been laid at four different times since the formation of our government, but soon discontinued, for the all-sufficient reason that the customs alone furnished more than was required by the expenses of government. In this point, the financial history of the United States is one "*sui generis*." A government embarrassed by its wealth, encumbered by its treasures, paying off its debt at the rate of \$10,000,000 a year out of its surplus income, and yet that surplus continually enlarging, notwithstanding all the reductions which could safely be made both in the price of its lands, and duties on foreign manufactures—and, to sum up the incredible narrative, the proposition at length entertained, that all its unsettled lands, amounting to millions of millions in value, should be for ever given up as a source of income, lest the government should absolutely burst through fullness of wealth:—all this, however familiar it may be to Americans, is such a statement as will not easily be credited or even understood on the other side of the Atlantic, though we will not say that the answer of the European statesman will be "*incredulus odi*"—"I hate and disbelieve it."

From some oversight our author has neglected, in his table of receipts and expenditures, to give those of 1833 and 1834. We annex them for the benefit of his readers, and add also the estimates of the Treasury for 1835.

\* The Baron de Roenne, at Washington, and Henry Wheaton, Esq., at Berlin.

	Receipts.	Expenditures.	Surplus.
1833,	\$ 35,960,203	\$ 24,257,298	\$ 11,702,905
1834,	20,624,717		
Add surplus,	11,702,905		
	<hr/>		
	\$ 32,327,623	25,591,390	6,736,233
	<hr/>		
1835—Estimated.			
Customs,	\$ 16,000,000		
Lands,	3,500,000		
Bank,	500,000		
Add surplus,	6,736,233		
	<hr/>		
	\$ 26,736,233	17,000,000	
	<hr/>		

Leaving again, with all the reduction of duties, the *melancholy* prospect of near \$ 10,000,000 surplus in the Treasury on 1st January, 1836. What, we may ask, is to be done with a treasury that will thus overflow?

This brings us to the consideration of one of these refractory sources of income, viz. our public lands. How rapidly these appreciate after being brought under cultivation, may be judged of by the only official sources we possess, viz. the valuation of houses, lands, &c., in the years 1799, and again in 1815, at which periods returns were made under the provisions for a direct tax, the increase in this interval of sixteen years being \$ 950,293,806. The estimate that would now be given, we will not undertake to write down, but only give an idea of it by the assessors' returns of the value of real and personal estate in the city of New York, to which we happen to have access. In 1808, \$ 20,000,000—in 1834, \$ 200,000,000. The right of Congress to the disposal of these lands, and the nature of the trust under which they hold them, are questions our author treats at large with great perspicuity and justness. We shall not follow him in these, but content ourselves with adding a few statistic facts, principally of later date than what he has given, and bearing more directly upon their value as a source of revenue. The amount of wild land within the states and territories, is estimated at 340,871,753 acres. Beyond these limits, as far as the Mississippi, at 750,000,000 “

Making a grand total of	<hr/>	1,090,871,753	“
		<hr/>	

And this is but that part of the national domain that is held in trust. Beyond the Mississippi lies at least as much more, held *freely by purchase*.

The minimum price of this land was at first \$ 2 00 per acre,

payable in 30 and 365 days. In 1800 the credit system was adopted, and in 1820 abolished, the land debt due by individuals having grown up to the enormous sum of \$21,500,000. At the same time the minimum price was reduced to \$1 25 per acre, cash; under which rule all subsequent sales have taken place, though we perceive by Mr. Clay's bill of 10th December last, it is proposed still further to reduce the price of lands already in the market, according to the time they have been so, by a graduated scale down to twenty-five cents the acre. But notwithstanding all this, the amount received is continually running beyond calculation. Thus the receipts of 1833, from this source, were estimated by the Treasury at \$2,500,000; there actually came in \$3,967,682, as stated by our author, page 321; or rather to \$4,972,284, as given by the Secretary in his report to Congress 27th December last. The estimate of 1834, was \$3,000,000; the actual receipts of the three first quarters, as appears by the same report, amounted to \$3,076,475, which again would give over four millions for the year. Our author, as we before hinted, is by no means willing to resign the lands as a source of revenue, and suggests as proper objects for its expenditure, two of "paramount national importance—internal improvements, and the colonization of the free people of colour." In the first of these suggestions we cordially concur, on some such principle as that proposed last year by Mr. Clay in the Senate, dividing the proceeds or a certain proportion of them among the older states, with that view. As to the second proposition, we advise our author, before pressing it, to read in a work already referred to, the examination of that question by Mr. Jay—a work which, whatever may be thought of its expediency, is one which we do not hesitate to predict, will sensibly influence public opinion on that point.

The Post Office establishment, of which Mr. P. next gives the statistics, we confess ourselves patriots enough to be willing to pass over at present in silence, simply remarking that the business of the department has grown up as follows:

	No. of Post-offices.	Extent of Post roads.
In the year 1791,	89,	1,905 miles.
“ 1833,	10,693,	26,854,485 “

A fair sample of the growth of the country.

The history of the tonnage of our country is fully and ably given in Chapter VIII., though we would complain of much want of arrangement in the tabular statements, and some very great inconsistencies in them. The colonial part of this history tends to set in a still stronger light than already given, that "mean and malignant policy," as Adam Smith justly terms it, by which the mother country (as she loved to be called) sought to aggrandize

herself by starving her child. But the days of such political infanticide are, we trust, for the honour of humanity, gone for ever. "There is nothing," says Sir Josiah Child (1670,) "more prejudicial, and in prospect more dangerous, to any kingdom, than the increase of shipping in her colonies, plantations, or provinces." Upon this principle our mother country acted, and by this she drove into independence her unwilling child. There is no point connected with our commercial prosperity which has of late years been the subject of more speculation (to follow our author again to a subject already treated of,) than our comparative tonnage; and oftentimes—witness the report of the committee of the House in 1830—of more unfounded conclusions. The source of these errors lies mainly in want of attention to the various modes in which national tonnage is kept, but partly also in the difficulty of bringing them into fair comparison, even when such diversities are held in view. As the subject is one of much obscurity in the hands of our author, we would endeavour to simplify it by stating it thus. The tonnage reports of our own Treasury are three-fold:

1. Registered tonnage—that is, the actual tonnage of all vessels engaged in foreign trade.

2. Enrolled or licensed tonnage—that is, the actual tonnage of all engaged in the coasting trade or fisheries.

3. The annual amount of registered tonnage, on which duties are paid—which differs from the first report, by including the repeated voyages of the same vessel. This amount, therefore, is but nominal, and exhibits rather the nature of the voyages, and the frequency of exchanges, than the extent of shipping. This distinction has been already noticed in the case of Passamaquoddy.

A further source of obscurity in past tables, arises from the occasional correction of the two first named returns, by deducting the tonnage of vessels lost at sea, sold, or condemned. Such correction was twice made by order of the Treasury, viz. in 1817 and 1829, causing thereby a sudden contraction of the reported amount. Since the last date, however, such correction is made annually, and thus one source of error avoided.

In the British tables again, other diversities appear; so that until the estimates are reduced to what may be termed a *common denomination*, no fair comparison can be drawn between the respective tonnage of the two countries.

Taking the official returns as they stand, we cannot compare the registered tonnage, because in England all vessels over a certain size are registered; with us only those in foreign trade. Nor can we compare the licensed tonnage, because of the impossibility of separating in their returns the coasting tonnage from the foreign; as for instance, the frequent voyages of the coal vessels, which in the port of London alone add, it is estimated, 200,000 tons to the gross returns. Nor can we compare any of their ton-

nage, because the principles of measurement are essentially different in the two countries; that of England being also so unscientific as to give very irregular and false results.

Between the nominal tonnage, therefore, as registered in the two countries, no accurate comparison can be instituted; how near we approach them in *actual* tonnage is another question, doubtless of some interest, but of much obscurity. That we have lost ground in our comparative advance since the last war, we are unwilling hastily to believe; and unquestionably the Report of the Committee of Commerce and Navigation to the House, February 8, 1830, went far beyond the truth in their estimate, as appears conclusively by comparing it with the British tables, besides falling into some very grievous blunders. Still we do not deny but that sufficient reason exists for the next Congress to look carefully into this matter. We are "native" to the ocean, and must not tamely lose our birthright. In the meantime we find sufficient to pride ourselves upon in the unquestioned fact, that among commercial countries, our tonnage stands next to that of England; and among commercial cities, that of New York comes next to London. Whoever brings it, we may pride ourselves upon the amount that comes in; from actual inspection we venture to put down the amount of imports about to be reported, at \$100,000,000. A fault in our author we early noticed was, that his facts were too much mixed up with opinion. Of this error, Chapter IX. is a striking illustration; it is in truth more historical than statistical, and more political than historical. Its financial facts might be summed up in a page; whilst his philippics against the embargo, the non-intercourse, and the war, all doubtless very bad things—and against Napoleon and Jefferson, whom, from his statements, we presume to have been very bad men—occupy the remaining forty-four pages of the chapter. But of such additions to a statistic work, we have already expressed our opinion; in the present case we cannot but think it was somewhat intended to keep up a due feeling of indignation at French spoliations. But ere this, we trust, the bill of indemnity has rendered all such labours needless.

Having concluded his examination of the trade and commerce of the country, Chapter X. opens as follows: "Some brief sketches of the internal commerce, wealth, and resources of the United States, especially during the period under immediate review, will now be presented to the reader. Our views, however, on this important part of political economy, will be confined to the subject of, 1. Banks, 2. Manufactures, and 3. Internal improvements, such as canals, rail-roads, &c." P. 413. We quote this passage as illustrative of the imperfect and obscure view the author seems to have taken of his own design. In the first place, why "brief sketches" of matters at least equally important with what has oc-



cupied half the volume? The internal commerce of the country, though from its diffusion and minute ramifications it makes less show to the eye, and is with more difficulty traced, is yet, we all know, infinitely greater in extent and amount of profit, than all that we carry on with foreigners. It should not, therefore, have been thus hastily passed over. Again, why limit the inquiry to these three specified topics? Many others at once present themselves, upon all which information is valuable to the general reader, and all-important to such as seek to gain a just view of the condition and progress of the country. It may be that official data cannot be had for filling up every part of such a scheme; but that is no reason for not giving the outline, which would be valuable, were it for no other purpose than to point out the deficiency, and to begin the task of supplying them. No doubt, accurate national statistics require the aid and organization of government itself; but what so likely to set government in motion as a work exhibiting the value of what they have already done, and the extent of what they have yet to do.

But we have further quarrel with this passage. Why does our author call these statistics his "Views on Political Economy?" Does he regard these terms as synonymous? or does he think that political economy belongs only to tariffs and internal improvements, and not equally to commerce and navigation? In either way it involves a confusion of ideas not favourable to sound science. The history given by him of the paper currency of our country is, however, interesting and instructive. That of the Bank, which mainly occupies the chapter, is full and fair in its facts, though needlessly we think argued in the tone of an advocate. The Bank of the United States we now regard as matter of history, not of contest; its doom is sealed, and its friends may write its epitaph proudly but calmly. It has answered all the ends for which it was created—it has fulfilled all the promises it gave; and it now, like the sun, looks greatest and biggest in its going down. What the treasury needed, that it became—a fiscal agent which transferred its millions from one end of the Union to the other, without charge and without loss. What the country demanded, that it effected—the restoration of a debased currency, and the maintenance of a sound one. What our home trade wanted, that it provided—a medium of remittance to every corner of our land—safe, cheap, expeditious, and uniform. What our foreign merchants asked for, that it gave them—bills of exchange which passed current all the world over, a saving to the country of the annual shipment of millions. What our paper currency required, that it applied—a balance-wheel in the machinery to preserve its equilibrium, and a regulator to control all inferior action: a power, be it remembered, that was never abused to the injury of minor institutions. Such has been its course, and such we confidently predict will be

its future estimate. Vilified and persecuted as it has been, its closing days have as yet met with no dishonour—its name stands first wherever credit is to be given, either at home or abroad; even within the bounds of the Celestial Empire its bills now command a premium over the most unquestioned in Europe. One trial of its fame alone remains. Its winding up will be the last act of its greatness. It is a power that may be abused, but lodged as it is, we fearlessly say it will not; and that in addition to a history of unparalleled success, will be added, what is even yet more difficult to find, an instance of injuries forgotten, and private interest spurned, in laying down a control which in its last moments might be made irresistible for evil. Such at least is our predicted eulogium. That our readers may judge of the present aids it affords to commerce, we subjoin the reports of the last two months.

United States Bank, 1st March, 1835.

Loans on notes and other securities,	\$ 35,950,304
Domestic bills of exchange,	21,864,100
	<hr/>
	\$ 57,814,404
	<hr/>

1st April, 1835.

Loans, &c.,	\$ 37,173,747	
Domestic bills,	22,926,468	
	<hr/>	\$ 60,100,215
		<hr/>
Making an advance in March, of		\$ 2,285,811
		<hr/>

Now, whether such increase be prudent in the Bank, wiser heads than ours must determine. We would only urge upon its direction, the moral responsibility they accumulate upon their hands, in thus enlarging facilities which must so soon be wholly withdrawn. We commend this query to their calm deliberation.

The Mint, together with all its statistics, our author dismisses in the compass of half a page. This should not be. Paper money will never be understood, until metallic money is thoroughly investigated. The statistics of our coinage, in all its questions of standard, seignorage, relative value, &c., are highly interesting as matters both of science and of fact, and the present is precisely the work in which we have a right to look for them.

Chapter XI., one of the longest in the book, treats the subject of Domestic Manufactures, of which also it gives a laboured eulogium. Now, we object neither to the details nor to the praise, but very much to the manner in which both are given. The praise, as we have already said, is that of an advocate, not a judge; and the details are generally arranged in the form of an argument in favour of duties for protection. But passing this by, and supposing

argument admissible, we protest against the fallacies upon which it runs; such sophisms are pardonable in the ignorant—they are to be expected in the interested—but they are not excusable in the intelligent and honourable reasoner. A further appeal against them might be made to our author's patriotism. Why labour, we would say, to unsettle the decision of a harassing question, to which time is now rapidly reconciling even the most disaffected, and the settling of which was to the country as the sheathing of the sword? Why call up a compromise, as the bill of 1833 unquestionably was, to be again tested by "ex parte" principles? But to let this also pass. If the question be argued at all, we have a right to expect it should be done fairly, and without appeal to the prejudices of ignorance. Now this we maintain, Mr. P. has not done; and for his readers' sake, we will follow him through some of these sophisms. The first is a logical fallacy, which runs through his whole argument. It consists in substituting "manufactures" for the real question, "the protection of manufactures." The advantage gained by such ambiguity is obvious. If "manufactures" be the matter in dispute, then are its opponents put in the wrong, by the variety, and magnitude, and extent of them, being triumphantly displayed. But what, we ask, is all this to the question of "protection?" If the greater the extent the stronger be the argument, then do our manufacturers now require ten times the protection they did in 1816; and agricultural labour will bring in its claim for ten times as much again, as giving so much more support to American industry.

To show that we do not herein belie our author, take the following. After stating the aggregate annual value of the manufactures of the United States to be from 325 to 350 millions of dollars, (which we take to be much below the mark,) he goes on to say, (p. 510,) "when the reader compares this amount with that of foreign articles consumed here, which, after deducting teas, wines, coffee, and spices, will not exceed 50 millions of dollars a year, he *cannot fail* duly to appreciate the importance of this branch of domestic industry; and *must*, we imagine, be sensible, not only of their importance, but the *absolute necessity of sustaining them*." We have italicised the passage in order to mark his argument, which we do not hesitate to assert to be gross sophistry. The question is, "do manufactures require further legislative protection?" The answer is, "they are very extended without it." Now in simple truth, if any conclusion were to be drawn from such premises, it would necessarily be, they have as much as they stand in need of.

We pass to a second instance in which he seeks to enlist patriotic prejudices into the question. Thus in the very opening of the subject, p. 461, he says: "In 1719, the House of Commons declared, 'that the erecting manufactories in the colonies tended

to lessen their dependence upon Great Britain,'” italicising the above words in order to indicate that political independence is the price we are now paying for British manufactures.

Again, p. 480: “It cannot be deemed of small importance to a people, whose number at the present time (January, 1835) exceeds 14 millions, and whose annual increase is about half a million, to know to what extent they now are or hereafter may be *dependent* on foreign nations for articles of the first necessity.” Now this is obviously fallacious, such dependence whatever it be between nations being equal and mutual. The raw material is just as necessary to England as her manufactures are to us, and she would starve for want of cotton, full as readily as we for want of cutlery. On the point of British dependence upon us, our author's own statements are conclusive against him. “The total value of cotton goods,” says he, “annually manufactured in Great Britain, M'Culloch estimates at about \$72,000,000, furnishing subsistence for from 1,200,000 to 1,400,000 persons.” P. 486. Again, “about one-twelfth of the whole population of Great Britain is supported by the cotton manufactures, and the stoppage of a few thousand spindles throws as many hundred persons on the parishes for support.” P. 521. Now, if this is not dependence, why should ours be; and if it is, it is then felt on both sides or on neither, and is thus nugatory. But, in truth, the very terms are false. With nations as with individuals, poverty alone is dependence, and wealth, from whatever form of industry arising, is always independence. For a proof of this let us look at Holland in the days of her long continued prosperity. She was dependant upon foreigners for seven-eighths of the bread she eat, and at the same time was surrounded by watchful and jealous enemies, who would willingly have starved her if they could. But wealth and free trade were too strong for them. The price of grain in Holland was always at its minimum in Europe, and every starving country invariably looked to her for bread. She has now, we acknowledge, fallen behind in the race, but it is “protection” and not “free trade” that has caused her to do so. It is because she is weighed down by taxes and trammelled by tariffs, and called to vie with countries unburdened by either. But Holland in her early course is a noble picture of what industry and prudence can accomplish for a people, “contending and wrestling,” as De Witt describes her, “with the sea, and the rivers, and drained mires,”—“without bread for her people, or produce to buy it with, or a stick of timber for ship building, she yet became,” adds that great statesman, “a greater seat of traffic, and a richer merchandizing country, and better provided with the means of subsistence, than ever was before in the world.” (De Witt's Maxims.) So much for the danger of a rich country becoming dependant.

Another gross fallacy of our author is the substitution of “la-

bour" for "productive industry," mistaking in fact the Dr. for the Cr. side of the account. Our country surely does not grow rich through the amount of *labour* which is consumed in the product, but evidently through the value which such labour brings back. But these sticklers for "American industry," as they falsely term themselves, have so eulogised American labour as to come at length to think that it is the *labour* we live by instead of the *fruits* of that labour, and therefore conclude that they improve their cause by swelling to the utmost the amount of labour consumed in all our manufactures. Now the reverse of all this is true—the less the labour the more the profit—what countries as well as individuals are ever seeking after, and consequently what an economist is bound to show in that which he advocates, is the *minimum* of labour with the *maximum* of return. In the following passage who would not think, from Mr. P.'s language, that England was doing us some great national injury? P. 475. "One of the countervailing measures," says he, "of that government, was a reduction of the duty on imported wool. Prior to the American act of 1824, the duty on wool imported into England was sixpence sterling a pound, but soon after the passage of this act, this duty was reduced to one penny a pound, and for the purpose, as the debates in Parliament show, of enabling the British manufacturer to send his woollens to the United States at a cheaper rate; and not long after, with the same views, the duty on all wool, the price of which was less than one shilling sterling, was reduced to a halfpenny." Now if this be justifiable ground of complaint against England, what, we ask, would it have been had she chosen to send us her manufactures for nothing? Would it not, according to such reasoning, have been good cause of war, or at least a non-intercourse?

It is strange into what inconsistencies economical reasoners are led, when they abandon the ground of nature and freedom. Take the following specimen. After showing the encouragement bestowed upon the *fine arts* of our country, by allowing the importation of many articles connected with them *duty free*, Mr. P. triumphantly adds, "and we may here ask if Congress has the power to encourage the *fine arts*, why it has not also an equal power to encourage other arts, which, though of a different kind and character, are certainly not less useful and necessary?" Now how, we ask, does this argument hold together? Congress patronizes the fine arts, by *taking off duties*; THEREFORE, she is bound to patronize manufactures or the useful arts, by *laying on duties*. Freedom of trade, according to our author, does not consist in leaving all to find their own market, but in forcing the parties to exchange whether they will or no. "Let us suppose," says he, "that the shoemaker should tell the farmer that he could no longer take his corn and his cattle for shoes, or could only take them

*occasionally*, when he was unable to produce sufficient for himself. To this the farmer must *necessarily* reply, "then, sir, I can no longer take your shoes," &c., p. 520. Thus argues Mr. P. Now we on the contrary think he would be puzzled to find any such farmer in the country who buys or sells on this principle, *i. e.*, to insist upon the shoemaker taking his grain and cattle, whether he wants them or not, and at the same time to refuse the shoes of such a neighbour upon that ground, simply without once bethinking himself whether they are not cheaper or better than he could get elsewhere; there may be such clod-pated farmers, but we *guess* they are not to be found in Connecticut. As matters of policy, these are questions not wise now to stir; and as matters either of policy or science, this is not the work in which they should be found.

Chapter XII. treats of the internal improvement of our country, its canals and rail-roads. On this subject we have no time now to enter, for it is a mighty theme, full of interest in its present extent and teeming with golden visions for the future; it demands therefore more ample room and a less tired pen than ours. We commend the subject in all its bearings to one whom, before closing, we would name as the fittest man in the United States to carry out the scheme which we have already hinted at, of a great national work on the statistics of our country. To the clear head and comprehensive mind of Mr. Gallatin we are already deeply indebted, in almost every question connected with the commerce, currency, and financial resources of the country; and few if any can be named in it who unite to enlarged views such an accurate knowledge of detail, combining practice with science, and a wide experience with an intimate knowledge of principles; and when we add to all this, that he has been our negotiator in almost every controverted question with foreign nations, touching either boundaries or trade—we venture thus publicly to ask, whether his peculiar fitness for the task does not give us a right to call upon him to undertake it. We trust that he will so regard it—at any rate, that it may be received as our apology for the suggestion.



## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

---

### A History of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. By MANN BUTLER, A. M. Louisville, Kentucky: 1834.

THIS is an interesting work—one which should be extensively read, and might be extensively useful. It does not indeed lay claim to the title of history, in the highest and philosophical sense of the term. It illustrates, however, some of the most important points in the science of human nature. Among others, that insecurity of property, especially landed property, produces immorality and paralyzes enterprise; that reason and truth possess a healing efficacy, and in times of greatest disorder and darkness we may put our trust in them as a remedy and a safeguard; and some passages show most forcibly how small is the proportion in a legislative assembly of those who think. Such reflections constitute the value and soul of history; while the events recorded are but the experiments by which they are illustrated. The work before us, however, is meant to be merely a simple record of the adventures, perils, and hardships of the settlers of Kentucky, and of its progress from a collection of log-cabins to populous cities—from an untaught community, to a people of schools and colleges—and from a handful of men, in danger of destruction from their exasperated neighbours, to a powerful state, with turnpikes, rail-roads, commerce, and manufactures. In such a work, next to accuracy, a simple and intelligible style is requisite. The first of these qualities we are on the whole disposed to concede to the author; though we have heard certain veterans make objections to a few points of less importance. He has exhibited a praiseworthy perseverance and activity in getting access to sources of information previously untried; and he has availed himself of his means with industry and talent. The archives of the state have been opened to him by the liberality of the legislature; and personal application to the actors in the scenes he describes, and to the surviving relatives of those that are dead, has given him much interesting and credit-worthy matter. With respect to the author's style, there is fault to be found—it is lax, a quality which is probably owing to the necessity of finishing his volume before the patience or memory of his subscribers was exhausted. Another great fault is its incompleteness. The promise to subscribers was, that the work should be embraced in one volume, and the title-page implies the same thing; but the reader who should search the volume for an account of banking in Kentucky, in its latest form, would be disappointed. In various parts of the book we are referred to the Appendix for documents of interest and importance. But we have looked for them in the Appendix in vain.\* The author's style certainly leaves room for improvement. It is the fortune of many of his phrases to be eminently unhappy. We doubt not that a *pretty smart* heap of such expressions as "the *balance* of Kentucky," (i. e. the remainder,) p. 13, "some men *happened* at the same place," p. 41, &c., may be found in the Kentucky dialect,

\* Documents not found in the Appendix, are promised on pages 178, 179, 195, and 232.

which is not however pure *Alle*. "The path of *semi-independence*," mentioned on page 140, is having been first travelled by the statesmen of Kentucky, must have been highly difficult from being, as we are told it was, a wilderness!—a sentence well *semi-inscribed* and *semi-obsured*. It may be a matter of doubt how many of the plain citizens, for whose benefit this history was intended, will know what is meant by calling the first and long-repeated constitution one of "their political muniments." "A golden commentary on a diamond text" is much too oriental for the west. "Overpowering migration should have flushed Sebastian's own abandonment of his duty home to his conscience." p. 349, is amazingly splendid. Our author's favourite hero is General George R. Clarke, in a portrait of whom the title-page rejoices. No terms are sufficiently magnificent to express Mr. Butler's admiration of this warrior. On page 50 it is said—"With the promptitude inspired by his eminent genius for war, our daring commander determined, like his most appropriate model, the great Hannibal," to march against St. Vincents—which that mighty man in gaiters and some swivels mounted! Throughout the book are numerous passages that would receive the unmingled plaudits of a patriotic audience on the Fourth of July, but are somewhat incongruous in their present situation. The greatest fault, however, with which the book is to be charged, is the obscurity of many parts. Who can understand the involutions of the paragraph on page 364 beginning "The expediency," &c.? Such is the manner in which too large a portion of the book is written, unfitting it especially for the class of readers whom it is most likely to attract. Fortunately, however, the narrative portions are the most free from this defect.

After so much fault-finding it is pleasant to commend, and we can do so most emphatically with respect to Mr. Butler's remarks on many points, regarding which error is too prevalent and very mischievous. In a work intended for popular use, and likely to be read by those who do not read much, it is gratifying to find a stand made against popular prejudices. The spirit of the following remarks is worthy of all praise.

"It has been remarked, that about this time the changes in the wealth and property of society in Kentucky began to be more strikingly obvious. The distance between the extremes of property became more marked. Such are the inevitable operations of unequal exertions, talents, and opportunities in any community where industry and enterprise are, as they ought to be, free to exert themselves, and where they are secured in their acquisitions, when they have made them. Nor can there be a doctrine more fatal to the prosperity of a well ordered society than any outcry of aristocracy, which, under a false and pretended denunciation of wealth, whether directly or indirectly the reward of merit, undermines the security and the reputableness of property, which are the very roots of the greatest social blessings." "The hue and cry of aristocracy against the rewards of industrious enterprise or its descendants, ought to be suspected and frowned upon by an orderly and intelligent people, who wish to preserve the foundations of the social fabric uninjured; and to maintain that decent and temperate love of property, without which liberty would have little to struggle for and less to enjoy. Yet the badge of aristocrat, which so easily fastens to a prosperous man, not too courteous in his manners or remarkable for his conciliatory demeanour, soon consigns him to perpetual obscurity; it is the ostracism of Kentucky, perhaps of the United States, without any removal from the soil." P. 294.

It is a remarkable fact, that as far back as the earliest records go, which we have of Kentucky, it has not been in the possession of any tribe of Indians.

"Within the personal knowledge of our countrymen, since the war of 1755 Kentucky has not been in the occupancy of any tribe. There are indeed through it, as all over the western country, indications of a race of people having existed, much

more advanced in the arts than the tribes known to us, but whose history is but a tissue of faint and disjointed conjectures, like that of innumerable tribes all over the globe, who have been destitute of letters and the use of the metals. The villages of Indians known to have been nearest to Kentucky, were on the Scioto and the Miamis of the Ohio in the north, and on the waters of the Tennessee river in the south. From these points the various war and hunting parties issued, to engage in the one or the other pursuits, as the passions or the opportunities of their expeditions might lead. Here the Chickasaws and Cherokees of the south used to engage with various tribes of the Miami confederacy—here they indulged their passions for hunting, in the profusion of game afforded by Kentucky. So much was this ground exempted from settlement, that on neither the Ohio nor the lower Tennessee are any Indian towns known to have been settled. Yet no situations have generally delighted savage tribes so much as the margins of water courses; the opportunities of navigation and of fishing unite to attract them to such spots. Accordingly, the banks of most of our western rivers, excepting those of Kentucky, (although they abounded in game and in salt licks,) were found occupied by the native tribes of the forests." P. 9.

The fertility of the central portions of Kentucky is well known. At the first arrival of the whites, these regions were covered with the densest cane-brake, ten or sixteen feet high. Game was so abundant, as to excite the astonishment, almost the rapture of the pioneers, who, hunters as they were, thought a country that abounded in buffalos, the richest and happiest on which the sun shines. At present, however, not a buffalo remains in the state; and the cane-brake is extirpated, except in some obscure corner, to which there is access for neither plough nor cattle. In the leaves of the cane, the horses and live stock of the first settlers found an abundant supply of the richest food, that failed them neither winter nor summer.

The first log-cabin in Kentucky was built by James Harrod in 1774, on the present site of Harrodsburg. This, however, was not the beginning of a permanent residence, for both Harrod and the other early explorers of Kentucky, were compelled to withdraw from the state in consequence of the hostilities of the Indians. After the peace, the first fort was built in 1775, at Boonesborough, on the Kentucky river. Fortified settlements were called stations, and soon became numerous.

"A fort, in these rude military times, consisted of pieces of timber sharpened at the end and firmly lodged in the ground; rows of these pickets enclosed the desired space, which embraced the cabins of the inhabitants. A block-house or more, of superior care and strength, commanding the sides of the fort, with or without a ditch, completed the fortifications. Generally the sides of the interior cabins formed the sides of the forts." P. 28.

We have received from one of the first settlers an account of the hut inhabited by himself, and several others of his party, for the first year or two after his arrival. It was formed of long logs, which, instead of being piled on each other, were placed one end on the ground, and the other ends supporting each other; the hut was, consequently, of a conical form. Furniture they had none, except what they had themselves roughly formed of logs and skins. The cabin had no floor. They raised a crop of corn, a part working while the others were procuring food for the community by the chase.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the population of the state continued to increase. A memorable event in its history, is the first visit of George Rogers Clarke of Virginia. He was well adapted to take a leading part in the scenes of gallant adventure, in which the times abounded. Through his instrumentality, in defiance of a powerful resistance, the county of Kentucky was established by the legislature of Virginia, embracing the present limits of the state. To him the commonwealth owes its first political organization. In Indian warfare, Clarke's talents were promi-

nent, and they were often honourably tried in expeditions undertaken by a handful of Kentuckians, against the Indians on the north side of the Ohio. These campaigns were highly brilliant, and in this volume the account of them is for the first time submitted to the public.

The years 1777-8, were an eventful period for Kentucky. Attacks were made with great vigour on almost all the important settlements, with various success.

"Notwithstanding these various sieges, the fields adjacent to the forts were cleared of their timber, and cultivated in corn and vegetables—some keeping guard while others laboured, and each taking his turn as a hunter, at great hazard. Yet amidst these multiplied and hidden dangers, the intrepidity of our hunters found it a relief to take an equal chance with the enemy in the woods. They thought themselves the best marksmen, and as likely to see the Indian first as be seen by him; while the first sight was equivalent to the first fire, and the most expert shooter held the best security for his life." P. 94.

Lexington was first settled in 1779. A memorable encounter took place about this time between a party of Indians and a couple of keel-boats ascending the Ohio with supplies from New Orleans. The place was just above the site of the present city of Cincinnati. The party was commanded by Col. David Rogers and Capt. R. Benham. Most of the whites were massacred. The following very remarkable and rather incredible incidents, are quoted by the author from M'Clung's Sketches of Western Adventure. In the encounter, Captain Benham had been dangerously wounded in the hips; he concealed himself in a large tree, which had fallen near.

"On the following day, the Indians returned to the battle ground in order to strip the dead, and take care of the boats. Benham, although in danger of famishing, permitted them to pass without making known his condition, very correctly supposing that his crippled legs would only induce them to tomahawk him on the spot, in order to avoid the trouble of carrying him to their town. He lay close, therefore, until the evening of the second day, when, perceiving a racoon descending a tree near him, he shot it, hoping to devise some means of reaching it, when he could kindle a fire and make a meal. Scarcely had his gun cracked, however, when he heard a human cry, apparently not more than fifty yards off. Supposing it to be an Indian, he hastily reloaded his gun, and remained silent, expecting the approach of an enemy. Presently the same voice was heard again, but much nearer. Still Benham made no reply, but cocked his gun and stood ready to fire as soon as an object appeared. A third halloo was quickly heard, followed by an exclamation of impatience and distress, which convinced Benham that the unknown must be a Kentuckian. As soon, therefore, as he heard the expression, 'whoever you are—for God's sake answer me,' he replied with readiness, and the parties were soon together. Benham, as we have already observed, was shot through both legs! The man who now appeared, had escaped from the same battle *with both arms broken*. Thus each was enabled to supply what the other wanted. Benham having the perfect use of his arms, could load his gun and kill game, while his friend, having the use of his legs, could kick the game to the spot where Benham sat, who was thus enabled to cook it. When no wood was near them, his companion would rake up brush with his feet, and gradually roll it within reach of Benham's hand, who constantly fed his companion and dressed his wounds as well as his own, tearing up both their shirts for that purpose. They found some difficulty in procuring water at first, but Benham at length took his own hat, and, placing the rim between the teeth of his companion, directed him to wade into the Licking up to his neck, and dip the hat into the water (by sinking his own head.) The man who could walk was thus enabled to bring water by means of his teeth, which Benham could afterwards dispose of as was necessary. In a few days they had killed all the squirrels and birds within reach, and the man with broken arms was sent out to drive game within gunshot of the spot where Benham was confined. Fortunately wild turkeys were abundant in those woods, and his companion would walk around and drive them towards Benham, who seldom failed to kill two or three of each flock. In this way they supported themselves for several weeks, until their wounds had healed, so as to enable them to travel." P. 107.

The following picture of the manners of the times, is at least amusing:—

“Until nearly this time, the proportion of females had been small; it was now no longer felt, and a license to marry is said to have been the first process issued by the clerks of the new counties. A law suit did not at this time exist in Kentucky, since so unfortunately loaded with litigation about the very homes and firesides of her citizens. The females milked the cows, prepared the meats, spun and wove the garments of their husbands and children—while the men hunted the game of the woods, cleared the land, and planted the grain. To grind the Indian corn into meal on the rude and laborious hand-mill, or to pound it into *hominy* in a mortar, was occasionally the work of either sex. ‘A tin cup was an article of delicate luxury, almost as rare as an iron fork.’ The furniture of the cabin was appropriate to the habitation. The table was composed of a slab, or thick flat piece of timber, split, and roughly hewn with the axe, with legs prepared in the same manner. Stools of the same material and manufacture, filled the place of chairs. When some one, more curiously nice than his neighbours, chose to elevate his bed above the floor, (often the naked ground,) it was placed on slabs laid across poles, which were again supported by forks driven into the floor. If, however, the floor happened to be so luxurious as to be made of punchcons, (another larger sort of slabs,) the bedstead became hewn pieces, let into the sides of the cabins by auger holes in the log. It is worth while to mention, that the cradle of these times was a small rolling trough, much like what is called the sugar trough, used to receive the sap of the sugar maple.” P. 133.

“Hats were made of native fur, and sold for five hundred dollars in the paper money of the times. The wool of the buffalo, and the bark or rind of the wild nettle, were used in the manufacture of cloth, and a peculiar sort of linen made out of the latter.” P. 137.

A remarkable step in the progress of civilization in Kentucky, was the establishment of the first printing press. The ingenuity and enterprise with which the difficulties belonging to the undertaking were overcome, render it worthy of notice. The Gazette established has since played a conspicuous part in the history of the state. Mr. Bradford died a year or two since.

“Mr. John Bradford, an ingenious and enterprising citizen of Kentucky, not brought up to the business of a printer, undertook this important step in the political and intellectual improvement of Kentucky. There was not then a printing press on the western waters; not one within five hundred miles of Lexington. Several of the types were cut out of dogwood; and with this imperfect apparatus, on the 18th of August, 1787, he and his brother, Fielding Bradford, published the Kentucky Gazette. It was at first a weekly paper printed on a demi sheet, which size was altered on the 1st of September following, into a medium sheet, and then it assumed one of greater dimensions.” P. 164.

With the advancement of population, and the increase of produce for the market, the right of navigating the Mississippi became a subject of engrossing importance. The suspicion that Congress was regardless of the interests of Kentucky, and disposed to surrender the navigation of that river, was extensively entertained. Many of the citizens were in favour of the plan of an independent government, under the protection and alliance of Spain. For this they should not be harshly judged. The weakness of the Confederation, the distance of their frontier settlements from the Atlantic states, the difficulties of communication, and the apparent improbability of their obtaining, by means of Congress, the right of navigating the Mississippi, might well have produced despondent feelings. It is rather to be wondered at, that at such a time, when Spanish intrigue was busy, and Spanish money freely distributed, and still more liberally promised, the great mass of the people remained so true, and rejected so decidedly the whisperings of the tempter.

When the subject of the adoption of the Federal Constitution was considered in the Virginia Convention, the vote of Kentucky was opposed to it, in the proportion

of eleven to three. For some unascertained cause, no votes were given by Kentucky in the first elections of President and Vice-President of the United States. Much difficulty and vexation were experienced in arranging the separation of Kentucky from the mother state. Convention after Convention was held, without results. These bodies sometimes stepped a little aside of their proper path; and of the proceedings of one of them against the importation and use of foreign goods, especially those of a fine quality, Mr. Butler speaks in a very sensible tone (p. 185). By the eighth Convention a Constitution was at length established in 1792, and in June of that year, Kentucky was admitted as one of the United States. The first governor was Isaac Shelby. As a specimen of the economy of those days, we quote the following list of salaries.

“The members of Assembly received one dollar per diem, and twelve dollars each for the whole session; twenty dollars compensated the presiding officer of each house, fifty dollars the clerk, and twelve dollars the serjeant at arms. The largest bill was that of the public printer.” P. 214.

In 1793 the salary of the Governor was \$1,000; of the Judges of the Courts of Appeal \$666 66; of the Secretary of State \$333 33; of the Treasurer, Auditor, and Attorney General, the same.

Entire tranquillity with the Indians was not enjoyed till the treaty of Greenville in 1795. Various expeditions were undertaken to give security to the frontier. Among these, the campaigns of Wayne were the most prominent, and of them, much information from original sources is given by the author.

A source of far greater evils than the Indian depredations ever produced, was the state of land titles. The subject of the public lands had engaged at an early period the attention of the Virginia legislature. Their usefulness, as a source of revenue and the means of relieving the citizens from the burden of taxes, was duly estimated. Even under the regal government, grants and surveys had been made of lands in Kentucky, in reward of military and other services. But the thoughtless eagerness with which Virginia disposed of her public lands, entailed on the citizens, of Kentucky years of distress, and derangement of their highest interests. To understand this complicated subject, it is necessary to enumerate the various rights and claims which a miserable policy afterwards brought into conflict.

1. Prior to 1778, surveys and grants had been made for military services, and for money paid into the regal treasury.

2. The officers and soldiers, in the state and continental service, were entitled to large tracts, by the bounty of Virginia.

3. Rights to four hundred acres were given to each person, who, with his family, had actually settled on the waste lands.

4. The settlers in villages and stations were likewise entitled to four hundred acres.

5. Large tracts were sold on long credit, equivalent to a gratuity, to poor persons, by the county courts.

6. Large quantities of land were bought by speculators at the state price. As the depreciated currency of the time was received in payment at its par value, the real price was reduced to less than fifty cents per hundred acres.

The above mentioned will serve as a specimen of the numerous and perplexing varieties of claims to land, which were to be reconciled. Besides these, there were many others, derived from the authority both of Virginia and Kentucky. Multiplied and confused, however, as they were, the consequent evil was not inevitable. Had a system of accurate surveys been followed, and order been preserved in registering



patents, the tract belonging to each individual might have been precisely described and recognised. On the contrary, no method could have been pursued, more adapted than the actual one, to create confusion, and encourage litigation. The holder of a claim applied to the proper authority for a warrant. This instrument gave the right of selecting and appropriating a specified quantity of waste and unappropriated land. When the warrants were obtained, it became the object to locate them on the most fertile and valuable territory. This part was generally entrusted to hunters, and men of like description, who were supposed to be best acquainted with the country. These men were illiterate, and often unprincipled. After making selection of their tract of land, it became necessary to record it in the proper office. The vagueness and uncertainty of their descriptions are amusing. "A. B. enters five hundred acres, to include his cabin." An entry has been made in this form even before the cabin was built. "E. A. enters six hundred acres on Eagle creek, a branch of the Kentucky, beginning at a small beech, marked J. N., on the north side of a small drain," &c. Now Eagle creek is fifty miles long, has a thousand drains, and a million beech trees. "C. D. enters four hundred acres, beginning at a stake marked E. F., forty miles from the Ohio." In consequence of these vague descriptions, several entries of the same tract were often made by different persons, each ignorant of the other's claim. Different names were given by different individuals to the same object, as hills, rivers, or licks; and after one individual had located his warrant on a stream known to him as Big Drowning creek, another laid claim to the same stream as the Rolling Fork of Little Muddy. "It often happened, also, that two sets of locators, commencing their entries on parallel creeks, and running out each way until they interlocked, were quite astonished to find their surveyors crossing each other's lines." In consequence of these irregularities, all the vacant lands were granted or sold twice over, and even then warrants continued to be issued from the treasury. The holders of these had either to lose their purchases, or take advantage of the vague descriptions of the surveys already recorded, and make precise, specific entries of appropriated lands. Under such a temptation, profit was too strong for virtue, and the system proved admirably adapted to the promotion of dishonesty. It offered the highest remuneration for a total disregard of the laws of property. The result of this state of things was a depreciation of the value of the soil; for the purchaser had no security that he might not be suddenly ejected by the superior right of some latent claimant. It obstructed the progress of improvements, for who would consent "to clear up the grounds, erect houses, build barns, plant orchards, and make meadows, for the sole convenience of others?" It produced enmities in each neighbourhood, and set in distrust, those who should have been united in heart and hand. Persons were not wanting, whom no feeling of honour or justice could deter from searching the old records of courts and surveyor's offices, and ferreting forth long-forgotten claims. These they bought for little or nothing of their proprietors, sometimes proposing to bring suit against the actual occupants, on condition of a share in the land if the suit should be successful. Every citizen of Kentucky, whose memory goes back to those sad times, can recollect instances of distress, brought, by the revival of unknown claims, upon the innocent and unsuspecting, who thus lost the fruits of years of industry. Many legislative acts were passed to remedy these evils—for a long time without success. The legislature was tied and restricted by its compact with Virginia, which formed a part of the Constitution. The mischiefs have, at last, however, been arrested, by a law limiting the commencement of actions against settlers, within seven years of its passage. This quieting law was passed in 1809, and its constitutionality unanimously affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1831.

**The Crayon Miscellany.** By the Author of the Sketch Book. No. I. containing a Tour on the Prairies. Philadelphia: 1835.

THERE are writers who have so ministered to our enjoyment as to become associated with our happiest literary recollections. The companionship of their works has been to us as that of an entertaining and cherished friend, whose converse cheers the hours of langour, and brightens the period of recreative pleasure. We are wont to think and to speak of them with quite a different sentiment from that which prompts us to speculate upon less familiar and less endeared productions. There is ever within us a sense of obligation, an identification of our individual partiality with the author, when the fruits of his labours are alluded to, his merits discussed, or his very name mentioned. The sensitiveness appropriate to the writer's self, seems, in a manner, transferred to our own bosoms; his faults are scarcely recognised, and we guard his laurels as if our own efforts had aided in their winning, and our own happiness was involved in their preservation. Such feelings obtain, indeed, to a greater or less extent, with reference to all the master spirits in literature, whose labours have been devoted, with signal success, to the gratification and elevation of humanity. But the degree of permanency for such tributary sentiment in the general mind, depends very much upon the field of effort selected by the favourite author, and his own peculiar circumstances and character. Subjects of temporary interest, however admirably treated, and with whatever applause received, are obviously ill calculated to retain, for any considerable length of time, a strong hold upon human regard; and, notwithstanding the alleged irrelevancy between an author's personal character and history and the influence of his works, the motives adduced by Addison for prefacing the *Spectator* with an account of himself, are deeply founded in human nature. Not merely contemporary sentiment, but after opinion in relation to literary productions, will be materially affected by what is known of the author. The present prevailing tendency to inquire, often with a truly reprehensible minuteness, into whatever in the most distant manner relates to the leading literary men of the age, affords ample evidence of this truth. Indeed, we may justly anticipate, that literary, if not general biography, will, ere long, from the very interest manifested in regard to it, attain an importance, and ultimately a philosophical dignity, such as shall engage in its behalf the sedulous labours of the best endowed and most accomplished minds.

The occasion which first induced Geoffrey Crayon to delineate, and those which have suggested his subsequent pencillings, were singularly happy; and the circumstances under which these masterly sketches were produced, nay, the whole history of the man, are signally fitted to deepen the interest which his literary merits necessarily excited. In saying this, we are not unmindful of the prejudices so ungenerously forced upon the attention of the absentee, and so affectingly alluded to in the opening of his present work; but do we err in deeming those prejudices as unchargeable upon the mass of his countrymen, as they were essentially unjust and partial? Nay, are we not, in this volume, with our author's characteristic genuineness of feeling and simplicity, assured of his own settled and happy sense of the high place he occupies in the estimation and love of Americans?

The Tour on the Prairies is an unpretending account, comprehending a period of about four weeks, of travelling and hunting excursions upon the vast western plains. The local features of this interesting region have been displayed to us in several works of fiction, of which it has formed the scene; and more formal illustrations of the extensive domain denominated *THE WEST*, and its denizens, have been repeatedly presented to the public. But in the volume before us, one of the

most extraordinary and attractive portions of the great subject is discussed, not as the subsidiary part of a romantic story, nor yet in the desultory style of epistolary composition, but in the deliberate, connected form of a retrospective narration. When we say that the *Tour on the Prairies* is rife with the characteristics of its author, no ordinary eulogium is bestowed. His graphic power is manifest throughout. The boundless prairies stretch out illimitably to the fancy, as the eye scans his descriptions. The athletic figures of the riflemen, the gaily arrayed Indians, the heavy buffalo and the graceful deer, pass in strong relief and startling contrast before us. We are stirred by the bustle of the camp at dawn, and soothed by its quiet, or delighted with its picturesque aspect under the shadow of night. The imagination revels amid the green oak clumps and verdant pea vines, the expanded plains and the glancing river, the forest aisles and the silent stars. Nor is this all. Our hearts thrill at the vivid representations of a primitive and excursive existence; we involuntarily yearn, as we read, for the genial activity and the perfect exposure to the influences of nature in all her free magnificence, of a woodland and adventurous life; the morning strain of the bugle, the excitement of the chase, the delicious repast, the forest gossiping, the sweet repose beneath the canopy of heaven—how inviting, as depicted by such a pencil!

Nor has our author failed to invigorate and render doubly attractive these descriptive drawings, with the peculiar light and shade of his own rich humour, and the mellow softness of his ready sympathy. A less skilful draftsman would, perhaps, in the account of the preparations for departure (Chapter III.), have spoken of the hunters, the fires, and the steeds—but who, except Geoffrey Crayon, would have been so quaintly mindful of the little dog, and the manner in which he regarded the operations of the farrier? How inimitably the Bee Hunt is portrayed; and what have we of the kind so racy, as the account of the Republic of Prairie Dogs, unless it be that of the Rookery in Bracebridge Hall? What expressive portraits are the delineations of our rover's companions. How consistently drawn throughout, and in what fine contrast are the reserved and saturnine Beattie, and the vain-glorious, sprightly, and versatile Tonish. A golden vein of vivacious, yet chaste comparison—that beautiful, yet rarely well-managed species of wit; and a wholesome and pleasing sprinkling of moral comment—that delicate and often most efficacious medium of useful impressions—intertwine and vivify the main narrative. Something, too, of that fine pathos which enriches his earlier productions, enhances the value of the present. He tells us, indeed, with commendable honesty, of his new appetite for destruction, which the game of the prairie excited; but we cannot fear for the tenderness of a heart that sympathises so readily with suffering, and yields so gracefully to kindly impulses. He gazes upon the noble courser of the wilds, and wishes that his freedom may be perpetuated; he recognises the touching instinct which leads the wounded elk to turn aside and die in reticacy; he reciprocates the attachment of the beast which sustains him, and more than all, can minister even to the foibles of a fellow-being, rather than mar the transient reign of human pleasure.

It has been said that our author, at one period of his life, seriously proposed to himself the profession of an artist. The idea was a legitimate result of his intellectual constitution; and although he denied its development in one form, in another it has fully vindicated itself. The volume we have cursorily noticed, is a collection of sketches, embodied happily in language, since thereby their more general enjoyment is insured, but susceptible of immediate transfer to the canvas of the painter. We rejoice that they are but the first series toward the formation of a new gallery, wherein we anticipate the delight of many a morning lounge and evening reverie.

The Writings of George Washington, &c. By Jared Sparks.  
Vols. VI. and VII. Boston: 1835.

Two additional volumes of the copious correspondence of the Father of his country having issued from the press since our last number, we ask the continued attention of our readers to their interesting contents. Nothing can be of more profit to Americans, and especially to the youth of our land, than to recur, and that frequently, to the labours and sentiments of our revolutionary ancestors; and by so doing, to kindle anew that patriotic fire, which the heats of modern party-warfare are so apt to supplant. We have seen, with unmingled satisfaction, the efforts that have been lately made, (and in which the distinguished editor of these volumes has borne so conspicuous a part,) to revive our recollections, and to enlarge our knowledge of the men and the events of those days, which, we trust, the lapse of time will serve, instead of darkening, only the more to hallow and establish in our memories. The lives of some of the actors in the scenes of '76 have engaged several of our native pens; and we await, with pleasing anticipation, the appearance of others announced as in progress. Upon no better or more interesting subject could native talent or industry be employed. Let American works illustrate and record American history. Let American character shine forth upon pages traced by affectionate, though not over-partial hands. Let the spirit which would look with satisfaction and with pride upon native worth and abilities, be fostered and strengthened. There need be no fear of its being pushed to excess. Without *nationality*, no nation has been eminent. The great dead of ancient Greece were embalmed in the memories of her sons. The wide world else, was barbarian. The Roman relied with haughty independence upon that fact, which he deemed of first importance—Roman citizenship; and his aim was, to make it appear so in the sight of mankind.

The present work is not one about which to write at all at length. We can do no more than offer an account of it, and some analysis of its contents, for the benefit of such (we hope they will not be many) as will not read the volumes themselves. A running commentary, therefore, accompanied with the extracts that strike us as most entertaining, it is, in accordance with our notices of the previous numbers, our present design to furnish. The sixth and seventh volumes embrace the period of time between the 14th of July, 1778, and the beginning of April, 1781; a space marked with many incidents of a stirring description, and some portending deep danger to our independence, and yet, on the whole, indicative of a happy result to the contest. The actual, active co-operation of our French allies—the brilliant capture of Stony Point; the alarming progress of the British arms in the Southern States—and the base treason of Arnold—with the execution of the unhappy André, all distinguish this epoch. Upon all of these points the labours of the indefatigable editor have shed additional light; and upon some of them, particularly the last, we shall presently dwell for a short time.

Before proceeding, however, to notice incidents of a public nature, we shall present a few extracts, in further elucidation of Washington's sentiments, and as specimens of his epistolary powers. His letters, however private and confidential, written, too, at distant and different periods of his life, all exhibit the same high-minded and honourable views; and prove conclusively, that his entire career, public and domestic, was altogether of a piece; and that nothing which has been discovered, and we are warranted in saying, that nothing which can be discovered, is capable of marring the simple beauty and symmetry of his pure character. We would include, in this expression of opinion, his sentiments as a man, and his views as a

soldier, a politician, and a statesman. Happy indeed was our republic, in finding for a general, one, who, to a firm conviction of the necessity of strict military discipline, and of promptness and energy in the movements of war, united a conscientious submission to the civil authority on all proper occasions. Happy, in having for a leader, one, who, while fighting for liberty against the encroachments of arbitrary power, resisted the excesses of rebellion; and happy, again, in having for a statesman, in the very start of our political institutions, one, who was betrayed by no feeling of successful democratic exertion, into the extremes of radicalism; and assisted in giving to our political frame that impress which is its saving principle.

In a letter to a friend in Virginia, after speaking of the state of inaction of the British troops at New York, in August, '78, he says:

"It is not a little pleasing, nor less wonderful to contemplate, that after two years' manœuvring and undergoing the strangest vicissitudes, that perhaps ever attended any one contest since the creation, both armies are brought back to the very point they set out from, and that the offending party at the beginning is now reduced to the use of the spade and pickaxe for defence. The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked, that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations. But it will be time enough for me to turn preacher, when my present appointment ceases; and therefore I shall add no more on the doctrine of Providence; but make a tender of my best respects to your good lady, the secretary, and other friends, and assure you, that, with the most perfect regard, I am, dear Sir, &c."

The military ardour of Lafayette had induced him, rather foolishly it must be confessed, to send a challenge to Lord Carlisle, President of the Board of British Commissioners to negotiate with Congress; and he wrote a letter to Washington, to secure his approval of the step he had taken. The General wrote him in reply, to dissuade him from his purpose:

"MY DEAR MARQUIS,

"I have had the pleasure of receiving, by the hands of Monsieur de la Colombe, your favour of the 28th ultimo, accompanied by one of the 24th, which he overtook somewhere on the road. The leave requested in the former, I am as much interested to grant, as to refuse my approbation of the challenge proposed in the latter. The generous spirit of chivalry, exploded by the rest of the world, finds a refuge, my dear friend, in the sensibility of your nation only. But it is in vain to cherish it, unless you can find antagonists to support it; and however well adapted it might have been to the times in which it existed, in our days it is to be feared, that your opponent, sheltering himself behind modern opinions, and under his present public character of commissioner, would turn a virtue of such ancient date into ridicule. Besides, supposing his Lordship accepted your terms, experience has proved, that chance is often as much concerned in deciding these matters as bravery; and always more, than the justice of the cause. I would not therefore have your life by the remotest possibility exposed, when it may be reserved for so many greater occasions. His Excellency, the Admiral, I flatter myself, will be in sentiment with me; and, as soon as he can spare you, will send you to head-quarters, where I anticipate the pleasure of seeing you."

The result of the affair is thus stated by Mr. Sparks—Lord Carlisle very properly declining to meet Lafayette:

"In an address to Congress by the British commissioners, after Governor Johnstone had retired from the commission (Congress having refused to hold any further intercourse with him), they expressed themselves in terms derogatory to France; not very wisely, it must be allowed, considering the relations that then existed between the French and American national councils. The address was signed by all the commissioners, but Lord Carlisle's name appeared at the head, as president of the board. The French officers took offence, and believed the honour of their nation

to be concerned. They thought it an affair of sufficient importance to claim their notice on personal grounds, and that Lord Carlisle ought to be called to account for the free remarks, which he had sanctioned by his signature. This duty appertained to Lafayette, he being the highest amongst them in rank. It seemed to accord, also, with his own feelings, and in one of the letters, to which the above was an answer, he had asked General Washington's opinion. Neither the advice of Washington nor of Count d'Estaing could divert him from his purpose. A challenge was sent; but it was declined by Lord Carlisle, who said, in a civil and good-humoured reply, that he considered himself responsible only to his country and King for his public conduct and language."

How much sound sense is conveyed in the following passage from another letter!

"In general I esteem it a good maxim, that the best way to preserve the confidence of the people durably is to promote their true interest. There are particular exigencies when this maxim has peculiar force. When any great object is in view, the popular mind is roused into expectation, and prepared to make sacrifices both of ease and property. If those, to whom the people confide the management of their affairs, do not call them to make these sacrifices, and the object is not attained, or they are involved in the reproach of not having contributed as much as they ought to have done towards it, they will be mortified at the disappointment, they will feel the censure, and their resentment will rise against those, who, with sufficient authority, have omitted to do what their interest and their honour required. Extensive powers not exercised as far as was necessary, have, I believe, scarcely ever failed to ruin the possessor. The legislature and the people, in your case, would be very glad to excuse themselves by condemning you. You would be assailed with blame from every quarter, and your enemies would triumph."

The following we regard as agreeable specimens of easy and familiar correspondence. The first extract is from a letter to Lafayette, then in France (September '79). The other is a note addressed to Dr. John Cochran, Surgeon and Physician-General of the Army.

"You are pleased, my dear Marquis, to express an earnest desire of seeing me in France, after the establishment of our independency, and do me the honour to add, that you are not singular in your request. Let me entreat you to be persuaded, that to meet you any where, after the final accomplishment of so glorious an event, would contribute to my happiness; and that to visit a country, to whose generous aid we stand so much indebted, would be an additional pleasure; but remember, my good friend, that I am unacquainted with your language, that I am too far advanced in years to acquire a knowledge of it, and that, to converse through the medium of an interpreter upon common occasions, especially with the ladies, must appear so extremely awkward, insipid, and uncouth, that I can scarcely bear it in idea. I will, therefore, hold myself disengaged for the present; but when I see you in Virginia, we will talk of this matter and fix our plans.

"The declaration of Spain in favour of France, has given universal joy to every Whig; while the poor Tory droops, like a withering flower under a declining sun. We are anxiously expecting to hear of great and important events on your side of the Atlantic. At present, the imagination is left in the wide field of conjecture. Our eyes one moment are turned to an invasion of England, then of Ireland, Minorca, Gibraltar. In a word, we hope every thing, but know not what to expect, or where to fix. The glorious success of Count d'Estaing in the West Indies, at the same time that it adds dominion to France, and fresh lustre to her arms, is a source of new and unexpected misfortune to our *tender and generous parent*, and must serve to convince her of the folly of quitting the substance in pursuit of a shadow; and, as there is no experience equal to that which is bought, I trust she will have a superabundance of this kind of knowledge, and be convinced, as I hope all the world and every tyrant in it will be, that the best and only safe road to honour, glory, and true dignity, is *justice*."



“ TO DR. JOHN COCHRAN, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN-GENERAL.

“ West Point, 16 August, 1779.

“ DEAR DOCTOR,

“ I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow ; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare ? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential ; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

“ Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table ; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot ; and a dish of beans, or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pies ; and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring), I shall be happy to see them ; and am, dear Doctor, yours, &c.”

There is a point of considerable interest connected with the history of that day, upon which much additional information is furnished by Mr. Sparks. The British Ministry, at different periods of the contest, opened the campaigns with renewed spirit, and sent over very large reinforcements. This was the case in the year 1779. Every address of the King to Parliament was expected with much impatience in America ; and, at that period, it, as well as the speech of the Minister, Lord North, breathed a spirit of vigorous effort. The dogged determination of the English government to persist in the attempted conquest of this country, has been, all along, attributed to the settled hostility and unyielding temper of the Premier. This opinion prevailed universally in the United States, and to a considerable extent in England, and public writers have all asserted it. The contrary has been lately established ; and it now appears, that it was George the Third, himself, who insisted upon the lengthened prosecution of the war ; and that Lord North not only made frequent and earnest endeavours to bring it to a close, but actually urged a coalition with the very men who had opposed the American war throughout. His plan of conciliation, therefore, when finally brought forward, was in accordance with the real wishes of his heart.

It is well known that Washington was in the constant habit of employing spies, by whose agency he was put in possession, at times, of information of the first importance. Early in the war, he adopted this plan of procuring intelligence of the enemy's movements ; and his caution and prudence in the employment of these means, were no less conspicuous, than the patriotic fidelity of some of the agents. The editor says :

“ General Washington always had spies in New York, who were unacquainted with each other, and whose intelligence came through different channels. By comparing their accounts he was commonly well informed of all the enemy's movements, and was able to judge with considerable accuracy what plans they had in contemplation. One individual was occupied in this way nearly the whole war. His letters were full, and the information he communicated was usually correct. He was on terms of intimacy with the British officers, and frequently obtained his intelligence from the highest sources. His letters were sent by way of Long Island, and thence across the Sound to Connecticut. At one period he had an agent in Bergen, through whose hands his letters passed. The principal officers near the

lines were also entrusted with the business of procuring intelligence, and employed spies for that purpose, whose reports were transmitted to the Commander-in-chief. Various devices were practised for concealment. A cipher was used in part, but the most effectual mode was to write with an invisible ink, which could be made to appear only by rubbing over the surface of the paper a chemical fluid, prepared in a particular manner. The spies were supplied with this ink and fluid. A short letter would be written on some trivial subject with common ink, and the remainder of the sheet would be filled with invisible characters. Fictitious names were used for the signatures and superscriptions. With these precautions, the risk of detection was very small, even if the letter was intercepted."

We find the following passages in his correspondence relating to this matter.

"Congress will be pleased to accept my thanks for the assistance they offer in the article of specie for secret services, which I shall draw for as occasion may require. With the help of this necessary article, good intelligence might be obtained, were not the channel obstructed by a too cautious policy in the States. To enable our correspondents among the enemy to convey their intelligence, we are often obliged to make use of ambiguous characters as the vehicles, and to permit them to carry on some traffic, both as an encouragement and a cover to their mission. There have been instances of prosecutions in the civil courts against these people; and, in order to screen them from punishment, we have been under a necessity of discovering their occupation. This has served to deter others from acting in the same capacity, and to increase the dread of detection in our confidential friends."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Your letter of yesterday came safe to my hands, and by the dragoon, who was the bearer of it, I send you ten guineas for C——r. His successor, of whose name I have no desire to be informed, provided his intelligence is good and seasonably transmitted, should endeavour to hit upon some certain mode of conveying his information quickly, for it is of little avail to be told of things after they have become matter of public notoriety and known to every body. This new agent should communicate his signature, and the private marks by which genuine papers are to be distinguished from counterfeits. There is a man on York Island, living near the North River, by the name of G. H., who, I am told, has given signal proofs of his attachment to us, and at the same time stands well with the enemy. If, upon inquiry, this is found to be the case, he will be a fit instrument to convey intelligence to me, while I am on the west side the North River, as he is enterprising and connected with people in Bergen county, who will assist in forming a chain to me, in any manner they shall agree on.

"I do not know whom H. employs; but from H. I obtain intelligence; and his name and business should be kept profoundly secret, otherwise we shall not only lose the benefit derived from it, but may subject him to some unhappy fate."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The loss of your papers was certainly a most unlucky accident, and shows how dangerous it is to keep papers of any consequence at an advanced post. I beg you will take care to guard against the like in future. If you will send me a trusty person, I will replace the guineas. I observe yourself and other officers have lost some clothing. Though I have not given an order of the kind before, yet in this particular exigence I am ready to give one on the clothier to those officers, who have been the sufferers, for such articles as are absolutely necessary. You will be pleased to communicate this to Colonel Sheldon, and request him to send the paymaster with a proper return to head-quarters. The person, who is most endangered by the acquisition of your letter, is one H. who lives not far from the Bowery, on the island of New York. I wish you would endeavour to give him the speediest notice of what has happened. My anxiety on his account is great. If he is really the man he has been represented to be, he will in all probability fall a sacrifice."

One fact in regard to the conduct of the English ministry, in persevering in the war of the Revolution, long after, to every dispassionate mind, the chances of suc-

cess were as nothing, is now apparent; and their behaviour is explained upon the ground of the utterly erroneous views they entertained of the dispositions of the mass of the American people. These views were derived from the reports of the refugees and the late civil officers in the Colonies, who had returned to England. The distresses of our people, though great, were exaggerated: the weak condition of our army was over-rated: the disagreements in Congress; the exhaustion of the country; and the discontents of the soldiery, were all over-estimated: in fact, the fervid spirit of patriotism in our leaders and in the great body of the people, was not conceived by the King and his servants. Reports were constantly sent to England of different intended movements and prepossessions in favour of the mother country, which invariably deceived expectation; and they had the effect, too, of interfering with the plans and arrangements of the British commanders in America—perhaps, fortunately for us. Mr. Sparks says:

“ This delusion prevailed during the whole war. The ministers acted under a perpetual deception. In looking back upon events, as they actually occurred, it is impossible to conceive a collection of state papers more extraordinary for the erroneous impressions, contracted knowledge, and impracticable aims of the writer, than the correspondence of Lord George Germain with the British commanders in America.”

Sir Henry Clinton in particular felt much annoyance at this; and he could not avoid, at times, a decided expression of his opinion of the course pursued by the administration.

“ In writing to Lord George Germain, after stating the numerous difficulties with which he had been obliged to contend, and hinting at the apparent want of confidence implied by the tenor of the instructions lately received, he goes on to say;—‘ Is it to be supposed, that I am not on the watch to profit by every favourable disposition in any part of the continent, or to improve every accidental advantage of circumstances? I am on the spot; the earliest and most exact intelligence on every point ought naturally to reach me. It is my interest, as well as my duty, more than any other person’s living, to inform myself minutely and justly of the particular views, connexions, state, and temper of every province, nay, of every set of men within the limits of my command, and it is my business to mark every possible change in their situation. Why then, my Lord, without consulting me, will you admit the ill-digested or interested suggestions of people, who cannot be competent judges of the subject, and puzzle me by hinting wishes, with which I cannot agree, and yet am loath to disregard? For God’s sake, my Lord, if you wish that I should do any thing, leave me to myself, and let me adapt my efforts to the hourly change of circumstances, and take the risk of my want of success. I do not wish to be captious, but I certainly have not had that attention paid to my wishes, and that satisfaction, which the weight of my situation, and the hopes which you held forth for me, gave me reason to expect.’ ”

The subject of Arnold’s treason is that of most interest in the volumes before us; and to it we shall now turn our reader’s attention. It will be recollected, that Arnold was placed in command of the troops at Philadelphia, after the evacuation of that city by the British. The discharge of his functions, though said to have been performed in strict accordance with his duty, gave great offence, and procured him many enemies. Mr. Sparks, upon this head, says:

“ He issued a proclamation requiring the shops to be closed and forbidding any sales to be made, till a joint committee of Congress and the government of Pennsylvania should examine the goods that remained in the city when the enemy left it, and ascertain whether any of them belonged to the king of Great Britain, or to any person adhering to the royal cause. Although this order was the necessary

consequence of a resolve of Congress, and was advised by some of the principal inhabitants, yet it seemed oppressive to many persons in its operation, and was a source of loud complaint.

“ The odium, which this first measure brought upon the commandant, was neither removed nor weakened by his subsequent carriage and conduct. On the contrary, his haughty and overbearing manners, his arbitrary proceedings in his official station, his disrespect for the civil authority of the State, and the faults of his private character, gradually obscured the splendid military reputation on which he mainly relied for securing public favour, and involved him in difficulties of a serious nature. The Executive Council of Pennsylvania, after submitting to what they deemed many indignities, and remonstrating in vain against certain offensive acts, at last determined to bring the matter to a formal and decisive issue.”

They passed resolutions enumerating eight distinct causes of complaint; laid them before Congress and the Commander-in-chief, and directed the Attorney-General to commence a prosecution for those matters of which a court of law could take cognizance. The report of the Committee of Congress was in Arnold's favour: this report was attributed to party feelings. The Report itself, was, however, never acted upon. A Joint Committee of Congress and of the Assembly and Council of Pennsylvania, subsequently appointed, agreed that the charges should be submitted to a court-martial under the direction of Washington. After considerable delays, the court, finally, acquitted him of two of the four charges that had been particularly pressed against him, and found him censurable as to the two others. He was directed to be censured by the Commander-in-chief.

The letters which, from time to time, during the progress of this business, he wrote to Washington, are curious; we shall present an extract or two. There can be no doubt, that the feeling exhibited against him by the government of Pennsylvania, and which, he thought, amounted to persecution, exasperated him to a high degree; and assisted to impel him to his subsequent treason. Mr. Sparks thinks he was in some degree aggrieved; though his bad private character furnished the cause of much of the dislike evinced towards him.

Arnold wrote to Washington on the 5th of May, 1779, thus:

“ GENERAL ARNOLD TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

“ *Philadelphia, May 5th.*—Dear General; I have been honoured with your Excellency's two letters of the 26th and 28th of April, and am extremely sorry that it should be thought there was a necessity of postponing my trial to so late a period as June or July, for no other reason than the Council of this State ‘representing that the period appointed for the purpose, and the previous notice given, were too short to admit of the necessary evidence being produced in time.’ From a candid view of the charges and of the whole proceedings against me contained in the papers transmitted to your Excellency, you must be fully persuaded that I have been unjustly accused, and that I have been refused justice from Congress on the report of their committee. From a knowledge of my public conduct, since I have been in the army, no man is better qualified to judge whether I have merited the treatment I have received.

“ If your Excellency thinks me criminal, for Heaven's sake let me be immediately tried, and, if found guilty, executed. I want no favour; I ask only justice. If this is denied me by your Excellency, I have nowhere to seek it but from the candid public, before whom I shall be under the necessity of laying the whole matter. Let me beg of you, Sir, to consider that a set of artful, unprincipled men in office may misrepresent the most innocent actions, and, by raising the public clamour against your Excellency, place you in the same disagreeable situation I am in. Having made every sacrifice of fortune and blood, and become a cripple in the service of my country, I little expected to meet the ungrateful returns I have received from my countrymen; but as Congress have stamped ingratitude as a

current coin, I must take it. I wish your Excellency, for your long and eminent services, may not be paid in the same coin. I have nothing left but the little reputation I have gained in the army. Delay in the present case is worse than death; and, when it is considered, that the President and Council have had three months to produce their evidence, I cannot suppose the ordering of a court-martial to determine the matter immediately in the least precipitating it, as in justice it ought to have been determined long since. The President and Council wish to put it off until the campaign opens, considering undoubtedly that the service will then prevent the court-martial from sitting, and cause the trial to be postponed until the end of the campaign. I must therefore entreat, that a court-martial may be ordered to sit as soon as possible, and, if the court find sufficient reasons, they will of course adjourn to a longer time. Not doubting but my request will be granted, I have the honour to be, &c."

Again, on the 14th of the same month—

"GENERAL ARNOLD TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"*Philadelphia, May 14th.*—Dear Sir; Yesterday I had the honour to receive your Excellency's favour of the 7th instant, informing me that the time of my trial was finally fixed on the 1st day of June; which I am very happy to hear, as nothing can be more disagreeable than the cruel situation I am in at present, not only as my character will continue to suffer until I am acquitted by a court-martial, but as it effectually prevents my joining the army, which I wish to do as soon as my wounds will permit; and to render my country every service in my power at this critical time; for, though I have been ungratefully treated, I do not consider it as from my countrymen in general, but from a set of men, who, void of principle, are governed entirely by private interest.

"The interest I have in the welfare and happiness of my country, which I have ever evinced when in my power, will I hope always overcome my personal resentment for any injury I can possibly receive from individuals. I have the honour to be, &c."

It must be confessed, from the tenor of Washington's letters, that, notwithstanding his dislike of many things which he saw in the behaviour of Arnold, on the whole that officer was a favourite with him. The reasons are clear. Of his patriotism, he knew nothing to warrant doubt; Arnold's subsequent treachery was a perfect surprise to his commander. Of his military talents he had formed, and justly, a high estimate. He knew the value of warlike accomplishments and energy such as Arnold possessed, to the welfare of his beloved country; and he was anxious that she should have the full benefit of them. His high sense of justice, too, revolted at the idea of any considerations other than those immediately bearing upon the point, having any influence upon the decision of the question. Upon the whole matter of Arnold's dispute with the Council of Pennsylvania, and of his claims upon Congress, Mr. Sparks, in conclusion, remarks—and the remark would seem perfectly just—

"Whether entire justice was rendered to him, amidst so many obstacles to a perfect knowledge of the merits of his case, and to an unbiassed judgment, it would be difficult at this time to determine."

Of Arnold's treason many interesting details are supplied in the seventh volume. It appears, that eighteen months before the completion of his treachery, he had been in the habit of communicating information to Sir Henry Clinton, anonymously. A proclamation in June 1780, addressed to the inhabitants of Canada, about which both Congress and Washington felt much anxiety, and desired the most perfect secrecy, was disclosed by Arnold to the enemy. A copy had been sent by the Commander-in-chief to him for the purpose of having it printed. The object, in consequence of the disclosure, failed. The British Commander, not knowing the

rank of his anonymous correspondent, though he permitted the continuance of communications between him and Major André, his aid, (who was entrusted with the business,) did not enter very warmly into the matter. Subsequently, when Arnold got command of West Point, and had discovered himself to Clinton, the affair wore a different face, and Clinton eagerly encouraged his advances. The important command referred to was procured by Arnold, through solicitations to members of Congress and to Washington, no doubt with a view to his subsequent behaviour. In a note, Mr. Sparks observes :

“ Mr. Livingston had suggested his fears, that General Howe, in case of an exigency, would not inspire such a degree of confidence in the New York militia, as would be essential for engaging their efficient services. He solicited the appointment for General Arnold. ‘ If I might presume so far,’ he said, ‘ I should beg leave to submit it to your Excellency, whether this post might not be safely confided to General Arnold, whose courage is undoubted, who is the favourite of our militia, and who will agree perfectly with our governor.’—*MS. Letter, June 22d.*

“ Arnold had some time before written on the same subject to General Schuyler, who was then in camp as one of the committee from Congress. ‘ I know not,’ said Arnold, ‘ who is to have the command on the North River. If General Heath joins the army, as I am told he intends, that post will of course, I suppose, fall under his command. When I requested leave of absence from General Washington for the summer, it was under the idea, that it would be a very inactive campaign, and that my services would be of little consequence, as my wounds made it very painful for me to walk or ride. The prospect now seems to be altered, and there is a probability of an active campaign, in which, though attended with pain and difficulty, I wish to render my country every service in my power; and, by the advice of my friends, I am determined to join the army; with which I beg you will do me the favour to acquaint General Washington, that I may be included in any arrangement that may be made.’—*MS. Letter, May 25th.*

“ The application, on the part of Mr. Livingston, was no doubt made at the request of General Arnold, who immediately afterwards visited the camp and West Point. On the 30th of June, General Howe wrote to General Washington from that post;—‘ I have taken General Arnold round our works, and he has my opinion of them, and of many other matters. I have long wished to give it to you, but I could not convey it by letter.’ ”

On the 3d of August, 1780, Washington conferred the appointment upon him. He had, in his general orders of the first of the month, assigned Arnold to the command of the left wing of the army, thinking his services more important in that position. That officer was, however, so dissatisfied with the arrangement, that Washington finally complied with his request to be stationed at West Point.

We forbear a further prosecution of this topic, as the subsequent details—the arrest and just execution of the unfortunate André—the discovery of Arnold's treason and his flight—though possessing great interest, cannot but be familiar to our readers. They have, moreover, been so fully set forth in the late work of Mr. Sparks on the “ Life and Treason of Benedict Arnold,” that any other notice of them would be superfluous. We regret, too, that our limits compel us to make but a general reference to the remaining contents of the seventh volume. The abilities of Washington as a statesman and politician are broadly developed in his correspondence. The masterly views taken of the probable course of the British ministry, and of the complexion of public affairs on the continent, as well as of the internal arrangement of operations in his own country, and his clear insight and exposition of the causes of her embarrassments, render his letters highly valuable in a political light, and evince the comprehensive grasp of his mind. With the President and leading members of Congress, and with the governors and influential citizens of the different states, he was in constant correspondence; and his able suggestions and opinions no



doubt gave an inclination to the whole course of administration. Some of these letters, if we had space, we should delight to extract and dwell upon; we can however merely refer now to his letter to the President of Congress of 20th August, 1780, (Vol. VII. p. 156, &c.)—to Joseph Reed of the 28th of the previous May, (p. 58,)—to John Mathews of 4th of October of the same year, (p. 223,)—and to John Laurens of the 15th of January, 1781, (p. 368.)

### The Infidel, or the Fall of Mexico. A Romance. By the Author of Calavar.

It is delightful to read the compositions of an author who thoroughly understands the powers, capacities, and uses of language—one who can apply it with equal felicity to the expression of the sternest and most energetic passion, or the lightest sports of fancy—who, with the graphic skill of an artist, can make language delineate an object, or can excite those deep-seated emotions which are inherent in the whole human family, and which serve to make us all feel closely akin—one whose originality of style is constantly reminding us of that fine saying of Pope—

“ True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought but ne’er so well expressed;”

one, in short, who thinks with the common sense of mankind, and writes with a power and felicity all his own. Such a writer was Scott—and such a writer is Bird.

Of course we do not speak with a precise reference to what he has actually accomplished, for he is not yet sixty years old—indeed they say he is hardly on the wrong side of thirty—but we speak with reference to the style in which he executes whatever he undertakes—the style of language—of thought—of study—of preparation—of effect. He is an adept in his art. But if he shall go on as he has begun, peradventure we have not yet seen his masterpiece.

The period which he has chosen to illustrate in the two novels already before the public, viz. “Calavar” and the “Infidel”—the scenes, characters, and spirit of the age to which they refer—indeed his whole subject was such as to require a peculiar style—one in which there should be united a *romantic* richness, and a classical strength, by no means within the reach of ordinary writers. Yet, in adopting and sustaining this style, the author has shown powers which convince the critical reader that almost any other style is as much at his command. We hazard little in asserting that if he should choose a modern subject, and a locality at our very doors, he would be equally at his ease, and we should then be as much fascinated with the nerve, piquancy, and playfulness of his dialogue, and the delicate pencilling of his descriptions, as we are now with the quaintness of conversation, the imposing stateliness, and chivalric pomp and glory, so appropriate in these Hispano-American romances.

What a masterly command, too, he has of his materials. Let any one at all skilled in any of the fine arts—any one who has ever tested his powers of invention and combination, just take up the dialogue in the beginning of the “Infidel,” and examine it with reference to its bearing on the rest of the work, and he will not fail to be struck with the wonderful skill and address displayed in its contrivance and execution. It irresistibly reminds one of some splendid overture in which the whole action of the opera is sketched—for in this very dialogue, which is by no means long, he has succeeded in introducing us to all the leading characters and interests,

and in opening the several and separate actions which are interwoven in the novel—and all this is accomplished by rapid and graphic touches, that place the men and the scenes before you, and let you at once into their passions, interests, and designs, without a single formal portrait or description. Had the development of his plot to the same point, been attempted in the regular narrative form, it would have taken up a volume. But here, half an hour's conversation among some soldiers of Cortes's army lounging under a tree by the lake side, in view of Mexico, serves to make us acquainted with all the leading characters of the piece, and brings us at once "*in medias res*." When we have read it, we feel as much at home in the new scene of action, as if we had shaken hands with Bernal Diaz himself, and heard the quaint old annalist expatiate on the conqueror's actions; and seen him shake his head mysteriously at his designs.

The promise held forth in this splendid overture, is fully redeemed in the execution of the work. Almost every part of it displays the same strength of conception and felicity of execution. The interview of Cortes and the Mexican ambassadors, is characterized by the same features of power and beauty. The barbarians speak and act in character; and the reception of their offers and their defiance, by the Great Captain, serve to display the peculiar features of his character in their true light. We may remark here that Bird differs from most writers of fiction, in the circumstance of drawing his Indian characters from the life. They are real savages. Their ideas are consistent with their condition; and none of the refinements of civilization are ever suffered to disturb the truth and fidelity with which they are delineated. The character of Guatimozin, as displayed in this novel, may challenge comparison with that of any savage in the whole range of fiction. The beautiful simplicity and purity of Zelahualla, may at first seem too sublimated for a barbarian; but it is by no means inconsistent with the authentic accounts of the Mexican princesses. Her interviews with Juan are among the most attractive portions of the narrative.

The trial and execution of Villafana afford a fine opportunity for the display of the author's powers. The scene is highly effective. Effective in a physical point of view it could hardly fail to be in any hands; but the author, according to his uniform practice in such cases, has rendered the moral far more striking than the physical effect. His power is displayed, not in the assemblage of circumstances of bodily suffering which shock the senses, but in the development of moral traits and emotions, which address themselves irresistibly to the understanding and the heart. The bitter scorn and sarcasm of Cortes as he lays his hand upon the shoulder of Villafana, and deliberately probes his inmost soul, would not be unworthy of the pen that delineated Iago and Richard. The scenic effect of the trial and death, is lost in the truly dramatic effect of the dialogue.

Where the real physical horrors supplied by the history are very abundant—precisely such horrors too as an inferior writer would revel in, and which many critics would regard his dilating upon as an evidence of power—there, our author spares the feelings of his reader a finished picture, and contents himself with the slightest sketch; a single circumstance is selected, and the rest is left to the imagination—as, for example, in the terrible famine to which the city of Mexico was reduced during the siege. Here one of our *intense* writers would have delighted himself, and excruciated his readers with a minute description of scene after scene of intense suffering—and all the records at hand of sieges and shipwrecks would have been ransacked, to furnish the most shocking circumstances of death by inanition. Such is not the practice of the author of the "*Infidel*." One circumstance, chosen with judgment and related without parade, serves to tell the whole story.

One of the personages passing through the garden of the King's palace, observes that every leaf and every blade and root of grass has been removed for food. The reader's own mind is left to conceive the extremity of famine which could have produced such an effect. The author's business is with man—moral, intellectual man. The physical world is ever kept in due subservience. Natural beauty and sublimity are displayed in all their striking and glowing features; but always with reference to the development of the human character and destiny.

The character of Cortes is much more fully displayed in the "Infidel" than in "Calavar;" and perhaps there is no better evidence of the author's ability in either work, than his success in this difficult undertaking. Most of the attempts to introduce historical characters, and give them a leading agency in works of this class, since the time of Scott, have been decided failures. In almost every instance which we now recollect, these personages are made to speak and act entirely out of character. They become modernised or assimilated to the creations of the author's own fancy, in such a degree as to do and say all sorts of impossible things. But in the character of Cortes, as delineated in both these novels, there is not a trait which is not fully warranted by contemporary history. He performs a very important part in the "Infidel;" and the light thrown upon his character by the full and just display of it which is thus effected, affords a commentary on his history of the most desirable and interesting kind. Let it not be supposed that we are speaking at random in this matter, or that there is any exaggeration in giving such a degree of authority to the details of a historical novel. The manner in which the materials for this delineation of Cortes were obtained, and the fidelity with which they are employed, give them a uniform stamp of truth and reality; and we may take our idea of the real conqueror with as much security from Bird as from Bernal Diaz himself.

The "Infidel" is on the whole superior to "Calavar." In strength of conception, invention, and power of description, there is hardly a perceptible difference. But in style, in dramatic effect, in general ease and felicity of execution, and in the combination of materials and concentration of action, it is clearly superior. With respect to the latter qualities, there might be some doubt at first. The story of "Calavar" is more strictly single and consecutive than that of the "Infidel." But a few moments' examination will show that this arises from the wide difference in the materials, and especially in the historical position of the personages who are necessarily to figure in the narrative. More power of combination was required, in order to give a proper degree of unity and compactness to the fable in the later work, and more was actually exerted.

---

**The Yemassee. A Romance. By the author of Guy Rivers, &c.**  
2 vols. 1835.

It would be an amusing task to place in juxta-position the various criticisms, as they are styled by the courtesy of our mother tongue, which have been written concerning this romance, and the previous work of its author—Guy Rivers; at the same time that it would furnish a delectable commentary upon the system of puffing, which obtains at present to an extent so lamentable for the true interests of literature. Guy Rivers was eulogized from one end of the country to the other, as a faultless monster—a production further than which the force of nature could not go; and the Yemassee is pronounced in the same quarters a decided improvement upon it—a specimen, we suppose, of what we once heard a French showman call

an animal that he was exhibiting—*la plus parfaite perfection, une perfection si inexprimable, qu'elle ne peut pas être exprimée*. It is thus that the extravagant praise which is lavished upon inferior objects, drives the bestowers of it into the perpetration of downright absurdity, when something better is offered to their eulogistic propensities, rendering merited encomium a mere farce; for we humbly submit, in spite of the weighty authority of the philosophical Frenchman whose language we have quoted, that perfection cannot be made more perfect—that faultlessness cannot be decidedly improved.

Fortunately for us, not having been enthusiastic admirers of Guy Rivers, or fallen into ecstasies about it in our critical capacity, we may express an agreement with the opinion that the present work is greatly superior to it, without becoming obnoxious to the imputation of uttering nonsense. The Yemassee is undoubtedly so much more creditable a production in every way than the previous compositions of Mr. Simms, that it may well authorize the hope that he will render himself as justly, as he is said to be actually, popular. It evinces the possession of a mine which, if it be properly worked, will be the producer of coin worthy of the freest circulation throughout the domain of literature. But this will never be the case, if Mr. Simms allows himself to believe that it is the case now; if he puts faith in the inconsiderate, indiscriminating adulation of those who would stifle his genius with excessive perfume, causing it, as it were, to die of a rose in aromatic pain. He has by no means accomplished all that we are sure he is capable of doing, if he will not wrap himself up in that cloak of self-sufficiency by which the movements of the loftiest intellect must be impeded. We should draw a favourable inference upon this head, from the Yemassee, in which he seems to have benefited in a material degree by the animadversions which were made upon the monstrosities of Guy Rivers, in avoiding all sins of the kind; although, it is true, he throws a sort of Parthian arrow in his preface at those by whom they were condemned, stoutly maintaining, in a most sophistical theory, that they are perfectly justifiable, whilst he abandons farther meddling with them in practice.

The merits of the Yemassee, which both in quality and quantity are without question such as to render it on the whole a novel of no ordinary merit, have been so emblazoned and re-emblazoned that it would be needless to enter into any detail of them here. They are indeed almost entirely of that protuberant order which strike at once—few if any of those more delicate and unobtrusive beauties which are scarcely noticed at first, being discoverable in the work. The general interest of the story—a most important point; the stirring nature of most of the incidents; some superior detached scenes; powerful contrasts of character; one or two fine portraiture; and several excellent descriptions, are merits which all must recognise. But all their excellence is requisite to counterbalance the defects with which they are associated; and we know not how we could pay a greater compliment to the work than by affirming that these are counterbalanced, for they are neither few nor inconsiderable.

In the first place we must take the liberty of remarking that Mr. Simms has not yet learnt his trade—that he does not know how to write—and that in consequence he often mars some of his finest imaginings by the manner in which he expresses them. A more exceptionable style than his we have rarely encountered in any volume of the slightest pretensions. We might fill more pages than our readers would thank us for doing, with egregious specimens of English, culled from his pages, which, if they did not puzzle their understanding, would certainly provoke their laughter. A “superabundant redundancy” of words to convey the simplest idea, involving it in a cloud which almost conceals it from view—conceits in-